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A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF A LASTING PEACE

BY ROBERT GOLDSMITH*

"We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world."—WOODROW WILSON.

IT HAS become transparently clear that the war must be fought to a finish. To talk any longer of a negotiated peace with the ravager of Belgium, the murderer of Serbia, the assassin of Armenia, the perfidious betrayer of Russia, is to trifle with tragedy. Germany's crime against civilisation cannot be condoned. Soft words of diplomatic offensives will not be allowed to turn away the wrath of outraged justice. For the nonce, democracy must speak words as hard as cannon-balls—in the deep guttural of guns that defy contradiction. The issue between right and wrong must be settled by the referendum of the rifle.

Stripped of honour and justice, without decency and without shame, Germany has run amuck among the nations. She has threatened the world with the menace of the mailed fist. Democracy is in danger. The policy of Potsdam is to rule or ruin. The mad ambition of the Kaiser is to put the whole world in bondage to Berlin. To this end nothing has been left undone that might contribute to the efficiency of the military machine of Germany. Her genius for organisation, finding casual expression in industrial competency and civic success, was corrupted by the passion for power. Her enterprise, which might have been consecrated to the increase of human happiness, was devoted to the expansion of dynastic domination. Under the preaching of her publicists and professors millions of deluded people became credulous converts to the religion of violence.

To all who are not suffering from spiritual uncinariasis—mental and moral hookworm—it must by this time be patent that the choice finally became exigent: either the United States must co-operate with the Entente Allies in their struggle to re-establish and maintain international law and order, or else the United States must prepare to fight Germany later on without the aid of allies. Our security was menaced no less truly than our rights flouted.

*Mr. Goldsmith is the author of *A League to Enforce Peace,* and a member of the group which, under the leadership of Theodore Marburg, former minister to Belgium, has prepared a Draft Constitution for a League of Nations.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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We have made our choice between the illusion of splendid isolation and the reality of a more splendid fellowship with all democratic nations.

Americans have always believed that nations no less than individuals have certain inalienable rights, and among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Self-determination is the first tenet in our democratic faith. Indeed that is precisely why Americans subscribe to the Monroe Doctrine. One hundred years ago it was the Monroe Doctrine that made one-half the world safe for democracy; to-day a league of nations to enforce peace and justice is battling on the "frontier of freedom" to make the whole world safe for democracy.

No doubt the paramount duty of the hour is to devote our minds and wills to the winning of the war. But sooner or later we shall be under the necessity of deciding, so far as America is concerned, as to the character and conditions of the peace for which the war is being waged. Neither America nor her Allies were ready for the coming of war; we must not make the same mistake with respect to the coming of peace. We must prepare to meet the problems of the Great Settlement with intelligence and determination. What has been won on the battle-field must not be lost in the council chamber.

If there is one thought and purpose which has been emphasised above all others in the announcements and avowals of responsible statesmen, that this is a war to end war, it is that we are fighting for a lasting peace. But one thing certain: if the deep underlying causes of this war remain at its conclusion, if after all the expenditure and suffering the nations return to the *status quo ante*, then the war of to-day will indeed prove to be but the drumfire that prepares the way for the great drive of the next war. But this must not be. The treaty of peace must be a treaty of *lasting* peace. What kind of peace will last?

A peace that will last must be a *general* peace. The reason for this is obvious. It is because the principles of a lasting peace among nations are universal principles. It is because compromise would be surrender. The democratic nations are determined to discredit the doctrine that might makes right.

A peace that will last must be a *genuine* peace. It must not be a patched-up peace, a temporary truce based on expediency; if it is to be permanent, it must be founded on justice and the principles of public right. It must not be a fraudulent peace, a hypocritical peace. It must be democratic for the reason—as President Wilson has pointed out—that "only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honour steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interests of their own."

A peace that will last must be a *generous* peace. It must be a peace without vengeance, and a peace without vengeance is a very different thing from a peace without victory. It means the sort of peace Lincoln made with the South—after Lee's surrender. But Lincoln saw with unblurred vision that no permanent peace was possible among the States unless and until slavery was crushed. It is not otherwise to-day. Wilson sees now, whether or not he saw at once, that there can be no lasting peace among the nations until the Thing called militarism is crushed

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and destroyed. Nor is this idea of a generous peace some vague hope of impractical idealism; it is, on the contrary, sound political philosophy. History has demonstrated repeatedly that the other kind of peace does not and cannot last.

A peace that will last must be a *guaranteed* peace. Very well; but how is peace to be guaranteed? The answer is that the structure of peace must be founded on international covenants, international courts, an international constabulary, and international co-operation. Covenants, courts, a constabulary, and co-operation—these are the four cornerstones. A covenanted peace is a peace between peoples. The old diplomacy is played out. Hereafter no treaty can be held to be valid or binding upon the population of a country unless it is underwritten by the people of that country; until it is endorsed by the workers and the women through their responsible representatives in popularly elected parliaments. President Wilson, in his address to Congress on January 8th last, makes this the first item in his programme: "Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

Hitherto the towering structure of society has been based on the foundations of brute force alone. But the trembling sills and girders of fear and force can no longer be trusted to bear the weight and stand the strain of modern sky-scraper States. New underpinning of reason and justice must be substituted if we would have the edifice endure. The reason civilisation has collapsed and international society become a heap of charred and smoking ruins to-day is because the superstructure has been raised upon such rotten timbers and cross-beams as sinister diplomacy and unconscionable intrigue. International covenants would do away with all this and plant the peace of the world on firm foundations.

International tribunals — courts and councils—would need to be created, or resurrected, if reason and justice are to be made operative in international relations. The covenant against aggression would pledge all signatories to submit to public hearing before a constituted court or council "all disputes of every nature whatsoever" which might arise between them. In all probability it will be found expedient to set up two tribunals: a Court of Justice to hear and decide questions that can be determined by the established and acknowledged rules of international law and equity; and a Council of Conciliation to compose by compromise and mutual concession all other vexed questions that, unless peaceably settled, would be likely to lead to war. Such a council, it is believed, would discover and apply ways for changing the *status quo* without resort to arms.

War is the ripened fruit of lawlessness. Society has slowly progressed from barbarism to civilisation by the gradual substitution of law for anarchy. War, which is direct action, may appear to be the shortest distance between two points. As a matter of fact it is clumsy as well as cruel, and as stupid as it is horrible. It is anachronistic and should be obsolescent. Problems of territorial expansion and economic opportunity should be thought out rather than fought out, because

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howitzers and machine guns do not always speak the truth.

Few of us need to be reminded that the time was when individuals took the settlement of their personal grievances in their own hands. In the tenth century trial by battle was sanctioned by the state. The disputants went to the public field and fought it out. The judge had to adjourn court and render a verdict in favour of the winner. Men no longer appeal to the field of honour but to a court of justice. Individuals, for the most part, have learned to settle their quarrels, and to seek redress for injuries suffered, by law instead of war. It is now proposed that the nations go and do likewise.

The signatory Powers who covenanted among themselves to exhaust every peaceable means of settlement before going to war would constitute what President Wilson has felicitously called a league of honour. In the event of a signatory to the treaty creating the League of Nations threatening war against a fellow-member, without first submitting its dispute to public review and report, all the other members of the League would immediately join in bringing to bear both diplomatic and economic pressure to stop the would-be aggressor. If, after this joint protest and non-military coercion, the recalcitrant persisted with overt acts of hostility and actually commenced war, in violation of the terms of the covenant, it is proposed that all the other nations, in fulfilment of their treaty pledge, should, with their combined military and naval forces, come to the defence of the one attacked. Some students of the subject propose that this "mutual defence" stipulation apply likewise in the event of any member of the League being attacked by an outside Power. Some believe that the joint economic and military force of the states of the League should be used only to compel arbitration and enforce delay; others have become convinced that the whole procedure would degenerate into a tragic farce unless the decision of the international court were also enforced.

At the present writing it is the official position of the American League to Enforce Peace that the element of force should be used only to compel states of the League to submit their questions in dispute for preliminary enquiry. However, many of the most intelligent and influential members of that organisation are more sanguine of success for a less conservative programme.

An international constabulary, in any event, would have to be organised to give effective sanction to the terms of the covenant. And this will be true whether much or little is to be enforced; whether, after the war, we are to have an all-around reduction of armaments or a general increase in armaments; whether the several nations are all to retain their distinct military organisations or pool them into some kind of an international military establishment.

Some will ask, Is it proposed that peace should be guaranteed by force of arms? It is; but the arms would not be owned and controlled, absolutely, by an irresponsible imperial state. *Pax Romana*—or *Pax Teutonicus*—is precisely the method which Germany wants to impose on a cowed and subject world. It will never do in these times. No modern nation, not even poor, distracted Russia, would long submit to that kind of peace. The peoples of all free nations will refuse to be slaves

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of the sword of Prussia. If the choice were exigent they would prefer annihilation.

But if not by the method of *Pax Romana* how then would peace be guaranteed by force of arms? Is it to be by the method known as an "armed peace"? No, for an armed peace is the inevitable military expression for the political system known as balance of power, concerning which the President has said, "the great game of the balance of power has been forever discredited." The rivalry in armaments made necessary by this system is largely responsible for the present war. We must substitute a league of nations for the balance of power; co-operative armaments for competitive armaments; police force for martial force, and settlement by reason for settlement by might.

A German peace would mean a return to the balance of power and the panting race in armament building would begin all over again. This is especially true so far as America is concerned. If the Pan-German scheme succeeds, we shall, unless indeed we are ready to surrender all pretence to national sovereignty, be driven to the necessity of arming beyond the wildest imagining of the most militant-minded prophet of disaster. The choice for us lies between national military preparedness for war on an unprecedented scale and international political preparedness for peace of an unprecedented kind. We are confronted with the alternative of a retreat to the old idea of balance of power or an advance to the new idea of a league of nations. We cannot dig ourselves in between the two positions; the open space of No Man's Land is untenable. The future peace of the world must be guaranteed by an international security league.

It is not necessary to discuss, in academic fashion, the conflicting philosophies of right or wrong as to the use of force. Sensible men, mindful of the realities, assume the right to employ force in defence of civilisation as against an outlaw individual, or an outlaw nation. The justification of force is a worthy purpose. The instruments of force must be dedicated to the cause of law and order. It should not seem so surprising, on reflection, that we dare not put our trust in Christian sentiment or enlightened public opinion, alone, to prevent war: we do not pretend to maintain law and order within nations by good-will; we use force, police and militia.

It should not require any prodigal expenditure of thought to reach the conclusion that those who propose to end war by good-will and moral suasion are the visionaries who are blinded to the realities by the dazzling brilliance of their dreams. The position of the so-called "voluntary groups," who want to get along without the use of force, is identical with that of philosophic anarchism. Some day the world may be ruled by the force of love; but meanwhile why squander time loafing about the corridors of such an air castle? Force must be made to wear the trappings and become the obedient servant of reason and justice.

But, after all, these proposals—covenants, courts, constabulary—are of a negative character. They are all calculated, as lets and hindrances, to postpone or prevent war. But peace is more than the mere absence of war. Some positive provisions must be undertaken; some seawall of community of interest must

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be constructed if the world is not again to be deluged with a flood-tide of war: there must be international co-operation. Political autocracy is not the only cause of modern war. Privilege is Protean, taking many forms and shapes. Emperors are not the only arrogant monarchs and imperialism does not always wear the purple robe of dynastic ambition. There is such a thing as financial imperialism; there are czars of commerce and monarchs of the market. Ways and means must be discovered, or invented, to provide for change and progress. The road to peace cannot be paved with cannon-balls for cobble-stones. The parade of progress must not be between serried ranks and bristling bayonets. It is ardently hoped that the Council of Nations will labour to promote justice and discourage privilege. The axe must be laid to the very roots of the Upas Tree of greed.

Now it is quite possible that suggestions have been advocated for guaranteeing peace—such as, for example, the adoption of universal free trade—that are more fundamental and far-reaching than the scheme of an international league. The immediate practicability of the plan, and not its logical cogency, should determine our preference. And this is equally true with respect to the particular plan of a League of Nations to which we give our adherence.

Suggestions for the immediate establishment and organisation of a supra-national government — an United States of the World—may appear to be reasonable enough on paper, but it is clear that any such patent panacea for the red plague of war will not be accepted now. The notion of national sovereignty may be a political superstition, but, even if it is, it must be reckoned with like any other superstition, and any attempt to ignore it is worse than superstition; it is either wilful prejudice or sheer stupidity. There are, however, some projects and proposals for a League of Nations, tentatively held as to details, which have been welcomed by responsible statesmen here and abroad. In this country there is the League to Enforce Peace, of which the Honourable William Howard Taft is the active president and Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell executive chairman. In England there is the League of Nations Society; a Committee associated with the Fabian Society; and a Group under the chairmanship of Viscount Bryce. In Holland there is a society known as the Central Organisation for a Durable Peace, with branches in several countries. In this country, quite independent of the League to Enforce Peace, a private study group under the leadership of the Honourable Theodore Marburg, former minister to Belgium, has prepared a Draft Constitution for a League of Nations which is now being studied by many of the chancelleries of Europe.

Membership in the proposed League of Nations is, of course, still an open question, which no private group is competent to determine. Probably the consensus of opinion among those who have given any thought to the matter is that an unregenerate Germany could have no place in such a League. This view was expressed by the President when in his War Message a year ago he said:

> A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic power

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could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honour, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart.

On the other hand, Lord Buckmaster was generously applauded when, on May 14, 1917, at a patriotic meeting in Central Hall, London, he said:

I am convinced that this League of Nations will fail unless Germany is admitted into it as an integral part. If that is not done, the League of Nations will be nothing but a League against Germany.

A considerable number of influential publicists and students of the subject incline to the view that the only League of Nations likely to be organised is a League of the English-speaking peoples, plus France. It is obvious that this question of membership in the proposed League must, for the time being, remain unanswered.

It is, of course, quite pertinent to ask whether the Great Powers will so far relinquish their sovereignty as to sign a treaty which will bind them in advance to arbitrate their disputes, particularly those involving vital questions of national purpose and honour. In reply, it may be said at once, that a number of the Great Powers have already expressed themselves—some more, some less officially—as ready to share in the organisation of some such League as is here proposed. And so far as sacrificing a measure of sovereignty is concerned, it is perhaps well to remind ourselves that the interdependence of the modern world and the rapid spread of democratic sentiments have together conspired to make the earlier idea of absolute sovereignty little more than a political heirloom.

Some have argued that even if the Powers did so bind themselves they would not hesitate to break faith when the test came. If that is so (and I for my part do not for a minute believe it is so) then why all this hullabaloo against Germany for breaking faith and invading Belgium! Of course, it must be confessed that nations before now, and other nations as well as Germany, have torn up treaties as scraps of paper. But the fact remains, and is easily verified, that the vast majority of contracts between nations have been scrupulously kept.

Americans will say—they have already said it many times—that Washington warned our young Republic against the danger of entangling alliances with Old-World monarchies. But 1796 was a long time ago, and since then the American experiment has been quite universally approved. Our line is gone out through all the earth. The advice of Jefferson and Washington, that we come out and be separate; the admonition that we should not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers in democracy, though pertinent in the eighteenth century, is no longer pertinent. The *Mayflower* has voyaged back to Europe freighted with liberty and democracy. As a matter of history we won our first fight for freedom by an alliance with France. Could Washington speak to-day he would doubtless hail the advent of a league of liberals to oppose mediæval monarchs. Did he not, in his day, lead thirteen colonies against the tyranny of a despotic sovereign? To-day more than thirteen nations are threatened by a tyranny far

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worse than that of George the Third.

This is not to deny that for the United States to join a League of Nations would be a new departure. But such a departure from the policy of aloofness would not really be a break with tradition. Maturity is a new and radical departure from Youth, but it is at the same time a normal development and evolution. Neutrality is at an end. Isolation is a thing of the past. It is manifest that America can no longer be an anchorite nation. Our intellectual, moral, economic, and financial interests have become inextricably interwoven with the fabric of the whole world. Seclusion is an illusion. America is cast to play an important rôle in the drama of history.

THE MONEY-CHANGERS

BY WILLARD WATTLES

COULD I but see you, Comrade, as that day
You snatched the whip-cord in a wrathful hand
And drove with swift flail of your stern command
The money-changers from their shame away,
Beyond the Temple steps to cheat and pray,
Man-furious in splendid anger stand
Like pillared flame by surge of tempest fanned,
I would not ask you one hot blow to stay.
Long have they bartered in your tenderness,
The smirking Temple-rogues who cheat us now;
Smite with your lash that beats like jagged hail;
Pity them not, for they were pitiless;
Strike in white anger, glad avenger, now,
And in your hand I shall become the flail.

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DEMOCRACY AND THE MOVIES

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

MAY I suggest that "cave man stuff" is the connecting link? By this slangy colloquialism, I do not refer to "slap-stick" pictures of the stuffed-club and hair-pulling antics of a pair of lusty individuals partially clad in the hairy coverings which were the fashion just outside the gate of the Garden of Eden.

I recall in the small textbook on geology which I studied in preparatory school a cut showing a sketch of the "Elphas primigenius" said to have been engraved upon a piece of ivory found in a cave. Picturisation was the primitive man's method of passing on what he had to say. A motion picture comes nearer to being the universal language than any other medium of communication. It is the lineal descendant of the cave man's method of communicating with his fellow. Motion pictures might have saved the situation when the Tower of Babel was built. Is not that which made the prehistoric man's use of a picture available as a means of telling a story or communicating a message the factor which makes the motion picture so important in its bearing upon the world life of to-day? "Pictures are the books of the ignorant," said St. Augustine, and the churches became picture galleries. The motion picture serves to break down horizontally and vertically barriers between peoples and classes. It links all together. Is it not of the utmost usefulness as a means of communication?

A number of years ago, the publisher of a string of well-known newspapers discovered that there was a demand in this country for a fictionalised paper. He furnished it. It was called "yellow" and not a real newspaper. It was criticised because its columns were filled with the melodrama of life. Subjects relying chiefly upon "heart interest" for their appeal occupied most of the space. Coupled with them were editorials which were appeals to the emotions rather than to the intellect. Often they were based upon rather flimsy foundations. Cartoons, crude in drawing and composition, but detailing in a series of sketches the adventures of some "character," found their place on the pages of this type of paper. The "adventures" were caricatures of incidents in everyday life and pointed in their crude way the foolishness of some habit, or the folly of certain attitudes of mind. The cartoons were like operations for appendicitis. They served to cut out useless age-old habits and ways of thinking. There was also advice for the "lovelorn." The papers have found an audience despite the ridicule of the "highbrows." It consists of those at the bottom of the social ladder, the immigrants and the children of immigrants; those who would be peasants in other lands. Through the story form and the picture, this type of paper has sought to deliver a message. If the message itself were not frequently "yellow," that is to say, untrue to facts, one could find little objection to the publication of this kind of paper, for it has

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helped those at the bottom to climb toward the world above by providing them with a medium of expression. One may add that the coming of the "yellow" press has modified the make-up and the style of the contents of nearly every newspaper in the United States. It has not existed in vain.

That its social value is not over estimated was illustrated in the family of a blacksmith with whom I have some acquaintance. The head of the household was one of the tribe of Tubal Cain who would have fulfilled the physical requirements of the "village blacksmith." His wife was a little body somewhat more sensitive than her brawny spouse. He was a reader of one of these "yellow" papers. The illustrated editorials particularly appealed to him. He used to search them for their message. He would ask questions regarding their meaning of those better educated than himself, but never of his wife, for his primitive instincts would not permit him to do this. The little wife, however, saw that a welcome change was coming over her husband. Gradually the atmosphere of the home softened. Social amenities were recognised as being desirable. Knowledge of other things than smithing was added to the mental capital of the members of the family circle.

The motion picture has followed in the track of the melodramatic paper. It has added the elements of beauty and realistic action to the message.

Story-telling, writing, painting, sculpture and the drama have been our means of communication from age to age. These mediums, however, at their best have been confined in their ministry to a comparatively small social group. Now comes the motion picture to serve as a channel of communication and a means of entertainment for the so-called common people. For the first time in the history of the world, a means of expression which furnishes large opportunities for artistic development has been brought to the door of the burdened wage-earner. The poorest among the poor can now live vicariously the experiences of all mankind and have life more abundantly.

The motion picture has established itself as no other means of communication has done. Publicists, artists, story-tellers, now can cross the boundaries of their special clientèle. The vividness with which the facts of life are shown and contrasted has captured the attention of the most primitive minded. The unlettered can read the message on the screen. The motion picture provides those seeking to stimulate cultural development with a channel of communication leading directly to those who most need it. If they have a national message to deliver, they can pass it on to those who heretofore lacked a common language. This fact has been recognised by actors, dramatists and authors. The motion picture, by democratic means, can lift the illiterate into the world of the literate. Indeed, a movement has just been set on foot to bring the library closer to the "movie fan," for a majority of the patrons of motion-picture theatres are little acquainted with books.

Before me lies a copy of *The Library Miscellany*, published in far-off Baroda, India. In an imaginary colloquy with a conservative visitor who argues that a Visual Instruction Branch is a degrading activity, "vulgarity" and a "wanton waste of

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time and money," the Central Library replies in "the cool, clear and dignified manner of one who pleads for a good cause":

"'I maintain the Visual Instruction Branch primarily and mainly, though not exclusively, for the instruction of those who do not know how to read, for those unfortunate people who, through no fault of their own, are helpless and hopeless, without knowledge, without ideas, without ambition, without joy in life. I show them films conveying general information, of natural and physical sciences, of surgery and sanitation, of useful arts and industries, of fiction and drama, of history and geography, of landscapes and sceneries and of life in different countries. I show these things and many more in a manner that is at once most vivid and impressive. If you, my carping critic, can point out a more fascinating, a more effective, a more economical, and a surer way of instructing the masses and filling their humdrum, hopeless and pitiable existence with joy, then you may convict me of folly, aye even of madness. I challenge you to show me such a way!' On hearing this, the whole demeanour of the critic undergoes a marvellous change. The frown on his face disappears and a gentle smile takes its place; his harsh voice melts into a sweet silver ring. He stands in the pose of a penitent."

Need one add more?

In a country in which each man and each woman counts for one in the exercise of the function of government, it is absolutely necessary that some means of communicating with those who are not thoroughly familiar with democratic institutions shall be available. "Seeing is believing" is an old adage. The motion picture in its instructional and dramatic forms is a passage-way by means of which the whole Continental United States may be reached in the course of two or three weeks. Through multiplicity of prints the same message may be delivered simultaneously through the length and breadth of the land.

In its capacity to pierce the great stratum of society which underlies all the other social strata, the political potentialities of the screen recently have been recognised. Political leaders appreciate its value. Presidential candidates, a year ago, did not hesitate to make use of the motion picture to bear a message to the people. Since the war began, the Government has found it a useful channel for promoting bond sales and enlistment campaigns, and for delivering the message of food conservation and the propaganda of democratic principles. The Government recognised that its traditional language was too technical to reach a large part of the voting population. The motion picture could illustrate it. It could present the activities of the Government in a manner which would make them better understood than by any other means of communication.

Only the other day I read the following in a Washington despatch: "As a means of helping to increase the pork supply, the United States Department of Agriculture has just released to the motion-picture theatres, through one of the large motion-picture companies, a film showing the work of the boys' pig clubs which the department is organising in all parts of the country in co-operation with the extension divisions of the State agricultural colleges."

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Is it strange that there is hesitation to subject the motion picture to legalised censorship? The film is joining the newspaper as a part of the machinery of democratic control of government. In a democracy made up of many races, such as the United States, the motion picture carries its message to more people than can any other single medium. Who can measure the value of the exhibition of British, French and Italian war pictures as a means of helping the Allies? The usefulness of the photoplay as an agency for presenting new ideas and for promoting the social welfare frequently has been tested.

The present war is the first in which the motion picture has had a share. It is a war in which the will of rulers weighs less than the will of people. The motion picture, with its vividly expressed message, has become a vitally important instrument. It is helping to mobilise the various points of view of the allied countries and marshal them into a single front. The appointment of an American Cinema Commission by President Wilson in order to spread the propaganda of democracy by means of the "movie" throughout the Allied world and Continental Europe was not intended to be a spectacular performance. At this moment a dozen audiences in Russia may be looking at "Comrade Democrats," an American propaganda film. Other films showing how the American brand of democracy is doing its bit are being exhibited on the screens of our allies and the neutral countries; in the latter in recognition of the truth of the old proverb about an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure. The governments of the Entente have their motion-picture commissions, Great Britain having organised a Cinema Propaganda, including such authors as Conan Doyle and Hall Caine and practically all of the leading actors and actresses.

Photoplays and comedies are not free from imperfections. Often, like the "yellow" press, they are untrue to life. They are constructive, however, for cause and effect are both present and virtue usually reaps a reward. Many are crudely made. Originality is lacking in large numbers of them. How could it be otherwise when the demand so greatly exceeds the supply that a couple of dozen plots must be made to serve for thousands of photoplays in the course of a year? The number of highly important photoplays produced annually, perhaps, could be enumerated on the hands. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the motion picture is a tremendous lifting force whose power is not yet measured. Shall we be challenged when we assert that it is the language of a democracy which reaches all strata of society and tends to weld them together? Has it not the power to take the message of the "highbrow," the intellectual, and transmit it to the average person? Can it not be made to bring all degrees of men together into a co-ordinated organism, working in harmony for the greater things of the world? For we believe the world is going to be saved for democracy.

The pictures, in all their crudity, from the beginning have gone straight to the hearts of the humble classes, who have wept and smiled over the lurid plots and characters and been generous with their tears and laughter. All great art springs near the soil from the emotions of the toiling people, the workers. Re-

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formers of the drama in their efforts to make their work popular, subtle and refined have forgotten this. Their appeal has been to the dilettantes, the specialisers in emotion, the moneyed, the blasé and the hypercritical. These types are the less desirable to whom to make an appeal. They are dead wood, giving and receiving no real inspiration. They find it difficult to endure art, let alone to support it. Although the last that any living art reaches the motion picture, working surely upward, has reached them. Influencing and binding all men, who shall say what levels of common thought and achievement shall be attained through the motion picture?

MAIDS AND MUSHROOMS

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Oddly fashioned, quaintly dyed,
In the wood the mushrooms hide;
Rich and meaty, full of flavour,
Made for man's delicious savour.
But he shudders and he shrinks
At the piquant mauves and pinks.
Who is brave enough to dare
Curious shapes and colours rare,
Dainties in peculiar dresses,
Fairy-rings and inky messes?
Something sinister must be
In the strange variety!
It is better not to know;
Safer but to peer,—and go.

So the mushrooms dry and fade,—
Like full many a blooming maid,
With her dower of preciousness
Hid too well for men to guess.
But the toadstools bright and yellow
Tempt and poison many a fellow,
With their flaunting beauty bright,
The bold promise of delight.
Taste and suffer, ache and burn;
Generations do not learn!

Nay, a little mushroom study
Would not injure anybody.

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DICTATING TO TWO SCRIBES AT ONCE. THE BEGINNING OF THE SCRIPTORIUM, ANCIENT EGYPT. EVEN IN THOSE DAYS THEY PRACTISED SOME OF OUR "MODERN" HIGH-SPEED METHODS

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART I. IN ANCIENT TIMES

In view of the countless histories of literature that have been published, it is surprising that so little has been written on the history of the bookstore. Raids have been made by scholars upon limited periods and certain features in its development, but the subject as a whole has scarcely been attacked. No attempt, for example, seems to have been made hitherto to bring together a collection of the historic pictures illustrating the bookstores of the past, though a number of highly interesting ones are in existence.

Yet an adequate history of the bookstore would be of considerable importance. It would practically answer the question how literature and books have been distributed in past eras, and exemplify how the distribution of the product, even in the case of literature, has had a tremendous reflex influence upon the nature of the product itself.

EGYPT

The first fact that we come across in the evolution of the bookstore is remarkably significant. It is that the earliest known books were by-products of religion. There is no doubt that the first recognised bookstores were the Egyptian temples, and the first publishers their priests and scribes.

This grew very logically out of the Egyptian faith. When the curtain of history rose in Egypt in the first dynasties, some six thousand years ago, the Egyptians believed that a man's spirit or soul would live as long as his body endured, and during that time would be subject in the hereafter to all the vicissitudes that

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would be possible on earth. The first books were written to enable the spirit of the departed to gather itself together after death, to pass safely through all the dangers of the other world, and to go forth by day and return as it pleased to its abode.

The open sesames to these privileges were the incantations and rituals which were embodied in what is now known as the *Book of the Dead.*

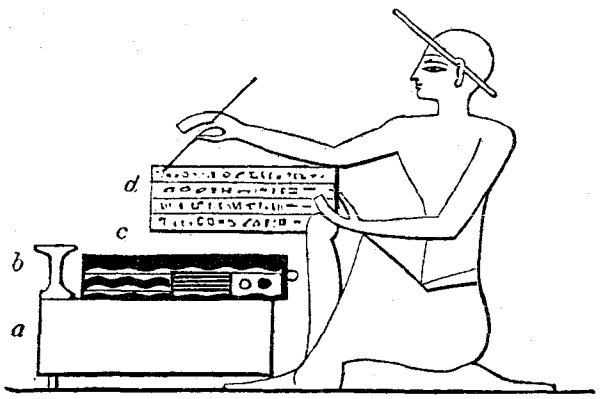
At first it was probably customary for a person to learn the chapters during his lifetime, and to repeat them in his private devotions, but it was also the rule for the priests to recite the various sections over the mummy during the funeral ceremonies. The next step was to inscribe the magical verses upon the tomb or coffin, and finally it came to be considered a great assistance to the soul, to copy the ritual upon papyrus and entomb it with the mummy.

All of these steps may be seen in the rubrics which accompany the *Book of the Dead.* The rubric with the first chapter, for example, runs, "If this text be known by the deceased upon earth, or if he causeth it to be done in writing upon his coffin, then will he be able to come forth on any day he pleaseth, and to enter his habitation unrepulsed." The rubric of Chapter CXXV, which contains the famous negative confession, is in part, "This chapter shall be said by the deceased when he is cleansed and purified . . . and if this book be done in writing, the deceased shall flourish, as shall also his children, and never fall into oblivion."

It requires but a moment's analysis to discover that we have here all the elements of a publication and book-selling system.

Access to the magical lines by the living individual or by his spirit was necessary for any satisfactory life in the other world. It is no wonder that the copies were in demand and that anyone who could afford to ensure his existence hereafter by having his body mummified would want as many of the most important chapters of the book as he felt able to purchase. The only place where these could he obtained was, of course, the temples. The original litanies were the production of prehistoric priests, and the copyists seem to have been in every case the temple scribes.

The reputed author of all religious books was the deity Thoth, the



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCRIBE WITH HIS PALETTE, BRUSH-HOLDER, INK-WELL AND WRITING-DESK

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scribe of the gods. It was declared that there were thirty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five different religious books or incantations in existence. Only a few of these, however, were important enough to be buried in the tombs and thus stand a chance of being preserved.

The temples seem to have made a regular business of book production. The copies were not always made to order, but were prepared beforehand and the name filled in afterward. In fact this was done in places in one of the most important copies of the *Book of the Dead* which have come down to us,—the Papyrus of Ani.

There is no doubt that the temples received payment for all copies of the ritual, but what the prices were we can only conjecture.

It may be worth while recalling the materials with which these ancient priests, who were both publishers and booksellers, worked. The papyrus rolls were made of criss-crossed layers from the pith of the papyrus reed. In the Papyrus of Ani there are three widths of pith laid side by side, making a total width of one foot and three inches, and six lengths fastened end to end, with a total of seventy-eight feet. Parchment was known as early as 1400 B. C., but was seldom employed. The reed used to write with was only from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and was bruised on the end, so that the hieroglyphics were rather painted than written. In fact the scribe employed a palette to work with. Illumination and illustrations were common, and various coloured inks were used for the purpose. The rolls of papyrus were often tied with a papyrus cord, and sometimes protected with a clay seal. Important rolls were kept in wooden cases, which were themselves guarded in the "house of books."

We reproduce several ancient Egyptian pictures, illustrating scribes at work on papyrus, as well as the racks in which the rolls were kept.

The temples gave instruction in writing, and the occupation of scribe probably offered the best chance for a boy to rise. In the Third Dynasty, for example, Amten tells how he rose from a scribe to be the guardian of the western frontier. And princes and nobles often retained the title of scribe among their many honours.

There is little doubt that all the copies of the religious works were made at the temples, but the official biographies, records, and annals of the kings and nobility were probably produced at the palaces.

Whether the tales of adventure, like that of Sanehat in the Twelfth Dynasty, were originated in the temples or palaces, or by some independent scribe is uncertain, but the mere existence of a non-religious literature suggests the possibility of secular publishers and bookstores.

BABYLON

In Babylonia as well as in Egypt the first bookstores seem to have been the temples. Babylonian books apparently originated there, and the ancient scribes were regularly priests. The kings, however, early learned to make use of the new art, and even more than in Egypt, the palace became a second centre of documentary activity.

Writings in Babylonia included magical incantations, hymns, religious epics, the annals of the king, and a tremendous mass of legal documents. Most of them were written upon slabs or cylinders of fine clay, but papyrus was known and em-

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AN EGYPTIAN SCRIPTORIUM OF THE OLD EMPIRE, ILLUSTRATING RACKS, ROLLS AND SEALS FOR PAPYRI

ployed in communications as early as 1400 B. C.

Only a few ancient Babylonian or Assyrian bas-reliefs showing scribes at work are extant, and these illustrate chiefly scribes making records of the captives and spoils of war. Curiously but logically enough, they depict scribes working in pairs, one writing on a tablet, and the other on papyrus or some flexible material.

Clay tablets were not easily passed from hand to hand, and partly in consequence of this fact, the principal collections were to be found in the temple or palace archives. Some sixty thousand tablets, for example, have been uncovered in the temple area near Abn Habba, and more than half that many in the royal archives of Ashurbanipal.

There is no question, nevertheless,

A SCRIPTORIUM OF THE MEMPHITE ERA, ILLUSTRATING WRITING ARRANGEMENTS, PAPYRI AND RACKS FOR ROLLS

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THE IBIS-HEADED DEITY, THOTH, REPUTED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS TO BE THE INVENTOR OF WRITING, THE SCRIBE OF THE GODS AND THE AUTHOR OF ALL THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

that a limited distribution of documents and literature among private families did take place. The tablets of Tell-Sifr, for instance, form part of the private records of the families of Sininana and Amililani, but deal chiefly with their own affairs.

No doubt legal documents were distributed far more widely than literature, and it is probable that in many cases both parties to a contract had copies of it. On the other hand a copy, often with a duplicate clay envelope, was regularly deposited among the official records of the locality.

In almost every instance the writing of the document was evidently done by a temple priest or scribe, and it is only in later centuries that we occasionally happen upon a scribe who does not make himself known to be a temple official.

Some of these documents seem to have been produced beforehand and the names merely filled in on occasion. In duplicating copies, there was even developed a close approach to printing. A cast of a piece of writing was made by pressing the baked tablet into fine wet clay. The relief thus formed was then baked, after which it could be used for impressing duplicate copies as long as it would last.

There is no doubt that the temple received pay for all documents copied and distributed, but just what arrangements existed among temple, scribes, and customers are still uncertain.

Most of the other early literatures were originated in a similar way by the priests. The Sanscrit Vedas, as is well known, were composed by the priests, but were given only a very narrow circulation, as for many centuries they were transmitted orally, and only to the initiates. The Hebrew books, although put in writing by the priests, seem to have been distributed only among the temples, which is perhaps one reason why the separate "Jahvist" and "Elohist" documents have never been discovered.

GREECE

When we come to the early Greek literature, however, we get into an entirely different atmosphere. The *Iliad* and other Greek epics were composed not by priests but by laymen, and the knowledge of them spread through minstrels. The influ-

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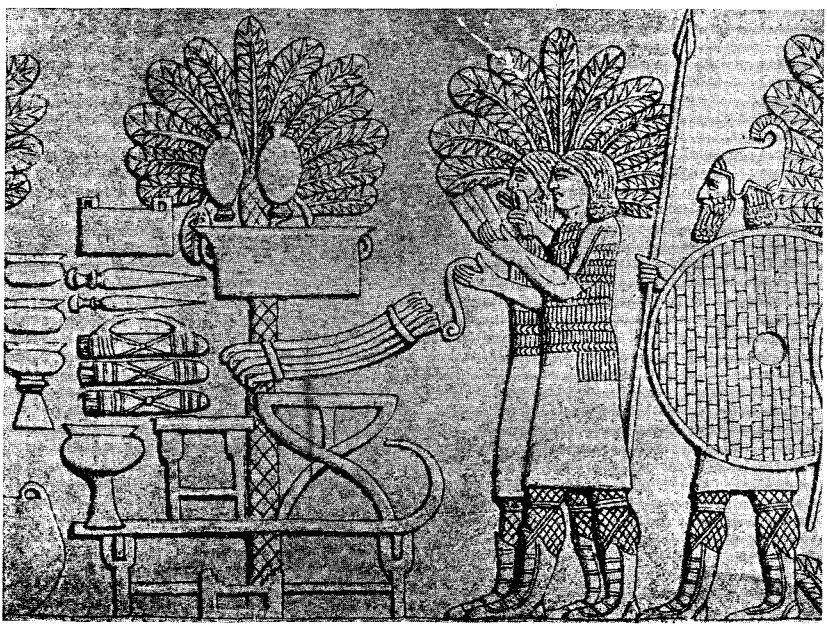
ence of this new method of distribution can hardly be exaggerated. The minstrel depended for the reception he was given, and in fact for his very livelihood, upon the interest and emotional power of his story. To hold his hearers spellbound, required a thrilling narrative well told, and just for this very reason, the best of the minstrel epics, not only of Greece but of other lands, are fascinating even to-day.

When we ask how soon Greek epics and lyrics were put into writing, we are in danger of running headlong into the battle over the Homeric question and various other unsolved problems in early Greek literature.

In spite of the fact that the Egyptians, Chaldæns, and even Cretans employed writing some six thousand years ago, it is questionable whether it was in use by the Greeks in the Homeric age. The only reference to what might be considered writing in the *Iliad* is where Proteus sends Bellerophon to the king of Lycia with "baneful tokens," "scratching on a folded tablet many spirit-destroying things." The oldest known Attic inscription hardly goes back before 800 B. C., although Herodotus mentions that he saw an ancient inscription of uncertain date at Thebes. Ephorus and Plutarch record the legend that Lycurgus brought a copy of the *Iliad* to Sparta about 776 B. C., but this is not to be depended upon.

Probably the epics and lyrics were written down by individual bards for personal use centuries before they were distributed as books. In 550 B. C., however, Theognis, the lyric poet, said that he would add his seal to his verses to keep them from being appropriated by anyone else. At this date also, Pisistratus, according to tradition, collected and wrote down the different episodes



ASSYRIAN SCRIBES RECORDING ON A TABLET AND ON FLEXIBLE MATERIAL THE SPOILS OF WAR

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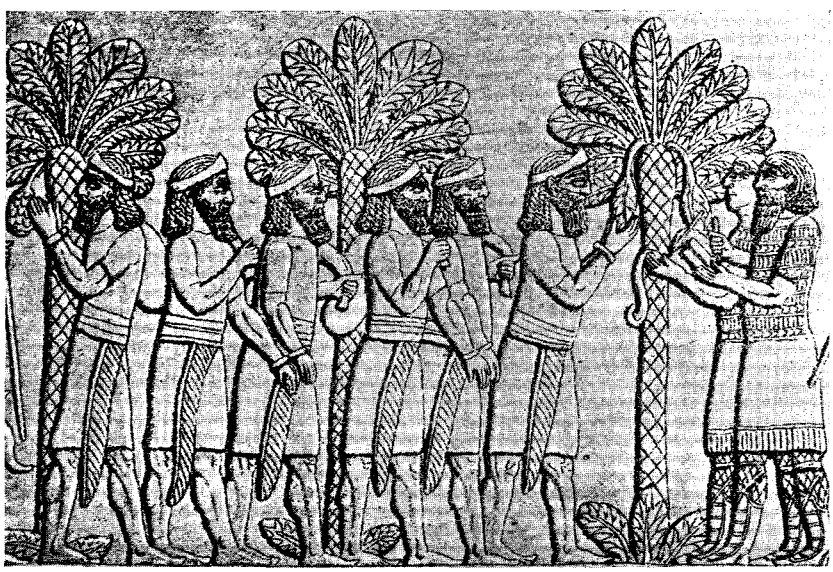
that make up the *Iliad.* Boys' schools for writing are mentioned as existing in 500 B. C., and Herodotus about 450 B. C. wrote that papyrus had been used by the Ionians of old.

The first out and out references to a Greek book market are by Pollux and Eupolis about 430 B. C. Xenophon about 400 B. C. wrote that many books were recovered from a ship that was wrecked at Salmydessus, and in his *Memorabilia* describes the dialogue between Socrates and Euthedemus, who was devoting himself to collecting the works of the poets and Sophists. We note that even at that date autograph copies were esteemed of great value.

Zeno, the stoic, was reported to have owed his entrance into philosophy to a bookstore. According to Diogenes Laertius "Zeno sat down at a bookseller's stall, and as he took up the second book of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and began to read it, he was delighted with it, and asked where such men as described there lived." When he was informed that they were there in Athens, he resolved to become their follower. It is interesting to note in this account that he was apparently permitted to sample the bookseller's wares before he was required to purchase.

Side by side with literary production in written form, continued the custom of reciting or reading before an audience. Thus Herodotus read from his works in Athens, Corinth, Argus, and Sparta, and later Plato and Zeno spoke or read their philosophy to their followers. Such readings are illustrated in several paintings of the Græco-Roman period.

The advantage to an author of publishing was far less then than now, largely because there was no copyright law. There was nothing, for example, to prevent Hermodorus, who attended Plato's lectures, from taking down his discourses, carrying them to Sicily, and selling them. An author could sell the first copy to



ASSYRIAN SCRIBES KEEPING A RECORD OF CAPTIVES ON A TABLET AND SOME FLEXIBLE MATERIAL

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A GREEK AUTHOR READING HIS MANUSCRIPT TO AN AUDIENCE

a publisher for as much as possible, but neither he nor the publisher had any check on subsequent copies.

Ordinary books were comparatively cheap. In 407 B. C., a roll of papyrus, which was the amount required for a book of the usual size, cost one drachma and two obols (about twenty-six cents), while many a book could be purchased for fifty cents, and the author got little if anything of this amount.

In the face of these undoubted discouragements to writers, the question naturally arises, why, if authorship did not pay at Athens, did Athens lead the ancient world in literature? The answer simply is, that literature did pay tremendously there in both pecuniary and other ways.

Since indiscriminate copying led to careless reproduction, an exaggerated value was given to autograph copies, and authors received costly presents for their autographs. In this connection Gellius records a tradition that Aristotle gave three talents, or three thousand six hundred dollars, for an old autographed manuscript of Speusippus, and Plato nearly two talents for three rare books of Philolaus.

But the indirect rewards were far greater. Oratory was the opening key to politics, and politics paid both in honour and money. A successful composer of addresses to be delivered before juries received large amounts from his clients, who themselves delivered the speeches. The dramatist was loaded with honours.

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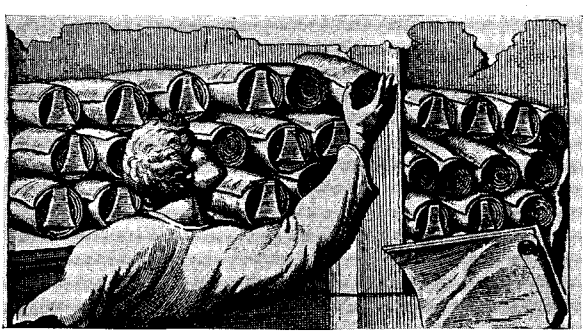
ROMAN BOOKCASE AND ROLLS

Rewards were given for the three best plays submitted for the festival of Dionysus. These were enacted, and the author of the best was awarded a highly coveted crown. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides all received many such prizes, and later the comedians were given similar honours. The philosophers, or at least many of them, were venerated as the greatest of men, and the Sophists even received direct pay for their teaching.

The large number of books published by the end of the Greek period is suggested by the great library founded by Ptolemy Soter at Alexandria about 300 B. C., and by its rival established by Eumenes II at Pergamum in the first half of the second century B. C. In this connection it is worth noting that Eumenes, failing to get papyrus from a jealous Ptolemy, so improved skin as writing material that thus prepared it received a new name, *membrana pergamena*, which has descended to us as parchment. It was this use of parchment which introduced the flat codex in the form of our present book, as distinct from the roll, which, it will be remembered, was the ordinary form of all ancient papyrus books.

ROME

Considering the little attention paid by the Romans to literature until after they had conquered the Mediterranean world, it is not surprising that for several centuries they imported their books, as they did their art and religion, from Greece and Alexandria. In fact the first bookseller at Rome whom we hear of by name, was T. Pomponius Atticus, the friend and publisher of Cicero. Atticus was himself an author of annals and a critic of considerable judgment, as well as very wealthy and a man of high character. In addition to being a man of affairs, he is thought to have been the first



SHELVES WHERE THE BOOKS WERE KEPT IN A GRÆCO-ROMAN BOOKSTORE

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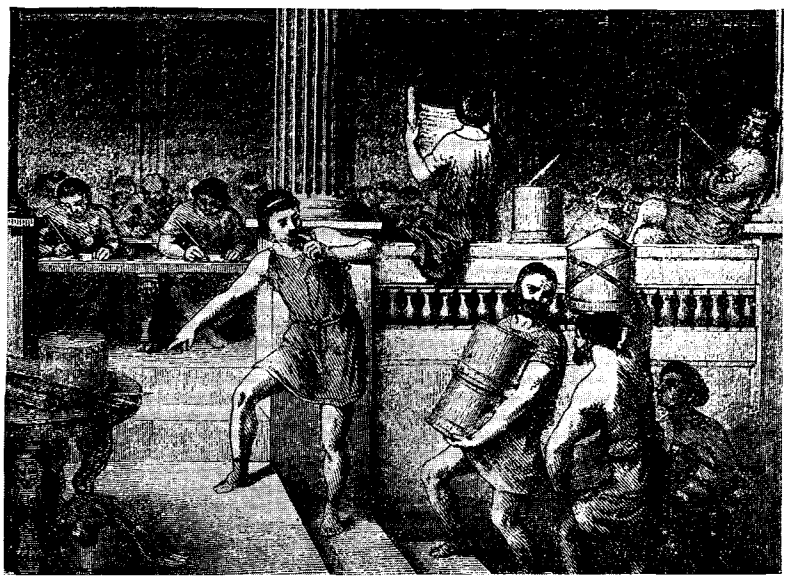
to develop an important publishing house in Rome. He kept a large number of slaves busy in his scriptorium, copying old manuscripts and issuing new editions which he sold at a profit. He was a friend and adviser of authors, and appears to have paid fairly well for their manuscripts.



A ROMAN SCRIPTORIUM OR PUBLISHING AND BOOK-SELLING HOUSE (RECONSTRUCTED)

Several other Roman booksellers are mentioned by name. Horace speaks of his book being "published by the Sosii, neatly polished by their pumice-stone." Seneca writes of Dorus as a dealer in the manuscripts of Cicero and Livy. In the time of Domitian, Tryphon was the publisher of Quintillian, while Martial mentions as booksellers Atrectus, Priscus, Secundus the freedman, and Q. Polius Valerionus.

Probably the most illuminating details concerning the Roman bookstores are to be found in Martial. The location and arrangement of one are described in his verses to Lupercus, the book borrower. "You frequently go down to the Argeletum: opposite Cæsar's forum is a shop with pillars on each side covered over with titles of books, so that you may quickly run over the names of all the poets. Procure me there; you will no sooner ask Atrectus,—for such is the name of the owner of the shop,—than he will give you from the first or second shelf, a Martial, well smoothed with pumice-stone and adorned with purple for five denarii."

Parchment was often employed in small books, as Martial writes, "Buy a copy of which the parchment leaves are pressed into small compass."

Pictures of the classical period illustrate the various forms which books assumed, as well as the development of the book chest and bookcase.

One of Martial's epigrams proves that the booksellers, like many physicians and tradesmen, were freedmen or even slaves: "Seek Se-

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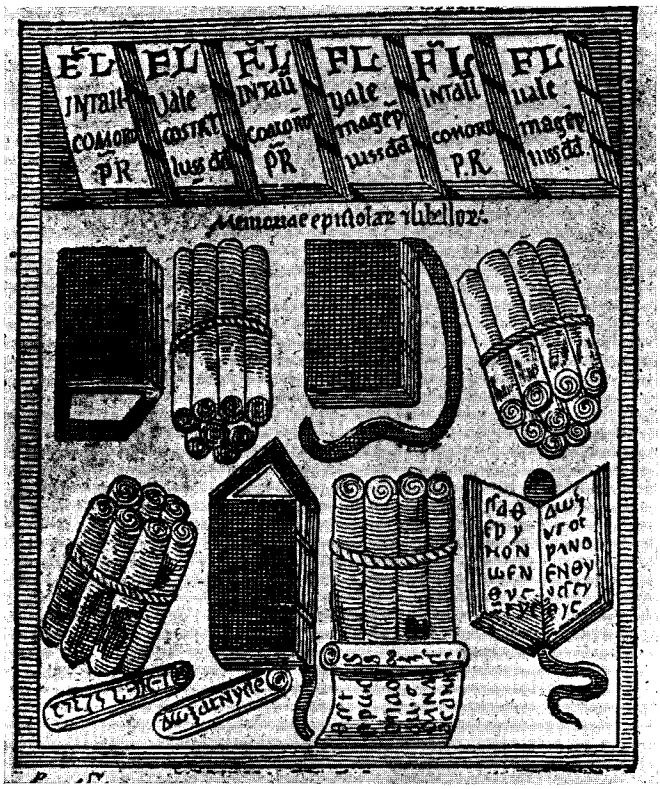

VARIOUS FORMS OF GRÆCO-ROMAN BOOKS

cundus, the freedman, of the learned Lucensis for me, behind the Temple of Peace and the Forum of Pallas."

Of the short length of the average Roman book Martial wrote, "Enough, little book! we have already reached the end of the parchment." And of his second book, states, "a copyist finishes it in an hour," though this is probably poetic exaggeration.

The fate of neglected books seems to have been to teach boys to scribble, or, still more base, to serve for wrappers for packages. Horace writes that one of his books may "instruct boys in the rudiments of their learning, in the streets of the suburbs." And Martial writes of his fourth book, "If Apollinaris condemn thee, thou mayst as well run to the stalls of the meat sellers to have thy back scribbled upon by their boys." In lines to his third book, Martial contrasts the fate of a successful and unsuccessful work: "Make haste to choose a patron, lest being hurried off into a murky kitchen, you cover tunny fish with your wet leaves, or become a wrapper for incense and pepper. Is it into Faustinus's bosom that you flee? A wise choice: you may now be be perfumed with oil of cedar and decorated with ornaments at both ends, in all the glory of painted bosses. Tyrian purple may cover you, and your title may proudly blaze in scarlet."

Under the Empire, there was a class of book collectors who cared more for the names and appearance of their volumes than they did for

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the contents. Lucian wrote quite a tirade against one of them, in which he makes the charge, "you trust to those who cry books up to you, though they know nothing of the matter. You are only a mark for those brokers of books, who tell you a pack of lies about them." This indicates that even in those days indiscriminate buyers produced irresponsible dealers. In the same indictment we find that collectors even then attached special value to the complete works of an author, and paid enormous prices for rare autographed volumes.

Although Lucian speaks of books as "the happy lot of rich men only," the ordinary book was fairly cheap. Martial says one of his books could be bought at Atrectus's shop for five denarii, or at Tryphon's for two denarii, or forty cents. This was due in part to the cheapness of slaves and slave labour, and in part to the fact that the ordinary volume was short, and required comparatively no binding.

As in Greece, there was no copyright law in Rome, and no way for author or publisher to prevent either plagiarism or piracy. There are instances where someone in an audience, before which an author gave a reading, memorised part of the production, and rushing out, had it published as his own. Sometimes, on the other hand, a scribbler wrote verses himself, and tried to sell them as the work of a more distinguished author. Thus Martial ridicules Fidentinus as a plagiarist, and rails against an anonymous poet who is circulating "filthy turpitudes" which "he attempts to pass off as mine."

Piracy was made more easy by the fact that no typesetting, platemaking, or binding was required.

Under such conditions, there was in Rome, as in Greece, no system of book selling that could completely fill the market, and at the same time protect both author and publisher. In Greece this deficiency was overcome by very important public contests, rewards, and honours, but Rome had no competition of this sort, and the book trade remained inequitable and inefficient. As a result, the lot of the author who depended entirely upon literature, was decidedly precarious. Although Martial wrote to Priscus, his publisher and bookseller, "You give me the means of enjoying a not ignoble indolence," it is notorious that Martial was one of the most abject flatterers of the tyrant Domitian, and received more from that source than he did from his books.

Under the Republic, oratory paid both in politics and law, but otherwise Roman authors were necessarily either men of wealth, or were driven to seek the patronage of some man of opulence. While Cicero was made by his eloquence, Lucretius, Catullus, Ovid, Livy, Seneca, Pliny, and Tacitus all came from families of affluence. On the other hand Virgil's father was a poor peasant, while Horace's was a freedman, but both of these authors first found prosperity under the patronage of Mæcenas.

When the patron was such a man as Mæcenas, such a system might work out very well, but there was only one Mæcenas, and there were no more Horaces or Virgils.

Mr. Manchester's second article will discuss the Middle Ages and Early Modern Period, up to about 1650. The third article will take up the Modern Period. The articles will be profusely illustrated.

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CONCERNING REALISTS IN GENERAL AND MR. SWINNERTON IN PARTICULAR*

BY H. G. WELLS

"But do I see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his time of happy infancy? And may I—*may* I?"

This May I, meant might he shake hands?

—Dickens, *Great Expectations*.

I DO not know why I should be so overpoweringly reminded of the immortal, if at times impossible, Uncle Pumblechook, when I sit down to write a short preface to Mr. Swinnerton's *Nocturne*. Jests come at times out of the backwoods of a writer's mind. It is part of the literary quality that behind the writer there is a sub-writer, making a commentary. This is a comment against which I may reasonably expostulate, but which, nevertheless, I am indisposed to ignore.

The task of introducing a dissimilar writer to a new public has its own peculiar difficulties for the elder hand. I suppose logically a writer should have good words only for his own imitators. For surely he has chosen what he considers to be the best ways. What justification has he for praising attitudes he never adopted and commending methods of treatment from which he has abstained? The reader naturally receives his commendations with suspicion. Is this man, he asks, stricken with penitence in the flower of his middle-age? Has he but just discovered how good are the results that the other game, the game he has never played, can give? Or has he been disconcerted by the criticism of the Young? The fear of the Young is the beginning of his wisdom. Is he taking this alien-spirited work by the hand simply to say defensively and vainly: "I assure you, indeed, I am *not* an old fogy; I quite understand it." (There it is, I fancy, that the Pumblechook quotation creeps in.) To all of which suspicions, enquiries and objections, I will quote, tritely but conclusively; "In my Father's house are many mansions," or in the words of Mr. Kipling:

There are five and forty ways
Of composing tribal lays,
And every blessed one of them is right.

Indeed now that I come to think it over, I have never in all my life read a writer of closely kindred method to my own that I have greatly admired; the confessed imitators give me all the discomfort without the relieving admission of caricature; the parallel instances I have always wanted to rewrite; while on the other hand for many totally dissimilar workers I have had quite involuntary admirations. It is not merely that I do not so clearly see

*This article is an introduction which Mr. Wells has written for Swinnerton's novel, *Nocturne*, shortly to be published by George H. Doran Company. Brilliant glimpses of Wells's attitude toward his own work and toward the school of realist writers of which Swinnerton is an example of growing importance, are most interestingly revealed. Readers in this country who have come to admire Swinnerton's writing will find in Mr. Wells's judgment a striking confirmation of their belief in the young English writer. Mr. Wells's admiration for Swinnerton, whose work he explains in this article as so totally dissimilar to his own, is one of the peculiar brilliances of Wells's comprehensive genius.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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how they are doing it, though that may certainly be a help; it is far more a matter of taste. As a writer I belong to one school and as a reader to another—as a man may like to make optical instruments and collect old china. Swift, Sterne, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and the Dickens of *Bleak House* were the idols of my youthful imitation, but the contemporaries of my early praises were Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, and Stephen Crane, all utterly remote from that English tradition. With such recent admirations of mine as James Joyce, Mr. Swinnerton, Rebecca West, the earlier works of Mary Austin or Thomas Burke, I have as little kindred as a tunny has with a cuttlefish. We move in the same medium and that is about all we have in common.

This much may sound egotistical, and the impatient reader may ask when I am coming to Mr. Swinnerton, to which the only possible answer is that I am coming to Mr. Swinnerton as fast as I can and that all this leads as straightly as possible to a definition of Mr. Swinnerton's position. The science of criticism is still crude in its classification, there are a multitude of different things being done that are all lumped together heavily as novels, they are novels as distinguished from romances, so long as they are dealing with something understood to be real. All that they have in common beyond that is that they agree in exhibiting a sort of story continuum. But some of us are trying to use that story continuum to present ideas in action, others to produce powerful excitements of this sort or that, as Burke and Mary Austin do, while again others concentrate upon the giving of life as it is, seen only more intensely. Personally I have no use at all for life as it is except as raw material. It bores me to look at things unless there is also the idea of doing something with them. I should find a holiday, doing nothing amid beautiful scenery, not a holiday but a torture. The contemplative ecstasy of the saints would be hell to me. In the—I forget exactly how many—books I have written, it is always about life being altered I write, or about people developing schemes for altering life. And I have never once "presented" life. My apparently most objective books are criticisms and incitements to change. Such a writer as Mr. Swinnerton, on the contrary, sees life and renders it with a steadiness and detachment and patience quite foreign to my disposition. He has no underlying motive. He sees and tells. His aim is the attainment of that beauty which comes with exquisite presentation. Seen through his art, life is seen as one sees things through a crystal lens, more intensely, more completed, and with less turbidity. There the business begins and ends for him. He does not want you or anyone to do anything.

Mr. Swinnerton is not alone among recent writers in this clear detached objectivity. We have in England a writer, Miss Dorothy Richardson, who has probably carried impressionism in fiction to its furthest limit. I do not know whether she will ever make large captures of the general reader, but she is certainly a very interesting figure for the critic and the amateur of fiction. In *Pointed Roofs* and *Honeycomb*, for example, her story is a series of dabs of intense superficial impression; her heroine is not a mentality

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but a mirror. She goes about over her facts like those insects that run over water sustained by surface tension. Her precepts have become concepts. Writing as I do at the extremist distance possible from such work, I confess I find it altogether too much—or shall I say altogether too little?—for me. But Mr. Swinnerton, like Mr. James Joyce, does not repudiate the depths for the sake of the surface. His people are not splashes of appearance, but living minds. Jenny and Emmy in this book are realities inside and out; they are imaginative creatures so complete that one can think with ease of Jenny ten years hence or of Emmy as a baby. The fickle Alf is one of the most perfect Cockneys—a type so easy to caricature and so hard to get true—in fiction. If there exists a better writing of vulgar lovemaking, so base, so honest, so touchingly mean and so touchingly full of the craving for happiness than this, I do not know of it. Only a novelist who has had his troubles can understand fully what a dance among china cups, what a skating over thin ice, what a tight-rope performance is achieved in this astounding chapter. A false note, one fatal line, would have ruined it all. On the one hand lay brutality; a hundred imitative louts could have written a similar chapter brutally, with the soul left out, we have loads of such "strong stuff" and it is nothing; on the other side was the still more dreadful fall into sentimentality, the tear of conscious tenderness, the redeeming glimpse of "better things" in Alf or Emmy that could at one stroke have converted their reality into a genteel masquerade. The perfection of Alf and Emmy is that at no point does a "nature's gentleman" or a "nature's lady" show through and demand our refined sympathy. It is only by comparison with this supreme conversation that the affair of Keith and Jenny seems to fall short of perfection. But that also is at last perfected, I think, by Jenny's final, "Keith . . . Oh, Keith! . . ."

Above these four figures again looms the majestic invention of "Pa." Every reader can appreciate the truth and humour of Pa, but I doubt if anyone without technical experience can realise how the atmosphere is made and completed and rounded off by Pa's beer, Pa's meals, and Pa's accident, how he binds the bundle and makes the whole thing one, and what an enviable triumph his achievement is.

But the book is before the reader and I will not enlarge upon its merits further. Mr. Swinnerton has written four or five other novels before this one, but none of them compares with it in quality. His earlier books were strongly influenced by the work of George Gissing; they have something of the same fatigued greyness of texture and little of the same artistic completeness and intense vision of *Nocturne*. He has also made two admirable and very shrewd and thorough studies of the work and lives of Robert Louis Stevenson and George Gissing. Like these two, he has had great experience of illness. He is a young man of so slender a health, so frequently ill, that even for the most sedentary purposes of this war, his country will not take him. It was in connection with his Gissing volume, for which I possessed some material he needed, that I first made his acquaintance. He has had something of Gissing's restricted and grey experiences, but he has nothing

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of Gissing's almost perverse gloom and despondency. Indeed he is as gay a companion as he is fragile. He is a twinkling addition to any Christmas party, and the twinkle is here in the style. And having sported with him "in his times of happy infancy" I had an intimate and personal satisfaction to my pleasant task of saluting this fine work that ends a brilliant apprenticeship and ranks Swinnerton as Master.

This is a book that will not die. It is perfect, authentic, and alive. Whether a large and immediate popularity will fall to it, I cannot say, but certainly the discriminating will find it and keep it and keep it alive. If Mr. Swinnerton were never to write another word I think he might count on this much of his work living, as much of the work of Mary Austin, W. H. Hudson, and Stephen Crane will live, when many of the more portentous reputations of to-day may have served their purpose in the world and become no more than fading names.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VIII

Amy Lowell—a patrician—a radical—her education—her years of preparation—vigour and versatility—definitions of free verse and of poetry. —Whitman's influence—the imagists—"Patterns"—her first book—her rapid improvement—sword blades—her gift in narrative—polyphonic prose. —Anna Hempstead Branch—her dramatic power—domestic poems—tranquil meditation—an orthodox poet.—Edgar Lee Masters—his education—Greek inspiration—a lawyer—"Reedy's Mirror"—the Anthology—power of the past—mental vigour—similarity and variety—irony and sarcasm—passion for truth—accentuation of ugliness—analysis—a masterpiece of cynicism—an ideal side—the dramatic monologue—defects and limitations. —Louis Untermeyer—his youth—the question of beauty—three characteristics—a gust for life—"Still Life"—old maids—burlesques and parodies —the newspaper humorists.—F. P. A.—his two books—his influence on English composition.—Conrad Aiken—beauty and colour—lack of intellectual content.

I

Among the many American women who are writing verse in the twentieth century, two stand out—Amy Lowell and Anna Branch. And indeed I can think of no woman in the history of our poetry who has surpassed them. Both are bone-bred New Englanders. No other resemblance occurs to me.

It is interesting that a cosmopolitan radical like Amy Lowell should belong ancestrally so exclusively to Massachusetts, and to so distinguished a family. She is a born patrician, and a reborn Liberal. James Russell Lowell was a cousin of Miss Lowell's grandfather, and her maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence, was also Minister to England. Her eldest brother, nineteen years older than she, was the late

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Percival Lowell, a scientific astronomer with a poetic imagination; he was one of the most interesting and charming personalities I ever knew. His constant encouragement and example were powerful formative influences in his sister's development. Another brother is the President of Harvard, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, through whose dignified, penetrating, sensible, authoritative speeches and writings breathes the old Massachusetts love of liberty.

Courage is a salient characteristic in Amy Lowell. She is afraid of nothing, not even of her birthday. She was born at Brookline, February 9, 1874. "Like all young poets, I was influenced by everybody in turn, but I think the person who affected me most profoundly was Keats, although my later work resembles his so little. I am a collector of Keats manuscripts, and have spent much time in studying his erasures and corrections, and they taught me most of what I know about poetry; they, and a very interesting book which is seldom read to-day—Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy*. I discovered the existence of Keats through that volume, as my family read very little of what was considered in those days 'modern poetry'; and, although my father had Keats in his library, Shelley was barred, on account of his being an atheist. I ran across this volume of Leigh Hunt's when I was about fifteen and it turned me definitely to poetry."

When she was a child, her family took her on a long European tour; in later years she passed one winter on the Nile, another on a fruit ranch in California, another in visiting Greece and Turkey. In 1902 she decided to devote her life to writing poetry, and spent eight years in faithful study, effort, and practice without publishing a word. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1910, appeared her first printed verse; and in 1912 came her first volume of poems, *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, the title being a quotation from the forbidden Shelley. Since that year she has been a notable figure in contemporary literature. Her reputation was immensely heightened and widened by the publication of her second book, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, in 1914. In 1916 came the third volume, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*.

She has been a valiant fighter for poetic theory, writing many articles on Free Verse, Imagism, and kindred themes; and she is the author of two works in prose criticism, *Six French Poets*, in 1915, and *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, in 1917, of which the former is the more valuable and important. In five years, then, from 1912 to 1917, she produced three books of original verse, two tall volumes of literary criticism, and a large number of magazine poems and essays—a remarkable record both in quantity and quality.

Vigour and versatility are the words that rise in one's mind when thinking of the poetry of Amy Lowell. It is absurd to class her as a disciple of free verse, or of imagism, or of polyphonic prose; she delights in trying her hand at all three of these styles of composition, for she is an experimentalist; but much of her work is in the strictest orthodox forms, and when she has what the Methodists used to call *liberty*, no form or its absence can prevent her from writing poetry.

I can see no reason for either at-

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tacking or defending free verse, and if I had any influence with Miss Lowell, I should advise her to waste no more time in the defence of any school or theory, because the ablest defence she or any one else can make is actually to write poetry in the manner in which some hide-bound critics say it cannot be done. True poetry is recognisable in any garment; and ridicule of the clothes can no more affect the identity of the article than the attitude of Penelope's suitors toward the rags of Ulysses affected his kingship. Let the journalistic wits have their fling; it is even permissible to enjoy their wit, when it is as cleverly expressed as in the following epigram, which I believe appeared in the Chicago *Tribune:* "Free verse is a form of theme unworthy of pure prose embodiment developed by a person incapable of pure poetic expression." Not at all bad; but as some one said of G. K. Chesterton, it would be unfair to apply to delightful audacities the test of truth. It is better to remember Coleridge's remark on poetry: "The opposite of poetry is not prose but science; the opposite of prose is not poetry but verse." Perhaps we could say of the polyphonic people that they are well versed in prose.

The amazing growth of free verse during the last ten years has surprised no one more than me, and it has convinced me of my lack of prophetic clairvoyance. Never an idolater of Walt Whitman, I have also never been blind to his genius; as he recedes in time his figure grows bigger and bigger, like a man in the moving pictures leaving the screen. But I used to insist rather emphatically that although he was said to be both the poet of democracy and the poet of the future, he was in fact admired mostly by literary aristocrats; and that the poets who were loudest in his praises were particularly careful to write their own poems in strict composition. In the nineties I looked around me and behold, Kipling, Phillips, Watson and Riley were in their work at the opposite extreme from Walt Whitman; he had not a single disciple of unquestioned poetic standing. Now, in the year of grace 1918, though he is not yet read by the common people—a thousand of whom read Longfellow to one who reads Whitman—he has a whole tribe of followers and imitators, many of whom do their utmost to reach his results by his methods, and some of whom enjoy a deserved eminence.

Those who are interested in the growth of imagist poetry in English should read the three slender anthologies published respectively in 1915, 1916, and 1917, called *Some Imagist Poets,* each containing poems nowhere previously printed. The short prefaces to the first two volumes are models of modesty and good sense, whether one likes imagist poetry or hates it. According to this group of poets, which is not a coterie or a mutual admiration society, but a few individuals engaged in amicable rivalry at the same game, the principles of imagism are mainly six, of which only the second is a departure from the principles that have governed the production of poetry in the past. First, to use the exact word: second, to create new rhythms: third, to allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject; fourth, to present an image: fifth, to produce poetry that is hard and clear: sixth, to study concentration.

There are six poets adequately represented in each volume; but the

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best poem of all these collections is *Patterns,* by Amy Lowell. In spite of having to carry six rules in her head while writing it—for if one is determined to be "free" one must sufficiently indicate the fact—she has written a real poem. It strictly conforms to all six requirements, and is at the same time, simple, sensuous, passionate. I like it for many reasons—because it is real, intimate, confidential; because it narrates a tragic experience that is all too common in actual life; because its tragedy is enhanced by dramatic contrasts, the splendour of the bright, breezy, sunlit garden contrasting with the road of ashen spiritual desolation the soul must take; the splendour of the gorgeous stiff brocade and the futility of the blank, soft, imprisoned flesh; the obstreperous heart, beating in joyous harmony with the rhythm of the swaying flowers, changed by one written word into a desert of silence. It is the sudden annihilation of purpose and significance in a body and mind vital with it; so that as we close the poem we seem to see forever moving up and down the garden path a stiff, brocaded gown, moving with no volition. The days will pass: the daffodils will change to roses, to asters, to snow; but the unbroken pattern of desolation will change not.

Publication is as essential to a poet as an audience to a playwright; Keats realised this truth when he printed *Endymion.* He knew it was full of faults and that he could not revise it. But he also knew that its publication would set him free, and make it possible for him immediately to write something better. This seems to have been the case with Amy Lowell. Her first book, *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass,* does not compare for a moment with *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.* It seems a harsh judgment, but I do not find under the dome a single poem of unusual merit, and some of them are positively bad. Could anything be flatter than the first line of the sonnet *To John Keats:*

Great master! Boyish, sympathetic man!

The line lacks discrimination as well as beauty. Never was there less of a boy than John Keats. We know the testimony is true, "he was as like Johnny Keats as the Holy Ghost." Browning was boyish to the last day of his life; but Keats, while full of the fever of adolescence, lacked the boyish element. Even his playful verse letters to his sister are avuncular.

The second volume, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed,* which came two years later, showed a remarkable advance, and gave its author an enviable position in American literature. An admirable preface reveals three characteristics—reverence for the great art of poetry, determination not to be confined to any one school, and a refreshingly honest confession of hard labour in learning how to make poems. As old Quarles put it in the plain-spoken seventeenth century,

I see no virtues where I smell no sweat.

The first poem, which gives its name to the volume, is written in the lively octosyllabics made famous by *Christmas Eve.* The sharpness of her drawings, one of her greatest gifts, is evident in the opening lines:

A drifting, April, twilight sky,
A wind which blew the puddles dry,
And slapped the river into waves
That ran and hid among the staves
Of an old wharf. A watery light

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Touched bleak the granite bridge, and white
Without the slightest tinge of gold,
The city shivered in the cold.

Soon the traveller meets a man who takes him to an old room, full of the symbols of poetry—edged weapons, curiously and elegantly wrought, together with seeds of poppy. The title of this piece means that all poems may be divided into two classes, stimulants and sedatives.

All books are either dreams, or swords,
You can cut, or you can drug, with words.

Tennyson's poetry is mainly soothing, which is what lazy and tired people look for in any form of art, and are disappointed when they do not find it; the poetry of Donne, Browning, Emerson is the very sword of the spirit; it is the exact opposite of an anæsthetic. Hence when readers first meet it, the effect is one of disturbance rather than repose, and they think it cannot be poetry. But in this piece of symbolism, which itself is full of beauty, Amy Lowell is telling us that both reveillé and taps are wrought by music—one is as much the legitimate office of poetry as the other. But although she classifies her poems in this volume according to the opening pair of symbols, and although she gives twice as much space to poppies as to swords, her poetry is always more stimulating than soothing. Her poppy seeds won't work; there is not a soporific page in the whole book.

One of the reasons why her books are so interesting is because she knows how to tell a story in verse. In narrative skill, she is surpassed by only one contemporary—John Masefield. In her romances style waits on matter, like an attentive and thoroughly trained handmaid. Both poetry and incident are sustained from beginning to end; and the reader would stop more often to admire the flowers along the path if he were not so eager to know the event. In this particular kind of verse-composition, she has shown a steady development. The first real illustration of her powers is seen in *The Great Adventure of Max Brueck*, in *Poppy Seed*, though why so stirring a poem is thus classified is to me quite mysterious; yet when we compare this "effort" with later poems like *Pickthorn Manor* and *The Cremona Violin* we see an advance both in vigour and in technique which is so remarkable that she makes her earlier narrative seem almost immature. A poet is indeed fortunate who can defeat that most formidable of all rivals—her younger self. In *The Cremona Violin* we have an extraordinary combination of the varied abilities possessed by the author. It is an absorbing tale full of drama, incident, realism, romanticism, imagism, symbolism and pure lyrical singing. There is everything in fact except polyphonic prose, and although I am afraid she loves her experiments in that form, they are the portion of her complete works that I could most willingly let die.

Her sensitiveness to colours and to sounds is clearly betrayed all through the romantic narrative of the *Cremona Violin*, where the instrument is a symbol of the human heart. Those who, in the old days before the Germans began their career of wholesale robbery and murder, used to hear Mozart's operas in the little rococo *Residenz-Theater* in Munich, will enjoy reminiscently these stanzas.

The *Residenz-Theatre* sparkled and hummed
With lights and people. Gebnitz was to sing,

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That rare soprano. All the fiddles strummed
With tuning up; the wood-winds made a ring
Of reedy bubbling noises, and the sting
Of sharp, red brass pierced every ear-drum; patting
From muffled tympani made a dark slatting

Across the silver shimmering of flutes;
A bassoon grunted, and an oboe wailed;
The 'celli pizzicato-ed like great lutes,
And mutterings of double basses trailed
Away to silence, while loud harp-strings hailed
Their thin, bright colours down in such a scatter
They lost themselves amid the general clatter.

Frau Altgelt, in the gallery, alone,
Felt lifted up into another world.
Before her eyes a thousand candles shone
In the great chandeliers. A maze of curled
And powdered periwigs past her eyes swirled.
She smelt the smoke of candles guttering,
And caught the scent of jewelled fans fluttering.

Her most ambitious attempt in polyphonic prose is *Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings*, whereof the title is like a trumpet fanfare. The thing itself is a combination of a moving picture and a calliope. Written with immense gusto, like roars of laughter from a genial giant, it certainly is not lacking in vitality; but judged as poetry, I regard it as decidedly inferior to her verse romances and lyrics.

Polyphonic prose is as old as the Old Testament; but the best modern polyphonic prose that I have seen is found in the earlier plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, written a quarter of a century ago. It is unnecessary to enquire whether those dramas are poetry or not; for although nearly all his work is in the printed form of prose, the author is almost invariably spoken of as "the poet Maeterlinck."

The versatility of Amy Lowell is so notable that it would be vain to predict the nature of her future production, or to attempt to set a limit to her range. In her latest and best book, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, besides the two admirable long narratives, we have poems of patriotism, outdoor lyrics, town eclogues, pictures of still life, tragic pastorals in the manner of Susan Glaspell, and one delightful *revenant*, *Nightmare*, which takes us back immediately to Dickens, for it is a verse comment on a picture by George Cruikshank. Her robust vitality is veined with humour; she watches a roof-shingler with active delight, discovering poetry in cheerful manual toil. One day life seems to her depressing; another day, beautiful; another, inspiring; another, downright funny.

In spite of her assured position in contemporary literature, one feels that her career is only beginning.

II

Some twelve years ago, I was engaged in earnest conversation with James Whitcomb Riley concerning the outlook for American poetry. The chronic optimist for once was filled with woe. "There is not a single person among the younger writers," said he, "who shows any promise of greatness, except"—and then his face recovered its habitual cheerfulness—"Anna Hempstead Branch. She is a poet."

In justification of his gloom, it should be remembered that the present advance in American poetry began some time after he uttered these words; and although he was a true poet and wrote poems that will live for many years yet to come, he was, in everything that had to do with the art of poetry, the most conservative man I ever knew.

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Anna Branch was born at Hempstead House, New London, Connecticut, and was graduated from Smith College in 1897. In 1898 she won a first prize for the best poem awarded by the *Century Magazine* in a competition open to college graduates. Since then she has published three volumes of verse, *The Heart of the Road*, 1901, *The Shoes That Danced*, 1905, *Rose of the Wind*, 1910. I fear that her ambition to be a dramatist may have prevented her from writing lyrical poetry (her real gift) during these last eight years. If it is true, 't is pity; for a good poem is a better thing than a successful play and will live longer.

Like many poets who cannot write plays, she is surcharged with dramatic energy. But, to use a familiar phrase, it is action in character rather than character in action which marks her work most impressively, and the latter is the essential element for the footlights. Shakespeare, Rostand, and Barrie have both, and are naturally therefore great dramatists. Two of the most intensely dramatic of Miss Branch's poems are *Lazarus* and *Ora Pro Nobis*. These are fruitful subjects for poetry, the man who came back from the grave and the passionate woman buried alive. In the short piece *Lazarus*, cast into the form of dialogue, Lazarus answers the question put to him by Tennyson in *In Memoriam*.

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?

Various members of the group, astounded at his resurrection, try in vain to have their curiosity satisfied. What do the dead do? Are they happy? Has my baby grown? What overpowering motive brought you back from peace to live once more in sorrow?

This last question Lazarus answers in a positive but unexpected way.

A great desire led me out alone
From those assured abodes of perfect bliss. . . .
And by the way I went came seeking earth,
Seeing before my eyes one only thing—

The Crowd

What was it, Lazarus? Let us share that thing!
What was it, brother, thou didst see?

Lazarus

A cross.

Another dynamic poem, glowing with passion, is *Ora Pro Nobis*. It is difficult to select passages from it, for it is sustained in power and beauty from the first line to the last; yet some idea of its form and colour may be obtained by citation. A little girl was put into a convent with only two ways of passing the time; stitching and praying. She has never seen her face—she never will see it, for no mirror is permitted; but she sees one day the reflection of its beauty in the hungry eyes of a priest.

Long years I dwelt in that dark hall,
There was no mirror on the wall,
I never saw my face at all,
(Hail Mary.)
In a great peace they kept me there,
A straight white robe they had me wear,
And the white bands about my hair.
I did not know that I was fair.
(Hail Mary.) . . .
The sweet chill fragrance of the snow,
More fine than lilies all aglow
Breathed around—he saw me so,
In garments spun of fire and snow.
(Holy Mother, pray for us.)
His hands were on my face and hair,
His high, stern eyes that would forswear
All earthly beauty, saw me there.
Oh, then I knew that I was fair!
(Mary, intercede for us.) . . .
Then I raised up to God my prayer,
I swept its strong and circling air,
Betwixt me and the great despair.
(Sweet Mary, pray for us.)

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But when before the sacred shrine
I knelt to kiss the cross benign,
Mary, I thought his lips touched mine.
(Ave Maria, Ora Pro Nobis.)

But although some of her poems have an intensity almost terrible, Anna Branch has written household lyrics as beautiful in their uncrowded simplicity as an eighteenth century room. The *Songs for My Mother*, celebrating her clothes, her hands, her words, her stories breathe the unrivalled perfume of tender memories. And if *Lazarus* is a sword, two of her most original pieces are poppy-seeds, *To Nature* and

THE SILENCE OF THE POETS

I better like that shadowed side of things
In which the Poets wrote not; when they went
Unto the fullness of their great content
Like moths into the grass with folded wings.
The silence of the Poets with it brings
The other side of moons, and it is spent
In love, in sorrow, or in wonderment.
After the silence, maybe a bird sings.
I have heard call, as Summer calls the swallow,
A leisure, bidding unto ways serene
To be a child of winds and the blue hazes.
"Dream"—quoth the Dreamer—and 't is sweet to follow!
So Keats watched stars rise from his meadows green,
And Chaucer spent his hours among the daisies.

This productive leisure has borne much fruit in the poetry of Anna Branch; her work often has the quiet beauty rising from tranquil meditation. She is an orthodox poet. She uses the old material—God, Nature, Man—and writes songs with the familiar notation. She has attracted attention not by the strangeness of her ideas, or by the audacity of her method, but simply by the sincerity of her thought and the superior quality of her singing voice. There is no difficulty in distinguishing her among the members of the choir, and she does not have to make a discord to be noticed.

III

There are almost as many kinds of poets as there are varieties of human beings; it is a far cry from Anna Branch to Edgar Lee Masters. I do not know whether either reads the other; it may be a mutual admiration exists; it may be that each would be ashamed to have written the other's books; even if that were true, there is no reason why an American critic—with proper reservations—should not be proud of both. For if there is one thing certain about the advance of poetry in America, it is that the advance is a general one along the whole line of composition from free verse and polyphonic prose on the extreme left to sonnets and quatrains on the extreme right.

Edgar Lee Masters was born in Kansas, August 23, 1868. The family moved to Illinois the next year. His father was a lawyer, and the child had access to plenty of good books, which he read eagerly. In spite of his preoccupation with the seamy side of human nature, he is in reality a bookish poet, and most of his work—though not the best part of it—smells of the lamp. Fortunately for him he was brought up on the Bible, for even those who attack the Old Book are glad to be able to tip their weapons with biblical language. Ibsen used to say that his chief reading, even in mature years, was always the Bible; "it is so strong and mighty."

Everything connected with books and literary work fascinated the youth; like so many boys of his time—before wireless came in—he had his own printing-press. I wonder if it was a "self-inker"? In my day,

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the boy who owned a "self-inker" and "club skates" was regarded with envy. The three generations in this family illustrated the play *Milestones;* the grandfather vainly tried to make his son a farmer, but the boy elected to be a lawyer and carried his point; he in turn was determined to twist his son into a lawyer, whereas Edgar wanted to be a writer. As this latter profession is usually without emolument, he was forced into the law, where the virile energy of his mind rewarded his zestless efforts with success. However, at the age of twenty-one, he persuaded his father to allow him to study at Knox College for a year, a highly important period in his development; for he resumed the interrupted study of Latin, and began Greek. Greek is the chief inspiration of his life, and of his art. He has read Homer every year since his college days.

Later he went to Chicago, and stayed there, busying himself not only at his profession, but taking part in political activities, as any one might guess from reading his poems. The primal impulse to write was not frustrated; he has written verse all his life; and in fact has published a considerable number of volumes during the last twenty years, no one of which attracted any attention until 1915, when *Spoon River Anthology* made everybody sit up.

Mr. Masters was nearly fifty years old when this book appeared; it is a long time to wait for a reputation, especially if one is constantly trying to obtain a hearing. It speaks powerfully for his courage, tenacity, and faith that he should never have quit—and his triumph will encourage some good and many bad writers to persevere. Emboldened by the immense success of *Spoon River*, he produced three more volumes in rapid succession; *Songs and Satires* in 1916, *The Great Valley* in the same year, and *Toward the Gulf* in 1918. It is fortunate for him that these works followed rather than preceded the *Anthology;* for although they are not destitute of merit, they seem to require a famous name to ensure a sale. It is the brand, and not the goods, that gives a circulation to these books.

The pieces in *Spoon River Anthology* originally appeared in William Marion Reedy's periodical, called *Reedy's Mirror*, the first one being printed in the issue for May 29, 1914, and the others following week after week. A grateful acknowledgment is made in a brief preface to the volume, and the full debt is handsomely paid in a most interesting and valuable dedicatory preface of *Toward the Gulf*, which everyone interested in Mr. Masters —and who is not?—should read with attention. The poet manfully lets us all know that it was Mr. Reedy who, in 1909, made him read the Greek Anthology, without which *Spoon River* would never have been written. Criticism is forestalled in this preface, because Mr. Masters takes a prose translation of Meleager, "with its sad revealment and touch of irony"—exactly the characteristics of *Spoon River*—and turns it into free verse:

The holy night and thou,
O Lamp,
We took as witness of our vows;
And before thee we swore,
He that [he] would love me always
And I that I would never leave him.
We swore,
And thou wert witness of our double promise.
But now he says that our vows were written on the running waters.

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And thou, O Lamp,
Thou seest him in the arms of another.

What Mr. Masters did was to transfer the method and the tone of the Greek Anthology to a twentieth century village in the Middle West, or as he expresses it, to make "an epic rendition of modern life."

Even if it were desirable, how impossible it is to escape from the past! we are ruled by the dead as truly in the fields of art as in the domain of morality and religion. The most radical innovator can no more break loose from tradition than a tree can run away from its roots. John Masefield takes us back to Chaucer; Vachel Lindsay is a reincarnation of the ancient minstrels; Edgar Lee Masters owes both the idea and the form of his masterpiece to Greek literature. Art is as continuous as life.

This does not mean that he lacks originality. It was a daring stroke —body-snatching in 1914. To produce a work like *Spoon River Anthology* required years of accumulated experience; a mordant power of analysis; a gift of shrewd speech, a command of hard words that will cut like a diamond; a mental vigour analogous to, though naturally not so powerful, as that displayed by Browning in *The Ring and the Book*. It is still a debatable proposition whether or not this is high-class poetry; but it is mixed with brains. Imagine the range of knowledge and power necessary to create two hundred and forty-six distinct characters, with a revealing epitaph for each one! The miracle of personal identity has always seemed to me perhaps the greatest miracle among all those that make up the universe; but to take up a pen and clearly display the marks that separate one individual from the mass, and repeat the feat nearly two hundred and fifty times, this needs a touch of creative genius.

The task that confronted Mr. Masters was this: to exhibit a long list of individuals with sufficient basal similarity for each one to be unmistakably human, and then to show the particular traits that distinguished each man and woman from the others, giving each a right to a name instead of a number. For instinctively we are all alike; it is the way in which we manage our instincts that shows divergence; just as men and women are alike in possessing fingers, whereas no two finger-prints are ever the same.

Mr. Masters has the double power of irony and sarcasm. The irony of life gives the tone to the whole book; particular phases of life like religious hypocrisy and political trimming are treated with vitriolic scorn. The following selection exhibits as well as any the author's poetic power of making pictures, together with the grinning irony of fate.

BERT KESSLER

I winged my bird,
Though he flew toward the setting sun;
But just as the shot rang out, he soared
Up and up through the splinters of golden light,
Till he turned right over, feathers ruffled,
With some of the down of him floating near,
And fell like a plummet into the grass.
I tramped about, parting the tangles,
Till I saw a splash of blood on a stump,
And the quail lying close to the rotten roots.
I reached my hand, but saw no brier,
But something pricked and stunned and numbed it.
And then, in a second, I spied the rattler—
The shutters wide in his yellow eyes,
The head of him arched, sunk back in the rings of him,
A circle of filth, the color of ashes,

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Or oak leaves bleached under layers of leaves.
I stood like a stone as he shrank and uncoiled
And started to crawl beneath the stump,
When I fell limp in the grass.

This poem, with its unforgettable pictures and its terrible climax, can stand easily enough by itself; it needs no interpretation; and yet, if we like, the rattler may be taken as a symbol—a symbol of the generation of vipers of which the population of Spoon River is mainly composed.

In the *Anthology*, the driving motive is an almost perverted passion for truth. Conventional epitaphs are marked by two characteristics; artistically, when in verse, they are the worst specimens of poetry known to man; even good poets seldom write good epitaphs, and among all the sins against art perpetrated by the uninspired, the most flagrant are usually found here; to a bad poet, for some reason or other, the temptation to write them is irresistible. In many small communities, one has to get up very early in the morning to die before the village laureate has his poem prepared. This depth of artistic infamy is equalled only by the slight percentage of truth; so if one wishes to discover literary illustrations where falsehood is united with crudity, epitaphs would be the field of literature toward which one would instinctively turn.

Like Jonathan Swift, Mr. Masters is consumed with hatred for insincerity in art and insincerity in life; in the laudable desire to force the truth upon his readers, he emphasises the ugly, the brutal, the treacherous elements which exist, not only in Spoon River, but in every man born of woman. The result, viewed calmly, is that we have an impressive collection of vices—which, although inspired by a sincerity fundamentally noble—is as far from being a truthful picture of the village as a conventional panegyric. The ordinary photographer, who irons out the warts and the wrinkles, gives his subject a smooth lying mask instead of a face; but a photograph that should make the defects more prominent than the eyes, nose, and mouth would not be a portrait.

A large part of a lawyer's business is analysis; and the analytical power displayed by Mr. Masters is nothing less than remarkable. Each character in Spoon River is subjected to a remorseless autopsy, in which the various vicious elements existing in all men and women are laid bare. But the business of the artist, after preparatory and necessary analysing, is really synthesis. It is to make a complete artistic whole; to produce some form of art.

This is why the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, by Thomas Gray, is so immeasurably superior as a poem to *Spoon River Anthology*. The rich were buried in the church; the poor in the yard; we are therefore given the short and simple annals of the poor. The curious thing is that these humble, rustic, unlettered folk were presented to the world sympathetically by a man who was almost an intellectual snob. One of the most exact scholars of his day, one of the most fastidious of mortals, one of the shyest men that ever lived, a born mental aristocrat, his literary genius enabled him to write an immortal masterpiece, not about the Cambridge hierarchy, but about illiterate tillers of the soil. The *Elegy* is the very genius of synthesis; without submitting each man in the ground to a ruthless cross-examination, Gray managed to express in

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impeccable beauty of language the common thoughts and feelings that have ever animated the human soul. His great poem will live as long as any book, because it is fundamentally true.

I therefore regard *Spoon River Anthology* not as a brilliant revelation of human nature, but as a masterpiece of cynicism. It took a genius to write the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels;* but after all, Yahoos are not men and women, and horses are not superior to humanity. The reason why, in reading the *Anthology*, we experience the constant pricking of recognition is because we recognise the baser elements in these characters, not only in other persons, but in ourselves. The reason why the Yahoos fill us with such terror is because they are true incarnations of our worst instincts. There, but for the grace of God, go you and I.

The chief element in the creative work of Mr. Masters being the power of analysis, he is at his best in this collection of short poems. When he attempts a longer flight, his limitations appear. It is distinctly unfortunate that *The Spooniad* and *The Epilogue* were added at the end of this wonderful Rogues' Gallery. They are witless.

Even the greatest cynic has his ideal side. It is the figure of Abraham Lincoln that arouses all the romanticism of our poet, as was the case with Walt Whitman, who, to be sure, was no cynic at all. The short poem *Anne Rutledge* is one of the few that strictly conform to the etymological meaning of the title of the book; for "Anthology" is a union of two Greek words, signifying a collection of flowers.

Like Browning, Mr. Masters forsook the drama for the dramatic monologue. His best work is in this form, where he takes one person and permits him to reveal himself either in a soliloquy or in a conversation. And it must be confessed that the monologues spoken by contemporaries or by those Americans who talk from the graveyard of Spoon River, are immensely superior to the attempts at interpreting great historical figures. The poem *Tomorrow Is My Birthday* is not only one of the worst effusions of Mr. Masters's pen, it is almost sacrilege. Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear!

Outside of the monologues and the epitaphs, the work of Mr. Masters is mainly unimpressive. Yet I admire his ambition to write on various subjects and in various metres. Occasionally he produces a short story in verse, characterised by dramatic power and by an austere beauty of style. The poem *Boyhood Friends*, recently published in the *Yale Review*, and quite properly included by Mr. Braithwaite in his interesting and valuable Anthology for 1917, shows such a command of blank verse that I look for still finer things in the future. With all his twisted cynicism and perversities of expression, Mr. Masters is a true poet. He has achieved one sinister masterpiece, which has cleansed his bosom of much perilous stuff. Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

IV

Louis Untermeyer was born at New York, on the first of October, 1885. He produced a volume of original poems at the age of twenty-five. This was followed by three other books, and in addition, he has written many verse-translations, a long list of prose articles in literary criticism, whilst not neglecting his

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professional work as a designer of jewelry. There is no doubt that this form of art has been a fascinating occupation and an inspiration to poetry. He not only makes sermons in stones, but can manufacture jewels five words long. Should anyone be dissatisfied with his designs for the jewel-factory, he can "point with pride" to his books, saying, *Haec sunt mea ornamenta.*

Somewhere or other I read a review of the latest volume of verse from Mr. Untermeyer, and the critic began as follows: "One is grateful to Mr. Untermeyer for doing what almost none of his contemporaries on this side of the water thinks of doing." This sentence stimulated my curiosity, for I wondered what particularly distinguishing feature of his work I had failed to see. "For about the last thing that poets and theorizers about poetry in these days think of is beauty. In discussion and practice beauty is almost entirely left out of consideration. Frequently they do not concern themselves with it at all."

Such criticism as that starts with a preconceived definition of beauty, misses every form of beauty outside of the definition, and gives to Mr. Untermeyer credit for originality in precisely that feature of his work where he most resembles contemporary and past poets. I believe that beauty is now as it always has been the main aim of the majority of our American poets; but instead of legendary beauty, instead of traditional beauty, they wish us to see beauty in modern life. For example, it is interesting to observe how completely public opinion has changed concerning the New York sky-scrapers. I can remember when they were regarded as monstrosities of commercialism, an offence to the eye and a torment to the æsthetic sense. But I recall through my reading of history that mountains were also once regarded as hideous deformities—they were hook-shouldered giants, impressive in size—anything you like except beautiful. All the mountain had to do was to go on staying there, confident in its supreme excellence, knowing that some day it would be appreciated:

> Somebody remarks:
> Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
> His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
> Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
> Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?

We know better to-day; we know that the New York sky-scrapers are really and truly beautiful; just as we know that New York harbour in the night has something of the glory of fairyland.

No, it will not do to say that Mr. Untermeyer is original in his preoccupation with beauty; it would be almost as true to say that the chief feature in his work is the English language.

What is most notable in him is the combination of three things; an immense love of life, a romantic interpretation of material things, and a remarkable talent for parody and burlesque.

Sex and Death—the obsessions of so many young poets—are not particularly conspicuous in the poetry of this healthy, happy young man. He writes about swimming, climbing the palisades, willow-trees, children playing in the street. Familiar objects become mysterious and thought-provoking in the light of his fancy. His imagination provides him with no end of fun; he needs no melancholy solitary pilgrimage in the gloaming to give him

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a pair of rimes; a country farm or a city slum is quite enough. I like his affectionate salutation to the willow; I like his interpretation of a side street. His greatest *tour de force* is his poem, *Still Life*. Of all painted pictures, with the one exception of dead fish, the conventional overturned basket of fruit is to me the most empty of meaning, the least inspiring, in suggestion a blank. Yet somehow Mr. Untermeyer, looking at a bowl of fruit, sees something I certainly never saw and do not ever expect to see except on this printed page, something that a bowl of fruit has for me in the same proportion as the stump of a cigar—*something dynamic*.

I do not understand why so many Americans plaster the walls of their dining-rooms with pictures of overset fruit-baskets and of dead fish, with their ugly mouths open; but in "still life" this paradoxical poet sees something full of demoniacal energy. O Death, where is thy sting?

Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,
Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life
As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit,
High-pitched, malignant, lusty and perverse—
Brutal with a triumphant restlessness.

But the fruit in the basket is dead. The energy, the fierce vehemence and the lusty shout are not in the bowl, but in the soul. Subjectivity can no further go.

It is rather curious, that when our poet can behold such terrible passion in a willow-tree or in a mess of plucked fruit, he should be so blind to it in the heart of an old maid. This is because he is so young. If there is one object on earth that a healthy young man cannot possibly understand, it is an old maid. Who can forget that terrible outburst of the aunt in *Une Vie?* "Nobody ever cared to ask if my feet were wet!" Mr. Untermeyer will live and learn. He is not contemptuous; he is full of pity, but it is the pity of ignorance.

Great joys or sorrows never came
To set her placid soul astir;
Youth's leaping torch, Love's sudden flame
Were never even lit for her.

Don't you believe it, Mr. Untermeyer!

Even in his "serious" volumes of verse, there is much satire and saline humour; so that his delightful book of parodies, called ——— *and Other Poets* is as spontaneous a product of his Muse as his utterances *ex cathedra*. The twenty-seven poems, called *The Banquet of the Bards*, with which the book begins, are excellent fooling and genuine criticism. He wrote these things for his own amusement, one reason why they amuse us. A roll-call of twenty-seven contemporary poets, where each one comes forward and "speaks his piece," is decidedly worth having. John Masefield "tells the true story of Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son"; William Butler Yeats "gives a Keltic version of Three Wise Men in Gotham"; Robert Frost "relates the Death of the Tired Man," and so on. I had rather possess this volume than any other by the author; it is almost worthy to rank with the immortal *Fly Leaves*. Furthermore, in his serious work Mr. Untermeyer has only begun to fight.

And while we are considering poems "in lighter vein," let us not forget the three famous initials signed to a column in the Chicago *Tribune*, Don Marquis of the *Evening Sun*, who can be either grave or gay but cannot be ungraceful, and the universally beloved Captain Franklin P. Adams, whose *Conning Tower* increased the circulation of

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the New York *Tribune* and the blood of its readers. Greatest and best of the sons of the Colyumnists, his classic Muse made the *Evening Mail* an evening blessing, sending the suburbanites home to their wives "always in good humour"; then, like Jupiter and Venus, he changed from evening star to morning star, and gave many thousands a new zest for the day's work. Skilful indeed was his appropriation of the methods of Tom Sawyer; as Tom got his fence whitewashed by arousing an eager competition among the boys to do his work for him, each toiler firmly persuaded that he was the recipient rather than the bestower of a favour, so F. P. A. incited hundreds of well-paid literary artists to compete with one another for the privilege of writing his column without money and without price.

His two books of verse, *By and Large* and *Weights and Measures*, have fairly earned a place in contemporary American literature; and the influence of his column toward precision and dignity in the use of the English language has made him one of the best teachers of English composition in the country.

V

Conrad [Potter] Aiken was born at Savannah, Georgia, August 5, 1889, is a graduate of Harvard and lives in Boston. He has published several volumes of poems, among which *Earth Triumphant* (1914) is fairly representative of his ability and philosophy. Not yet thirty, he is widely known; but the duration of his fame will, I think, depend upon his future work. He has thus far shown the power to write melodious music, to paint nature pictures in warm colours; he is ever on the quest of Beauty. His sensible preface to *Earth Triumphant* calls attention to certain similarities between his style in verse-narrative and that of John Masefield. But he is not a copier, and his work is his own. Some poets are on the earth; some are in the air; some, like Shelley, are in the tether. Conrad Aiken is firmly, gladly on the earth. He believes that our only paradise is here and now.

He surely has the gift of singing speech, but his poetry lacks intellectual content. In the volume, *Nocturne of Remembered Spring* (1917), there is a dreamy charm, like the hesitating notes of Chopin.

Although his contribution to the advance of poetry is not important, he has the equipment of a poet. When he has more to say, he will have no difficulty in making us listen; for he understands the magic of words. Thus far his poems are something like librettos; they don't mean much without the music. Let him remember the bitter cry of old Henry Vaughan: every artist, racked by labour-pains, will understand what Vaughan meant by calling this piece *Anguish:*

O! 't is an easy thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeignèd verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

Professor Phelps's next essay will discuss the following poets: F. S. Davis, H. Hagedorn, P. Mackaye, W. Bynner, H. Monroe, C. Sandburg, S. Teasdale, M. Widdemer, J. G. Fletcher, J. C. Underwood, J. G. Neihardt, M. L. Fisher, W. A. Bradley, J. P. Bishop, W. Griffith, S. Cleghorn, S. Middleton, C. W. Stork, T. S. Eliot.

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WAR ECHOES

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I. THE WHITE BATTALION

By Frances Gilchrist Wood

An orderly ushered two officers of the Foreign Legion, young men in mud-stained khaki, through the door of a dugout back of the fighting line in France. As they entered the hut a French officer in horizon blue, equally muddy, rose and returned the Americans' salute.

"You will be seated?" He pushed camp chairs toward them.

A guttering candle, stuck in a bottle neck, veiled rather than revealed the sordid interior. The light flickered across the young Frenchman's face, threw gaunt shadows under his eyes, emphasised the look of infinite weariness and—there was something more.

The senior officer of the Legion, Captain Hailes, looked at him keenly.

"Major Fouquet, we report at headquarters in an hour, sir. Lieutenant Agor, commanding platoon at extreme right—contact platoon with your battalion, sir, reports we lost touch with the French forces between the advance and the first trench. Thought it might have been his watch, but the timepiece checks up to a second."

The captain hesitated uneasily, "We are not presuming to question, sir, but Lieutenant Agor says he saw—we felt there might have been some cause, some reason that did not appear, so we came——"

The Frenchman lifted his head in a stupid way altogether foreign to his usual manner.

"Merci, Captain Hailes. We were—forty seconds slow in attacking the first trench, sir." He went on mechanically as if delivering a rehearsed report. "Caught up and reached the second trench on time. Few prisoners besides the children. Enemy practically wiped out."

He concluded heavily, a dazed look blotting all expression.

"There was a cause for the forty seconds delay, Major?"

Fouquet struggled up out of the curious apathy. He cleared his throat, made several attempts to speak and finally blurted out.

"You won't believe it—I saw it and I cannot! But there are the children—and a first-line trench full of dead Huns—without a mark on them! Barres was flying over us—he saw the Battalion—knew them for old comrades. The women—all of them saw the faces of their dead! I don't believe it, sir,—but how did we do it? The women never thrust once in the first trench—the children haven't a wound—that's got to prove it!"

He stopped abruptly—looking from one to the other with a gesture of hopeless protest. The Americans regarded him with puzzled eyes.

"Was it some new trick of the

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Huns? God knows they've given them to us in plenty! Can you tell us—it might——?"

Fouquet pulled himself forward, his knuckles whitening with his grip of the table edge.

"You know the history of the section of the Front—the Avengers retook to-day?"

"No, Major Fouquet. We came in later—with the Canadians."

"It began with the great retreat of 1914, sir, when the Germans were driving us back toward Paris. They had crowded our army against the river—between the slow crossing and their terrible artillery fire, new to us then—we faced annihilation!"

There was a rustle at the door of the dugout and a whispered password. Fouquet did not pause.

"To the —nth Battalion was given the honour of acting as rear guard. Ah, sir,——" his voice steadied—guttural with pride and emotion, "our men stood like a barricade of rock against which the waves of German infantry dashed themselves, only to break and be withdrawn for re-formation. Each receding wave showed where it had bit into the red and blue barrier, for we were wearing the old uniform then, but the bits slid together, closing up the gaps to stand against the next flood. When the eroded wall went down, undermined and overwhelmed at last, the main army of France was across the river and safe.

"Only two of us lived to rejoin our army, Lieutenant Barres and myself. Barres's leg was shattered, hopelessly crippling him for the infantry, but when the wounds healed —France could not spare so brave a man, so they strapped him to the seat of a plane in the winged section of the army, where he is still fighting!"

The sharp click, click of crutches tapped across the floor as Barres of the Aviation Squad came into the fringe of light. He saluted, then broke in upon Fouquet's story.

"But you do not tell them, mon camarade, but for you I would have died with the rest! He does not tell you, sir, that he put his own chance of escape into peril by dragging me —a helpless burden—with him!"

He looked at Fouquet with an anxious frown, "I thought there might be enquiry about to-day. You are——?"

A look flashed between them, the love of men who have faced death together.

"Yes, Barres, I shall need you. It is the history of the Avengers I am telling—to explain——"

He turned to the Americans,

"In the years of struggle that came after the retreat, our women of France have taken the places of men behind the lines, while our soldiers held the Front. But when Russia freed herself the news filtered through the provinces that the women of Russia when the revolution needed them formed themselves into the Battalion of Death. We also heard that German women were in the army.

"Then the flame of a common inspiration touched the widows of the —nth. They sought and found each other and petitioned as their right that they be entered and drilled as the —nth Battalion of Avengers.

"Military objections refused them again and again, but the women stood as firm in their purpose as their men who had held the post of rear guard. Always they asked, Why should France be left a nation of

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sorrowful women only? Let the widowed women of the —nth take the place of men in the chance of death—they would welcome it—and so save men to France.

"At last they were accepted and trained. Each added to her equipment a small packet of cyanide of potassium as her Russian sisters had taught her. One further request they made—that the position assigned to them might be in the course of the advance to retake the ground held to the death by their men. To me was given the great honour to be their commander."

He drew himself up with pride. "They have justified their petition for enlistment, sir, they wear the strap of a battalion commended for bravery. We have been fully trusted to hold our share of the Front in safety."

As if at the significance of his own words his head dropped, then lifted again grimly.

"It was for to-day's work that this battalion was assembled and trained to invincibility. We need no one to interpret the meaning of the Front to us, but to the women—to retake this strip of ground sodden with the blood of the rear guard barricade built of their men, meant being given the denied rite of closing glazed eyes, the crossing of arms on rigid breasts, the lighting of candles at head and feet and the last kiss on frozen lips. They were mad for it—not in revenge but to right a wrong."

Fouquet's voice thrilled, "That is the history, sir, and the temper of the Battalion of Avengers who held the trench at your right!

"When the order came for attack to-day, they waited, taut as arrows in held bowstrings, at the foot of the ladders for the signal to go over the top. Like shafts released they sprang up the sides of the ditch. There was sure death to the Hun in every gripped bayonet as they bent to follow the barrage of fire across the craters and snarled wire of No Man's Land.

"No human sound comes through the hell of battle artillery and yet we knew the strangling gasp that ran the length of the line as the protective barrage made its final jump, lifted and showed us the trench we were to take. The women stood as motionless as the corpses of the old —nth!

"Thrust shield-wise above the heads of the Huns, crowning the ditch as with protective spikes, frightened and sobbing, cowering before us were hundreds of little children!"

Fouquet's chair went spinning back as he leaned across the table.

"God! men—they knew! The devil tells them! They knew this section was held by women! For us to hold the Front—our share of the Front—these mothers must bayonet their way through crying, helpless babies!"

His groan found gasping echo.

"They were children of the French villages held by the Germans—we could tell! Some of them had been shot by the last of our barrage fire after the Huns had shoved them over the top. It was hell to see the children's torn bodies writhing—we're used to it with men! The smallest—babies—were clinging to the older ones—children of five or six—trying to hide—between the Huns and—us!

"If we went on—took the ditch—these mothers must cut through a barricade of children! If we did not go on, we betrayed our trust, lost our share of the Front—let the

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Huns behind the lines through a gap made by the failure of the women of the —nth!

"We seemed to stand there for hours, but it was only a second. The Huns had thrust their guns between the children, and were holding their fire—the devilish cat and mouse game!

"Then one of the women captains stumbled forward and made the sign of the cross—it is the voiceless battle cry of the Avengers and signs supreme sacrifice for all the Front means. She lifted her right hand in the sweep of victory—on her wrist was bound the packet of death they carry in case of capture by the kultur beasts—and fell, for the Huns opened fire the instant they saw her gesture.

"But the message had gotten over! They could charge—they must—and the cyanide would erase the intolerable memory forever! I looked at those nearest and saw they would go through with it, but men—their faces were set with the look of the face of Christ on the cross!"

He stopped, breathing heavily, and looked from one American to the other.

"You won't believe it—I saw it and I can't—but the proof is there! As the women gripped to thrust, leaning forward as if to force rebellious bodies toward that barricade, there swept down upon us from the rear or above, a sudden striding mist—a battalion of marching shadows in a blur of the old red and blue that outstripped the Avengers' advance. There was a flash of charging steel and the waving colours of the old —nth as they swept over the untouched children into the trench.

"It's all a blur, sir, I can't tell you clearly, but they turned their faces as they passed and—we knew our dead. You could see the women cry out and lift their arms, each to her own man as he halted an instant beside her.

"Madame Arouet was sobbing as if caught by a bullet, 'Jean—Jean!—to have seen you again! Ah, my God!' The tall corporal, just beyond, threw herself with high piercing scream—arms outstretched—toward the smiling shadow that was passing.

"The bravest man in the old —nth, where all were brave, dropped behind as he bent over the fallen captain. There was a quivering smile of recognition just as the jerking heap settled into quiet, then, as if he waited for it, a slender blur in horizon blue sprang to his side and swept forward with the Battalion—though the captain still lay where she had fallen!"

Fouquet gripped his comrade, arm and crutch together, with a cry,

"Did you see our brave captain salute as he passed? Joyously I shouted as I fell into step beside him, but—I dropped back—I could not keep that pace! Barres—Barres—you saw them? You must have seen them? It was the old —nth come back to save their women from the last hellish trap set by fiends! We know they had the right—this was their battleground where once before they had saved an army of France!"

Lieutenant Agor was leaning across the table with staring eyes: "Then—that was what I—saw, sir?" He turned to his commander, "I told you it was like the fog blowing in off Frisco bay, and——"

Captain Hailes half rose, "My lieutenant said he lost you when a mist obscured the contact platoon.

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He said he saw—I—thought it was shell shock—I meant to send him behind the lines——"

Barres shook his head slowly as he caught Fouquet about the shoulder.

"Mon ami—I saw—I know! Very low I flew over the gap to-day when it broke and widened. I felt the White Battalion first, rushing through the planes—then I saw them —a mist of the old red and blue with wondrous swords!" His voice sank low, "From above I saw one who led them—a shining one who, even as we have read, smote the camp of the Assyrians.

"It was the old —nth that followed—I knew them!" His voice caught. "Did you see the rascals in the third squad goose-stepping as they closed in on the Hun?" With a break of unsteady laughter, "It was always their final joke with the German, sir, before they got him—no one could break them of it! Fouquet—we know! It was the old —nth, our White Battalion!"

"A White Battalion!" Agor repeated the words slowly, still staring.

The aviator shifted his crutch and drew himself erect. "*Mes amis*—the Huns fling the taunt that France has been bled white! To us it means a White Army—a crowding host killed in battle—the red life of gallant youth given so gloriously that it cannot die!

"And France bled white . . . ! We know," the words halted, "the country for which we went to war—is maimed—scarred—she can never again be the same France, but——" His lifted face gleamed through the dim light, "Our battle cry has changed! We no longer fight '*Pour la Patrie!*' but '*Pour le Droit!*'—the right that is greater than country!"

With a sharp intake of breath he turned to his comrade. Fouquet's protesting look was gone. With the sure touch of reality he picked up the story.

"It was all over in a breath, sir—like a mist swirling along the trenches shot through with phantom steel, and we knew our work was being done. When it lifted—the ditch lay motionless!

"The women had dropped on their knees with their arms about the children. We passed the poor little ones through to the rear in charge of the wounded.

"The first trench was piled with dead—unmarked dead! The communicating tunnels were cleared or quiet—that was how we made up the forty seconds and followed the barrage on time to the second ditch.

"I looked down the line as we made ready for the second charge. Not a Hun cried 'Kamarad!' or tried to surrender when they saw the faces of the Avengers. The second ditch was piled with nearly as many dead as the first—marked dead! The Avengers and the White Battalion had retaken the ground for which the —nth had given their lives.

"That is all, sir," the gaunt figure in mud-stained blue straightened, "excepting that the fouling Beast is going in the end—we know! He cannot stand against the unconquerable dead. And when we march through Berlin, the White Armies will march at the head of the column——" he lifted his hand in salute, "*Pour le Droit!*"

The crippled aviator balanced on crutches as he brought up his hand,

"*Pour le Droit!*"

Noiselessly the men of the Foreign Legion pushed back their chairs and stood at salute. Silently they faced

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each other in a long moment of understanding. The major in blue dropped his arm and with smiling eyes gripped the hand of the man in khaki.

He flung open the door of the dug-out, humming the Song of France in marching time. The young officers, French and American, fell into step together,

"Gentlemen—to Headquarters!"

The lilting voices filled the low room to the accent of marching feet,

"Allons enfants de la patrie
"Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

II. FANCHON, THE GAY

By Katharine Haviland Taylor

The little novice went up the broad chateau stair slowly. She carried a bowl of mutton broth which lapped at the edges of the thick vessel and threatened overflow. On the stair landing she paused. "The soup is enough hot to stay so," she reasoned, "and my feet have achieved the great tiredness!" And then she sighed, for she realised that thought of self was beneath the ideals of the sister she would become—but the little novice was tired—so very tired.

On the stair landing stood a clock that made one think of ladies with white powdered hair, courtly manners and a tinkling laughter that comes with a touching of only one side of the world. Farther along a suit of empty armour showed what war was in another day. Back of the novice was a yellow-glassed window, outlined in rounds of lead with straight bars connecting them. The little novice standing against one of these lead rounds was haloed. God had made her beautiful and the life she had met had made her sad.

"Look!" said a man in the hall below, "look well at the saint on the landing." His companion lowered the *Petite Gazette* and lifted his eyes.

"So little, and of softness, for the sad place in life she takes," he commented. "And already her eyes mirror what they see. Did she nurse you? Yes? She is a good one. True, a saint she looks with that round of lead behind her."

The little novice picked up the bowl of broth and went on up the broad stair. She looked guiltily into the bowl. The edges of the broth showed a cold white forming. Surely she would never be "One good, selfless nun she would to be!" she reflected. "Always the thought of one's feet and aching back, was of such littleness!" She sighed as she reached the room where the sickest lay and then she looked on them, forgot herself and was all tenderness.

Le Docteur came toward her calling an order over his shoulder. "A blind boy," he said as he reached her, "in the last bed. He dies soon and would not be alone. He goes to the dark in the dark and wishes the touch of a little, human hand. We cannot well spare thee, but go, and be with him!" Le Docteur's voice had grown soft—he was very young and it embarrassed him. "Bah!" he added fiercely, "how the war makes one soft and to feel the other's soul! Now go——"

The little novice had gone. She had found the bed of the boy who

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would not go to the dark in the dark, without the comfort of a human touch—and she settled by him. His hands moved on the sheet. She saw one nail was torn off, and she closed her eyes. She was faint. The odour of ether and disinfectant floated through the room. She sniffed jealously. It steadied her. This was her life.

The boy turned his face toward her. "Someone is here?" he questioned. She answered and laid her hand on his. "Stay!" he begged of her, "stay! I am like a little child in the dark without a mother." She did not answer, but pressed his hand, and his face lit with a white peace. The little novice looked steadily across the room, and through an open window into the deep shadows of a cypress-tree. A tear slipped down her cheek, and then one down her nose, and it splashed on her hand. She looked at it in surprise; she had not known that she was crying. She fumbled for her handkerchief and, not finding it, smeared her tears across her cheek with a clumsy sleeve.

"Fanchon!" said the blind boy on the bed, "Fanchon, the gay! Listen, Sister, are you there?" She pressed his hand again in answer and he went on. "I would that you would do me the grand favour? Would you?" He stopped, and breathed heavily, then went on as if she had accepted: "Know you the country about Liége? You do? The grey inn near the North Road?" The novice whispered, "Yes."

"There," said the blind boy, "there is Fanchon, the Gay—daughter of the innkeeper. I met her there when we fought near. Oh, but she is sweet! I would tell you of her, but cannot. She was all of laughter, gentle laughter—kind. When I saw her first I stopped and drew so grand a breath that I thought it must force my heart into my throat. Then did I wish that I was more than a dolt of a waiter from Paris! That I knew more than enough, and not just enough to recommend a truffle or a wine! Those were sad times in that country, Sister, sad! But Fanchon laughed through them all, and cheered even those who enjoyed sadnesses. Ah, she was sweet! I saw her tendernesses and would swallow something that rose like a ball in my throat. Once I remember old Pere Desplace, sitting beneath an old tree before the inn, and sobbing because his cow of great age, that he so loved, had died of the bullet. And Fanchon kissed him, and scolded us well who laughed.

"None thought to say a word of wrong to her, as we did to most of the women we met on our way. She was too like the little child—the laughing child—who makes men good by belief in them. I loved her so well! That, Sister, is my grand favour, that, should you meet, you would tell her—tell her I lived with her in my heart, and that I shall die with my head on her breast. sister, should you meet—you will tell her?"

The little novice leaned above him, and for a short moment touched his cheek with her palm. "I will tell her," she said. There was quiet in the room. It was the long part of the afternoon. The men slept who were not suffering too much. Now and again a moan ripped the silence, or an oath from a man whose mind wandered. Down the room a nun clattered a metal pitcher against a bowl. She always clattered—so noisy in her energy!

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Again the blind boy spoke. He was only half conscious now, and lived the past almost as present. "She stood in the orchard," he said —his voice wheezed from the rough wound in his lung—"she stood there, the pink peach blossoms fluttered about her, and some caught in her soft hair. She looked at me as I came toward her, smiled and then looked away. I felt much, but I spoke not. I was the dolt always, and how can even the bright tell what the heart whispers? There are no words for that, nor the beautiful dawn of spring, are there? The sun that touches new green, I mean. You know? So sweet she was! And I only said, 'I go. We march tonight.' She turned and held out her hand, but I dared not touch her, and in my humbleness I slipped to my knees, and for a moment I hid my face against her. Oh, she was sweet —with the soft pink blossoms floating around her!

"And when I went from her my eyes were wet. Ah, Sister, the hearts that hunger always from the unspoken word—!" The blind boy moved his head restlessly and the novice smoothed his pillow. Again he spoke, and strongly as with new strength. "One night, deep in a trench," he said, "with the stars for light, and death so near we felt its chill—and the warmth of God's fingers too, Sister—one night—I saw her face, Fanchon's, as I had last seen her. Saddened it had become, and the laugh had left her eyes; and, Sister, I laughed, and I cried, for I knew she loved me. I cried—I laughed, and that night in my dreams I dared to kiss her white throat, and I woke—before the God! —hearing her call my name, feeling her dear arms——" The blind boy had stopped. His breath was uneven. A spot of blood stood out on his lip, and then more came with his breath to turn to bubbles.

"Tell her—" he gasped, "I died with her in my heart! My head—my head on her——" and then the blind boy turned to the colour of rain-washed ashes, and was very still.

The little novice struggled to her feet. She, too, was grey, and she laid her cold little hands on his face, cradling it between her palms, "Thou wilt wake," she whispered, "with thy head on the gentle Virgin's breast. Thou wilt awake to a world that has no war—a world of love and peace—" her voice broke in a sob, but the little novice wept no tears. "Mother of God!" she gasped in agony, and turned away.

The little novice went down the broad stairs carrying an empty bowl. An hour before she had carried it up, slowly, to keep from spilling it. She was very white, and she walked unsteadily. Before the leaded window of yellow glass she paused. A soldier below in the hall looked up, and then he dug a companion in the ribs with an elbow, and whispered, still looking up at the novice who stood before a round of lead: "I knew her before she took the vows," he stated proudly. "We lived in one village. 'Fanchon, the Gay,' we called her. Ah me! It's the war that breaks the hearts, and kills our women's laughter! Look at her now! No mirth is there—but she looks a saint, with that round of lead behind her as a halo!"

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III. UNTO EACH HIS CROWN

By Norma Patterson

For a long time after he opened his eyes he lay quite still looking at the wall, which was where his glance happened to hit. A luxury of comfort possessed his body and mind—a light, serene, smoothly running happiness which was like spinning evenly through cool, green, white-flecked waters, after weeks of kicking and strangling and puffing in learning to swim. So for a time that might have been short and might have been long, he lay without moving, his mind going neither backward nor forward, but resting contentedly on the strangely happy present.

Across the wall a shadow moved, and paused, and passed on, ducking and bobbing as it went. He knew that the nurse was moving about, and the shadow—absurdly undignified—was made by the flimsy, unstable sputter of a candle. Again it passed, and again. At first the edges were sharply cut and individualistic, but now he saw them blur and fade against the drab wall. The image was slipping back into the vastness of unlimited shadow, from which, for the sputtering length of a candle, it had snatched itself.

Grey light crept in through the little window above his cot. The slender, far-reaching notes of a bugle called to the coming day.

His body did not move, but his spirit stood upright at the summons. The sound had jerked open the door of memory.

His regiment! Would he be able to go back—and fight with the boys? It had been hard, having to leave them when he did. They were out of the trenches and charging. It was just at the apex of the attack—the moment for which his whole life seemed to have been lived. All the training, all the hardship, all the parting with loved ones, all the long, tedious life in the trenches—had led to this one supreme moment. And then, just as they plunged forward into the shout and ring of victory, something had happened. He was not sure at first what, except that it halted him, spun him round, and he felt himself sinking downward—*downward*—and the others charging on—leaving him here. He was going to miss it! He would not be in at the victory! Later, when they told of it around the camp at night, he would have no part in the telling.

He saw Trav Barnes look back, and he saw the expression that came on Trav's face. An expression that could not be put into words or even imagined unless one had seen it. Trav stopped abruptly, but he had waved Trav on, and Trav had gone —running forward, as if he were running away from looking back. And the tramp of the feet had grown fainter . . . and the sound of the shouting fainter . . . and the boom of the battle fainter. . . .

Yes, he must be getting back to the regiment. He could not be wounded so badly—he was blissfully free from pain.

He turned his head slowly. The candle had burned down to a feeble, spasmodic flame. In the light from the window he made out the nurse and the doctor, talking together. He was a bit afraid of what they would tell him, and so he hesitated to put his question. Then he got in behind

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his courage and gave it a great boost.

"Will I be able to rejoin the regiment—soon?"

The words dropped, one at a time, into the silence with halting, staccato *emphaticness*, and seemed to stand in the air just where he placed them, in an inquisitive little row.

The doctor and the nurse turned and gazed at them. The doctor moved forward and sat down on the bed. He had thought at first that it was an army surgeon, but he saw now it was the Old Doctor from his home town.

"Yes," nodded the Old Doctor, "soon—you will be joining your regiment."

He was so overwhelmed with joy at this that he was not surprised when the strange thing happened. War had levelled all shocks. There was left no possibility of further high emotion to one who had had to grow used to standing, now with friends, and — now — among the dead.

And so he felt only very glad and very thankful to see, here in an alien country, all his dear family stepping quietly into the span of light about his bed, and stand smiling down at him. He counted heads carefully twice and found that not one was missing.

There were his father and mother, their arms about each other; and Becky, his schoolgirl sister, fresh from the world of basket ball and laughter; there was John, his older brother, who had had to stay behind. He recalled how John had shadowed him during that last month at home; with what brooding absorption John had inspected his kit, and his rifle, and every part of the khaki uniform, and had said, a little bitterly, as he grasped his hand at the last, "It's the great adventure, kid. Lord, how I envy you." And there was The Girl, her beautiful eyes wide, her lips parted, her hand reaching out toward him.

It must be some special occasion to bring them here. He wondered what.

He remembered the same little group standing on the platform to bid him good-bye when he went to college. They were grieved at the parting, but they were proud. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. He had worn a new suit that day—a rather natty affair he thought — and his mother had slipped some cookies in his new pocket. He was half ashamed of her doing it, as if he were still a kid and liked cookies. But later in the train, behind a newspaper, how good the cookies had tasted!

And when he sailed for France the same group had gathered again to see him off. They had stood in the sweltering sun all one morning just for a chance to wave as the big boat slipped down the harbour. They had smiled and smiled through their tears. They were here now, smiling at him through their tears, and—he had the vague feeling—seeing him off somewhere. There was grief on their faces—but they were proud! It was fine of them to come.

It did not seem at all queer when a head vanished from among those about him, and then another, and another. They did not hop off or bounce away, but glided vaporously from sight in a perfectly logical manner; until all the heads were gone except his mother's and father's, leaning close together, their eyes on his, smiling still—smiling him their love. It was like a picture he

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had of them that sat in an ivory frame on his table back home. And when these two had gone there was only the touch of the Old Doctor's hand, resting reassuringly over his.

The grey mist of morning closed in about him like a cloud, and it seemed to be carrying him along with it. . . . He lost the touch of the Old Doctor's hand—and with it the heaviness of his body—of his mind. And he perceived now that he was standing on a hill in the first strange light of a new day.

Behind him, out of the foggy distance, he caught the thin, wavering outline of a bugle call . . . and the shadowy tramp, tramp, tramp, of feet. . . . He looked back, and saw them coming. A vast moving army—marching toward him, coming along with him. As far back as he could see they were coming.

They were a strange company—a little torn, thoroughly ragged. Many of them were just boys like himself. Caps and coats were missing, and—they carried no weapons! And as much as they had loved and honoured the uniforms they wore, he saw that the uniform no longer mattered.

He had thought, when they came into sight, that it was his old regiment. Many, many, of them were here. But as they drew nearer he recognised French and English and Italians and—could it be?—*Germans*. He was a little shocked to see how his comrades hailed these as comrade, and that their journey lay together.

On they came. The music grew louder, the tramping heavier. Here and there were friends—boys from his home town. Why there was Trav! With a shout he stumbled forward, the friends grasped hands, and he swung into step.

There was a lightness about the marching of this radiant army that had nothing to do with feet or bodies, but seemed to come from what they saw forward. Their heads were thrown back, their faces shone. It was as if to each, no matter what the nationality, victory had come.

During the long, muddy hours of waiting before the battle, there had been moments of troubled thought—thought of what was right and what was wrong. The grim Why and Whither of War had stalked with clanking steel up and down the trenches, among the fallen bodies. Beneath the rain of shells one thought of peace as something that would come some day—that *must* come—but it was impossible to conceive any connection between that unthinkable time and this hideous carnage.

But as he looked into the faces of these he saw what that shining look was. It came to him as a sweeping revelation. They understood! For them, the veil was lifted—and they saw peace!

They had passed up through the Gate of the Ultimate Sacrifice—into immortality. They had laid down their lives for love of country, and the reward was peace for the world. Not just the ceasement of war, but that perpetual peace born of universal brotherhood.

Then—this was the victory. And he was in! He was in at the victory!

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WAR BOOKS OF THE SPRING

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

With but two or three exceptions, the war books of the spring fall into one or the other of two fairly distinct classes. First, and most numerous, are those in which the author relates his personal adventures and experiences—the autobiographical type; second, the lesser number, which tell about some organisation or some special aspect of the Great War, that the writer has studied or known in an intimate way—the more or less impersonal histories and narratives.

Notable among those of the former type is the vivid and absorbingly interesting *Private Peat*. Out with the first Canadian contingent went this young soldier, destined later to be among those who faced the first gas attack at Ypres. No clearer or more impressive picture than the one he presents has as yet been drawn of that terrible fight when, outnumbered ten to one, the Canadians held the key of the road to Calais. They had seen their captured sergeants crucified, literally; they had seen their comrades die "gassed," black-faced and writhing; and they had seen women, and young girls, and even children, the victims of such atrocities as they would not have believed possible, did not believe possible until their own eyes saw the proofs. And so when they fought, it was with "white man's spirit against barbarian brutality." The indomitable spirit which makes the Canadian, like the English Tommy, able to crack a joke in the midst of horrors unspeakable, shines through a book which is more than worth reading—a book which one may wish that every pacifist in the United States might be forced to read. Sharply contrasting with the narrative of the Canadian, yet equally worth while, are the exquisite letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont of the Chasseurs Alpins, killed in action, well deserving to be called *A Crusader of France*. Deeply religious in tone, they give almost from the very beginning the impression of one "fey"—one who, feeling himself marked out for death, consciously withdrew his soul from the world. There is no humour in these letters; its place is taken by a keen and abiding sense of beauty and of sympathy. Fighting on the Vosges, on the Somme and in Flanders, enduring quietly and cheerfully the many hardships and privations which those first months of the war brought upon the troops of the unprepared Allies, this young Frenchman did his duty—and something more—in a spirit of consecration, achieving at last a wonderful inner peace amid the stress of the outward conflict.

The steeds which, in this war, men ride to victory or to death are aeroplanes, not horses, and it is of his experiences as a member of the Royal Flying Corps that Captain Alan Bott, M.C., writes in his *Cavalry of the Clouds*. Flying over the enemies' lines on reconnaissance duty, fighting thousands of feet above the earth, crowding enough thrilling adventures into one brief

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THE EVOLUTION OF PRIVATE DUBB: HE BECOMES A FIGHTER. FROM "THAT ROOKIE FROM THE 13TH SQUAD." A BOOK OF DRAWINGS BY LIEUTENANT P. L. CROSBY

trip to suffice for an ordinary lifetime, Captain Bott's book is a fascinating record of what the aviator regards as all in the day's work. Individual dash and initiative and resourcefulness tell in this air service as, under the conditions of modern warfare, they seldom do in any other. And though the story is a tragic one—for the "Umpty" was a crack squadron, greatly feared and hated by the Boche, and its casualties were very many—it is also splendidly inspiring. Several pages are devoted to a description of the varied duties performed by different branches of the air service; duties of the utmost importance, since it may well be, as the author suggests, that the war will be won in the air.

But since the vast majority of our men now on their way "Over There" are destined to dig in the earth, not fly above the clouds, *First Call*, the

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new book by Empey of *Over the Top*, gives a great deal of very useful information. From the moment of his entrance into the army either as volunteer or conscript, through the preliminary training to his arrival in the trenches and the acid test of active service, this ex-machine gunner tells the recruit, not only what to expect, but how to make the best of it. A lively, straightforward, man-to-man talk, illustrated by stories and bits of personal experience, with good counsel as to the wisest way to meet Tommy and Poilu, to guard one's rations from the rats, save one's self in case of a gas attack, and do many other things, the book also contains some excellent advice to stay-at-homes in general, and mothers in particular.

Corporal R. Derby Holmes, who was *A Yankee in the Trenches* when the United States was still a non-combatant, fought behind the tanks when they made their début at the battle of the Somme. He tells in a spirited style of this and many other experiences, and of the lessons which turned one who had enlisted principally because of a desire for adventure into a whole-hearted opponent of the Hun. Like Private Peat, he pays warm tribute to the valour of the English soldier, his sense of humour is unquenchable, and no bit of comedy escapes his notice. Very unlike this volume is Lieutenant Giraudoux's *Campaigns and Intervals*—impressionistic, full of clever pen-pictures and entertaining comments, but a trifle too consciously "literary" to be altogether appealing. The process of evolution by which a sceptic and pessimist became a soldier in the best and most exalted sense of the word is analysed by Coningsby Dawson, who vivisects his own sensation in his new book, *The Glory of the Trenches*, telling how he came to enlist, how he was wounded and sent back to "Blighty," how he felt about it all then, and how he feels about it now, when about to return to the Front. The joys and sorrows of the beginner, not yet advanced beyond the training-camp stage and still struggling with stumps and the mysteries of drill, are very amusingly set forth in *Conscript 2989's* account of what happened to one particular drafted man—a subject which is differently but quite as entertainingly treated in Lieutenant Crosby's delightful sketches of Private Dubbs, *That Rookie of the 13th Squad.*

American camps are beginning to find their historians, and the trenches on the Western Front have already had many, but of the fighting in East Africa we have not as yet heard very much, so that Captain F. Brett Young's narrative of General Smuts's expedition, *Marching on Tanga*, is decidedly welcome. A story of long and difficult marches, it has a climax of stirring adventure when the little party of which Captain Young, a medical, not a military officer, found himself the leader, was lost in the jungle, and had the narrowest of hair-breadth escapes. Considering the excellence of the material, it is a pity it could not have been a trifle better handled. The book contains far too many descriptions of the surrounding country and scenery, and consequently has more than a few dull moments.

Inside Constantinople and *A Roumanian Diary* are both tales of non-combatants, the latter being especially vivid and well done. Both are diaries, the former that of Lewis Einstein, an American diplomat sta-

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tioned at Constantinople during the ill-fated Dardanelles Expedition, the other written by Lady Kennard, who, going to Roumania on a kind of pleasure trip, remained to do the hardest sort of hard work in an ill-equipped hospital on which Zeppelin bombs were dropped with disconcerting frequency. Mr. Einstein has much that is interesting to tell about Constantinople and its diplomatic circle, the hopeless Turks and the blatant German ambassador. He tells, too, of the Armenian massacres, his account of them being an added item in the long and well-attested indictment of the Hun. All these books, in fact, different as they are and different as are the personalities and points of view of their writers, are alike in this; they portray a foe, not only devoid of chivalry, but with scarcely a touch of what we used to call ordinary human decency. "Beware of the Hun, especially when he throws up his hands and cries 'Kamarad,'" expressed in varying phrases, this is the warning given our troops by every man who has come in contact with the disciples of "Kultur." And it is this fact which makes it something of a relief to turn back to the days of our own Civil War and read what *One Young Soldier*, Ira Seymour Dodd, then did and suffered.

The more or less impersonal books are as varied and as interesting as those of the autobiographical type. *Fighting Starvation in Belgium*, by Vernon Kellogg, first an Assistant-Director, then Director-at-Large of the C. R. B., is an especially interesting and important compilation of facts, which one cannot help wishing might have been presented a little more skilfully. The need of compression is no doubt responsible for most of the defects of the narrative, a history of the Belgian Relief Commission from the days of its inception to the hour when the Americans left the country. In that so much of the work was done by her citizens, it is a record of which the United States may well be proud. But the pride suffers a shock when we read that Canada contributed twenty-two cents per head and New Zealand two dollars and twenty-nine cents, against ten cents per head from the United States! An impressive incident in the book is Mr. Kellogg's account of his meeting with the general who gave the order for the shooting of Edith Cavell. The German insisted upon telling him the story, repeating again and again that he was "not a murderer." Evidently his punishment had begun. Of nearly related and somewhat fearful interest is Doctor Daniel McCarthy's extremely temperate delineation of the treatment meted out to *The Prisoner of War in Germany*, whose dreadful fate Doctor McCarthy himself did more than a little to improve. He describes the camps in detail, portraying the life—or rather, the existence—led by the men in each, and the almost unlimited power of the camp commandant. The fruitless attempts of the Germans to seduce the Irish prisoners and inveigle them into joining with Sir Roger Casement, together with their endeavours to foster trouble among men of diverse nationalities, are among the incidents in the book which throw light upon the methods of the excessively methodical Hun. *The Business of War*, by Isaac F. Marcosson, makes much pleasanter and no less interesting reading, leaving one in a state of almost breathless admiration for the wonderful or-

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ganising ability of those directing the equipment and sustenance of the English armies. Especially fascinating is the portion devoted to the reclamation work—the salvaging of all sorts of articles which inefficiency would "scrap," the vast sums obtained from what was once regarded as fit only to be thrown away. In this "business" of war, the women of England are taking an important part, a part outlined by Helen Fraser in her admirable if somewhat too short book, *Women and War Work.* The munitions worker, the "Waac" —member of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps—the hospital aid, the trained nurse, the food producer and the food conserver—how all these and many others do their bit, is interesting reading in itself, doubly interesting for the women of America, anxiously asking how they may be of greatest service.

At the Serbian Front in Macedonia, written by E. P. Stebbings, a transport officer attached to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals serving in Macedonia, is a most stimulating account of heroism and self-sacrifice, of labour well done despite a multiplicity of difficulties. Women surgeons and ambulance drivers, women orderlies and nurses and dietitians, they one and all rendered splendid service to the men who presently took Monastir. Well told, with several vivid glimpses of the fighting on this, one of the most rugged of battle-fronts, the book is distinctly worth reading. Something of romance is still attached to war as fought in the East, whether it be on the confines of Serbia or in journeying *To Bagdad with the British,* as did the modest Y. M. C. A. secretary who tells us the story of the two expeditions, the first of which, under General Townsend, was obliged after an heroic defence to surrender at Kut-el-Amara, while the second, more fortunate and better supported, presently reached Bagdad—and then went on. The book is written with spirit and intelligence; no more absorbing adventure story than this could well be imagined, nor anything more picturesque than the entrance of the English soldiers into Bagdad. There they were welcomed by a festival-arrayed, rejoicing population which hailed them not as conquerors, but as liberators from the yoke of the hated Turk.

This was warfare in the open, not the entrenched kind fought *Under Four Flags for France.* With admirable clearness, Captain Musgrave, an American military expert, writes of the invasion of Belgium and the attack on France, when, according to the German plan, eight different armies were to strike simultaneously. The early terrible days, the time of digging in, the moment when the Allies at last wrested the offensive from the Hun, the coming of the Americans and that historic first shot—these and the events intervening are lucidly set forth. First comes the prelude, when, as one German soldier put it, "We lived like gods in Belgium, boozing and raping our way across." Then the forming of that thin, thin line of French and English, outnumbered, lacking guns and ammunition, but holding, always holding; the German rush into France, characterised by "organised pillage and foul pollution," the deadlock on the Aisne, the miracle of the Marne, the magnificent defence of Verdun—all are seen in their relations to one another through the medium of these enthralling pages.

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Captain Musgrave himself saw many if not all of the events about which he writes, and his book, absorbingly interesting in itself, gives a picture of the struggle as a whole, such as one cannot get from the usual eye-witness's description of some one particular section.

Among the books which cannot be called either impersonal or autobiographical, one noteworthy volume is French, a second—partly German. For this second is made up of the secret correspondence between the Kaiser and the Czar. A series of telegrams, signed "Willy" and "Nicky," sent, the first in 1904, the last in 1907, this *Willy-Nicky Correspondence* throws a good deal of light on secret diplomacy, and the influence wielded by the forceful Wilhelm over the weak and timid Nicholas. No more glaring contrast could be found than that between this slender volume and Lieutenant Redier's noble *Comrades in Courage*. A sheaf of war essays, thoughtful, sometimes bitingly satirical, always fervently patriotic, instinct with a splendid faith in the triumph of right, this volume, written for the French, has its message for Americans also. It stands high among the notable war books of a spring in which notable war books, books of counsel and inspiration and courage, are not rare.

A POET'S EPITAPH

BY CARL McDONALD

From dusk till dawn,
From dawn till night,
All that he touched
He made it white.

He built no cities,
Gained no gold,
Nor did great deeds,
Nor bought nor sold.

But from dusk to dusk,
From light to light,
All that he wrote
Was angel white.

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THE DRAMA AND THE WAR

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

In investigating the effects of war upon the human spirit and the expression of the human spirit in the arts, we must distinguish first of all between little local wars whose outcome does not matter very much to humanity at large, like our own chivalrous and almost charming sally against Spain, and great world-shaking conflicts, like the present struggle, upon whose outcome depends the future destiny of all mankind. A tiny fire in the pantry neither stirs nor tests the spirit; one puts it out, collects the insurance in due course of time, and forgets about it ever after: but a great catastrophe like the conflagration which followed hard upon the heels of the San Francisco earthquake tries men's souls and changes them; for, under stress, it makes the base more base and renders the noble more ennobled.

In little local conflicts, the scales of justice may hang nearly equipoised and may tremble to the one side or the other "but in the estimation of a hair"; but in every world-historic war, without exception, one side has been emphatically right and the other side emphatically wrong. Such wars have tended always to debase and to deprave the spiritual instinct among the hordes that have been fighting on the side of evil; but they have tended simultaneously to uplift and sanctify the spirit of those nations that have striven to carry on the torch of truth and have offered up their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour to make reason and the will of God prevail. The disease of the pacifist arises from the error of dallying with the idea of war as a philosophical abstraction; whereas, by sane and normal minds, a catastrophe is properly regarded as a condition, not a theory. A world-historic war is a fact,—undeniable like measles, and concrete like cobble-stones; and the test that tries men's souls is the unavoidable necessity of arranging themselves on the right side or the wrong side of the argument.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, according to a law that passeth understanding; and the great world-shaking conflicts of recorded history have not always been determined in favour of the righteous side. The finest civilisation that mankind has ever known was overturned by the Romans, at a time when these conquerors were justly regarded by the Greeks as men who did not know. The Romans, in their turn, ascended to a memorable height of civilisation, only to be trampled down at last by the crude and violent Barbarians of the North. Though any reasonable mind rejects by instinct the insidious doctrine that might makes right, it would be equally illogical to assume the antithetic theory that right makes might. From the philosophic standpoint, "In God We Trust" is an enervating and immoral motto; for—as Paul of Tarsus, who created Christianity, has told us—men must finally be

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judged not merely by their faith but mainly by their works.

Whenever a world-historic war has been won by the wrong side, all art—which is, of course, the spontaneous expression of the human sense of the identity of beauty, truth, and righteousness—has died the death and has stayed dead for centuries. After Rome was overthrown by the Barbarians of the North—a horde of sinewy blonde beasts more potent to destroy than to create—the world was overwhelmed in shadow for a thousand years. In books of history, these many centuries are commonly referred to as "the Dark Ages." Throughout that time, there was no drama in the world, no painting, no sculpture, no architecture, and no literature. Mankind had been obscured, for the twinkling of a thousand years, by the momentary triumph of brute force above the finer movements of the mind.

But, whenever in a world-historic war the side of righteousness has triumphed, a great outflowering of art has followed soon upon the fact of victory. The noblest instincts of mankind—aroused in perilous moments fraught with intimations of mortality—have surged and soared, beneath the sunshine of a subsequent and dear-bought peace, into an immeasurable empyrean of heroic eloquence. Whenever right has circumvented might, Art has sprung alive into the world, with the music of a million Easter-lilies leaping from the grave and laughing with a silver singing.

A panoramic survey of the history of art shows, without exception, that the most profuse outpourings of the human sense of the identity of beauty, truth, and righteousness have occurred in places and in periods where a world-historic war had recently been won by the side that had taken up the gauntlet, under duress, to make reason and the will of God prevail. This basic fact is more than ordinarily apparent in the history of the drama. This democratic art—which is doomed, by its conditions, to hold always an indicatory finger upon the very pulse of the public—has ascended to its most exalted heights in the period of Sophocles, the period of Calderon, the period of Shakespeare, and the period of Molière. Sophocles appeared at that highest point in the oscillating curve of human civilisation when the Acropolis of Athens was acknowledged—by dominance of might as well as right—to be the beacon of the world. Calderon built up his Gothic Cathedrals of gorgeous and fantastic verse at the time when Spain aspired to overlord and tutelise the earth. Our great Elizabethan drama—comprising those hundreds and hundreds of tremendous plays, by many authors, that have been tied into a package by historians and labelled with the adjective "Shakespearian"—would never have been undertaken and given to mankind except for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The national spirit that has been expressed in Shakespeare's *Henry V* indicates most clearly the incentive and the motive of the whole Elizabethan drama. Molière—together with those lesser lions of his lineage, Pierre Corneille and Jean Racine—come forward with his plays at a period when his patron, the *Grand Monarque*, was sitting high in the saddle. France had recently been recognised as the preponderant power of Continental Europe; and Molière composed his

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comedies in the unassailed serenity of leisure that had been bestowed upon him by the victories of Louis Quatorze.

A swift-winged aërial recognisance of dramatic history might almost tempt the commentator to welcome such a crisis as the present world-catastrophe, because of that superb insurgence of the will that makes for art which would result inevitably in the human spirit from a triumph of the hosts that fight for righteousness against the hordes assembled to sacrifice themselves as cannon-fodder in support of an idea that is desecrating and depraving to the mind.

II

If the blonde beasts of the North —who have signed and sealed their purpose to destroy the sense of truth and beauty in the world by hurling shells repeatedly against the Cathedral of Rheims, which had stood for seven centuries as an ineradicable symbol of all that is most eloquent in art—if these barbarians should win the present war, there would be no reason for looking forward to the future of the American drama. In that case, there would be no future for this country to look forward to, nor any drama in the world to arrest attention from the commentative mind.

But if we win this war—as win we must—there will arise a drama in America which will be genuinely worthy of the recognition of critics yet unborn. The re-establishment of a reasonable world made safe for democracy will call for celebration with the voice of angels trumpet-tongued; and dramatic authors will arise in response to a demand made insistent by our theatre-going public. So it has always been, and so it always shall be.

Let us assume—as a departing point for an ascension to regions theoretical—that we are predestined to win this present war, because of the fact that our cause is just, and in spite of the fact that our practical efficiency is almost tragically slack and laggard. In that event, there would be indeed a fruitful future for art in the world, and, in particular, for the drama in America. Even Sophocles, Calderon, Shakespeare, and Molière might, imaginably, be outsoared by some future American poet, if we should win this present world-decisive struggle to make reason and the will of God prevail. This imagining is not, by any means, unbased upon the facts of history: it is, instead, predicted by the writing on the wall.

III

Assuming, for convenience, that America is not predestined to falter and to fail in this crusade against the hordes of darkness, the commentator is required to investigate the proper mission of that great American drama which will naturally be demanded by a hundred million people after peace has been imposed upon the enemies of peace, and the world has been made safe for civilisation.

The noblest mission that can be accomplished in the present or the future by an American dramatist is to interpret the essential spirit of this country to the American public of the present and the future. This mission is demanded by the slow accretion of phenomena so little noticed in themselves and so little talked about throughout the course of their almost geologic deposition that the

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old traditional America has changed, before our very eyes, without our noticing the change.

A few days after President Wilson had politely handed a return-ticket to Berlin to Count von Bernstorff, Doctor Butler called a general meeting of Columbia University which all students, ex-students, graduates, and teachers were invited to attend. On this occasion, the vast gymnasium was packed with three or four thousand people, standing shoulder to shoulder on every available square-foot of space. President Butler began a patriotic speech in which he outlined the noble part that had been played by students of Columbia in each successive crisis in the history of the United States. Commencing with the Revolutionary period, he said, "When the call came, Hamilton, Livingston, and Jay went forth from the lecture-halls of old Kings College to found a new nation." . . . At that moment, I looked around the vast gymnasium, and my eyes alighted first on Mr. Lipschitz and Mr. Moskowitz, and many other students whose names failed equally to rhyme with Hamilton and Livingston and Jay. In a sudden start, I realised how utterly America had changed within a century. . . . In recording this impression, I have no wish at all to patronise the thousands of eager and earnest students of alien ancestry who now flock beneath the ægis of my *alma mater*,—the largest and mightiest university in the history of education. As a teacher, I have found in practice that a student of Russian Jewish parentage is more likely to apply himself enthusiastically to the task at hand than a student who wears over-lightly a historic name like Hamilton or Livingston or Jay. My only point is that America has changed, in racial complexion, since the period of the Revolution and since the period of the Civil War.

Throughout the course of half a century of quietude, this country has become a melting-pot for immigrants from nearly all the races and the nations of the elder world. It is no longer possible to compose a line of poetry that shall at all resemble that historic footfall of ancestral syllables which was rendered eloquent by Emerson in the first line of his *Hamatreya*,—"Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,"—perhaps the finest line of poetry that has ever been composed exclusively of English names.

The new America—which is different from the old America of Hamilton and Livingston and Jay and, very possibly, is greater—remained oblivious of its own existence until it was roused unexpectedly to action by the oft-repeated insults of a power overseas. An undesired knocking at the gate has waked us from our sleep and made us one. A new and fateful summons has required Mr. Moskowitz and Mr. Lipschitz to go forth shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Livingston and Mr. Jay to fight and die for an idea that is ancestrally American.

The selective draft, and our enforced new system of democratic military service, are destined to turn this modern melting-pot of the United States into a nation that shall be spiritually homogeneous. But this new tendency toward national unity, despite all pre-existent ethnologic differences, must still be bruited and blared abroad by every American artist who is gifted with a voice which is eloquent enough to

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appeal to the ears of those that wish to hear.

In this connection, we sense at once the most important purpose that may be accomplished by American dramatists in the immediate present and the immediate future,—to interpret and to illustrate the noble spirit of that America which used to be, for the enlightenment and inspiration of that changed America which is now, and is about to be. Any play which may serve to "get us together" at the present moment, when the future of mankind, for right or wrong, is trembling in the balance, is peculiarly timely and particularly serviceable.

IV

This is the chief reason why *The Copperhead*, by Mr. Augustus Thomas, must be welcomed most enthusiastically. This play, in other times, might be criticised adversely, by reason of the merely technical consideration that the dramatic interest has been concentrated too exclusively within the narrow limits of the last of the four acts in which the project has been patterned. But this last act of *The Copperhead* is not only notable in sheer technique, but is memorable even more for its inspired evocation of the spirit of America. Mr. Thomas has recalled the shade of Lincoln from the other side of Lethe, and has successfully compelled our martyred hero to revisit once again the glimpses of the moon. This achievement of artistical imagining is sufficiently important to deserve at least a foot-note in the pages of enduring history.

V

So long as this great war is being fought, any attempt to ape and boy its aspects must meet with manifest contempt. This is the philosophic reason for rejecting such manufactured products of theatric journalism as *Seven Days Leave* or *An American Ace* or *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. In the present crisis of the world, a "war-play" designed in accordance with any of the customary patterns is just as objectionable to the human spirit as a sentimental passage composed—let us say—by a trained professor of the jugglery of words to celebrate the sadness of a funeral.

The one "war-play" of recent weeks that has evoked a genuine response of praise is *Getting Together*, an admittedly haphazard undertaking, compounded—in answer to a hurried call of duty—by Ian Hay Beith, J. Hartley Manners, and Percival Knight. This careless and collaborative composition deserves to be remembered as a work of art, because of the profound effect of its manifest sincerity, and by reason also of the scarcely less pronounced appeal of its airy and ingratiating humour.

Getting Together was launched frankly as a piece of propaganda by the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission; and after only a single week in New York—which was enormously successful—it is being taken successively to the other leading cities of this country. It appeals more strongly to the public than the average "war-play" of commerce, because of its reality, its humourous evasion of the usual theatrical heroics, and its downright evident sincerity. The soldiers who appear upon the stage are not mere draft-evaders dressed up in military uniforms: nearly all of them are actors who have already served at the

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front with the British and Canadian forces, and have been gassed or wounded, and sent back to "carry on" the message of their own experience to a public that is only waiting to awake. The personal appearance on the stage of such a soldier as Lieutenant Gitz Rice—the author and composer of those popular war-songs, *We Stopped Them on the Marne* and *You've Got to Go in or Go Under*—is sufficient to electrify the audience; for, though he may not be a memorable singer, he "puts his songs across" as if he meant them. In any work of propaganda, it is—first of all—sincerity that counts. A public composed of men who may be called upon, at any moment, to die for those ideas that constitute the ultimate realities cannot be foisted off with shams. The artificial and commercial "war-play" is now cold and dead. The War has killed it.

A BLINDED POILU TO HIS NURSE

BY AGNES LEE

I KNOW you only by your tears . . .
I felt them falling on my face.
I had wakened on a hush of dark,
And lay I knew not in what place.

O lady, not a dream was mine!
Despair had told the truth to me,
And I was fearful of life's call,
And bitter with my destiny.

But the warm touches of your soul
Guided me to the darkened years.
Sweet reconciler of my days,
I know you only by your tears.

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DEMOCRACY AND AMERICAN IDEALS

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

I

A SIMPLE phrase, uttered by President Wilson in a supreme crisis in the history of modern civilisation, has touched the popular imagination as has no other phrase of the Great Era: "The world must be made safe for democracy." Such a phrase, simple to bareness, must connote momentous issues, in order thus to stir the minds and fire the hearts of men. It seems to impart to democracy a significance deeper and more searching than it bore in the days of Jefferson or of Lincoln. There is implied the consciousness that democracy is something ineffably precious to mankind; and that any menace to its stability as a principle of government, to its vitality as a spirit of human liberty, must be sternly checked in the interest of the future of society. It is a challenge to all peoples of liberal views, of individual enfranchisement, to make a supreme stand in the interest of the welfare of the world. For not individuals only, not nations only, but the world itself as a going human concern is presumed to stand in grave danger of decadence and retrogression if the organic growth and normal progress of democracy be once forcibly arrested. Democracy is implicitly realised as the ideal of individual freedom in government:

> For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

In a dark hour in the world's history, America has set her hand to this supreme task. It is democracy's own task: the struggle of democracy, rich in individual liberty and initiative, but as yet imperfectly articulated for corporate and communal action, against autocracy, with a whole people instantly responsive to control, corporately mobilised in man-power, mechanical invention, and industrial resources. This power of autocracy, marshalling the most subtle instrumentalities of modern science to its aid, has revolutionised the very mode of the conduct of warfare. It is no longer a question only of army against army; the conflict is a conflict of armed peoples, organised to the last unit, mobilised to the ultimate resource. It is a war of bureaus and farms, of committees and housewives, of index and card catalogue, no less than of soldiers and sailors, of shell, shrapnel, bayonet and grenade.

The two theories of government, the two ideals of liberty, thus thrown into deadly conflict are, each in its own way, intent upon self-vindication. The light in which democracy is regarded, the spirit in which it is either challenged or maintained, give us an insight into its meaning and significance, for the two contending forces, and reveal the crevasse which divides them. "Democracy," says a German scholar of note, "is a thing, infirm of purpose, jealous, timid, changeable, un-thorough, without foresight, blundering along in an age of lucidity guided by confused instincts." In one of the most arresting works of literature to which the Great War has given rise, H. G.

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Wells puts these words into the mouth of the typical Englishman, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*: "Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending forever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood." If democracy possesses the power as an ideal to provoke so challenging an expression, from either side in the conflict, surely it must be something more, something deeper rooted, than a mere "mystical entity," having modern national feeling as a corollary and by-product. Indeed, the present moment in history must be conceived as a turning point in human history, the purport of which is to give a larger meaning and a new definition to democracy. And in particular it summons to the bar of contemporary judgment the fundamental ideals of the American nation, conceived in liberty and founded upon democracy.

II

The present crisis in affairs is thus bringing forth greatly desiderated attempts at an adequate expression of the true meaning of democracy. Events have taken a startling turn in this new orientation of human thought. America extended fraternal greetings and heartfelt congratulations to the democracy suddenly evolved in Russia as the concomitant expression of revolution and the natural outcome of the overthrow of autocracy. Yet this initial rejoicing has quickly turned to distrust and dismay, in face of the almost inexplicable series of frantic experiments, abortive undertakings, and ghastly failures which have marked the sudden transference of governmental authority from the hands of a powerful, if corrupt, autocracy to the hands of a groping, inept, and untrained democracy. Russia to-day provokes anew the baffling query of Machiavelli as to whether it is harder to make freemen slaves or slaves free. Centuries of serfdom have left their ineradicable marks upon the Russian soul; and the revolution released forces undisciplined through the lack of that very self-control which democracy breeds. In a democracy, it has been well said, "there are no masters but the people; and the people themselves are only masters so long as they are masters of themselves." Russia to-day presents the tragic and pitiful spectacle of a people blundering blindly in the ways of democracy, because the great masses of the people are deficient in that modicum of education, the irreducible minimum, indispensably requisite to successful self-government. The chaos in Russia, in part the result of irresponsible leadership, in part the result of unsuccessful warfare, in part the result of distrust of each element of society by the other, is primarily due to the lack of liberal education. The lesson of the organic interdependence of universal education and successful democracy is once more accentuated on a titanic scale. We are beginning to see, eye with eye, with Story, the great American constitutional lawyer, who maintained that democracies could effectually maintain themselves only where the people were superior and highly enlightened.

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III

"True democracy," says Professor Tufts, "means, not levelling down, but levelling up. Few, if any, in this country will object to giving every child the opportunity of as good an education as he can profit by. Few, if any, will object to growth of intelligence and improvement of the standard of living of all men. . . . This country is committed to a great enterprise. It is making a great venture. It is trying to prove that democracy is possible. It is a nation 'dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' It is dawning upon us more and more that to make men equal is not a task to be fulfilled on battlefields. War can, at best, do away with burdens laid on men by others. It cannot remove the inequalities due to defective laws, to poverty, to ignorance, to vice, to bad influences, and to want of courage and high purpose. To deal with these sources of inequality is the greater task."* The exceedingly suggestive, searching, and fair-minded book, from which this passage is taken, written by a professor in the University of Chicago, was begun before 1914 as a part of a larger study of "The Real Business of Living." As the "real business of living for all of us just now is centring more than before in national ideals and national tasks," the conviction has grown that "a juster and finer appreciation of democracy as contrasted with autocracy is certain to result from a study of what we have passed through and left behind in gaining liberty and self-government." In the first half of the volume, entitled *The Beginnings of Co-operation, Order, and Liberty,* the history is traced, from the early life of man down to the present, of the growth of liberty and the development of the ideal of democracy. In particular, we are told in simple, effective terms how, beginning from 1620, multitudes came to America to find here a land of freedom, a land of opportunity. Grounded in these emigrants from the Mother Country in particular, who sought here religious freedom, opportunity to own lands and to live freely, and political liberty, was the faith so significantly expressed by John Locke: "Men being by nature all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate and subjected to the political power of another without his consent." Gradually there has evolved here a conception of democracy which shapes and moulds the lives of all of us from birth. It is the real contribution of this book to bring clearly before us the conception of democracy in its twofold meaning: democracy meaning self-government and meaning equality.

These two meanings were clearly expressed in our Declaration of Independence—which affirmed: that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that all men are created equal. We prefer democracy to other forms of government because we believe that to be the only just form in which no one has a right to govern another without that other's consent. On practical grounds, it is maintained—because it is supposed to give a "better" government; yet recent events have tended somewhat to undermine faith in the superiority of democracy as an instrument of

*Our Democracy, Its Origins and its Tasks. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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the most "efficient" government. The results of universal education with individual liberty perhaps constitute democracy's greatest justification: the elevation of the level of popular intelligence and the vital stimulus imparted to initiative. We are coming to realise to-day the liberalising influence of democracy in its effect upon the doctrine militarism and the policy of making war. For as men acquire self-control and a sense of responsibility under democracy, they turn in revolt against aggressive warfare and incline the more surely toward peaceful settlements, by adjudication and arbitration, of great national issues. The peace treaties, drawn up by Mr. Bryan, constitute an organic expression of American democratic spirit; and in another less crowded hour their merits will the more surely and conspicuously appear.

Professor Tufts sanely asserts that "the finest and largest meaning of democracy is that all people should share as largely as possible in the best life." All men are not created equal in the conventional sense, of course; for men are born equal, and again, after birth, things happen to them in such a way and under such circumstances as to make them unequal. "The fundamental idea of democracy," says the author, "is that everyone ought to have a chance to show what is in him." This, as I take it, is an expression in familiar terms of the noblest definition of democracy I have ever encountered, the utterance of the great French scientist, Pasteur: "Democracy is that order in the state which enables each man to put forth his utmost effort." We prize democracy as an equalising influence, because we have discovered that co-operation is better than exclusiveness, that superiority in one thing does not breed contempt for others, but enlarges the power of recognising the superiority in something else. There is a weakness in democracy here; for the tendency to regard any man as the equal of any other man weakens respect for highly developed technical skill, artistic, scientific, or of whatever mode of achievement. Professor William James declared that rivalry was the mainspring of nine-tenths of the work of the world. "We know that if we do not do the task someone else will do it and get the credit, so we do it." Inequality of condition is a necessary result of inequality in striving; but democracy primarily concerns itself with seeing that rivalry shall operate under conditions as nearly as possible ideal. "Inequality is of benefit only if we first have equality of opportunity." Certainly the Socialists of to-day, toward which democracy, in certain countries, seems to be irresistibly tending, maintain that men need no prizes to stimulate them to do their best, and that inequality is no incentive to supreme effort. Wherever the truth may lie—and it would seem to be true that the more enlightened the consciousness the weaker is the stimulus to great achievement afforded by prizes—democracy aims toward the ideal in a future state, which finds expression in Kipling's memorable creed of the true artist:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

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IV

Fresh realisation of how deep sunk in the past are the roots of American liberty and what American democracy owes to England is afforded in a comparison of the age of Shakespeare with the present day, of the spirit of Lafayette, Beaumarchais and Rochambeau, with the spirit of Wilson.* In the light of present events, we are vividly reminded that "the institutions, the law and the liberty, the democracy administered by the fittest, are not only theirs and ours in common, but are derived from Shakespeare's England, and are Shakespeare . . ." In contrast with a suggestive comparison with these reflections over the origins of American liberty stand the series of addresses by contemporary publicists on fundamental questions provoked by the war, notably the speeches and public utterances of the heads of the British and French Commissions to this country, April 21 to July 4, 1917.† In this flood of gratulation and *rapprochement*, there is no adequate interpretation, either of democracy or of American ideals. These have found their classic interpreter in President Wilson, in his several messages to Congress and his notes to foreign powers. American ideals, seen through the French temperament, are not inaptly voiced by Viviani. "When one studies . . . the American soul, one discovers . . . how fresh and delicate it is, and when at certain moments of public life one considers the soul of the nation, then one sees all the force of the ideals that rise from it is such that this American people, in its perfect balance, is at once practical and sentimental, a realiser and a dreamer, and is always ready to place its practical qualities at the disposal of its puissant thoughts." The true philosophic basis of the struggle is laid in Mr. Balfour's memorable utterance at the Waldorf Dinner—by inference illuminating American ideals when shown in contrast with the brutal materialism of Germany. This, perhaps the most noteworthy utterance recorded in this volume, may fittingly be compared with a similar passage in Senator Lodge's speech in the United States Senate, delivered more than a month earlier, on "War with Germany." The true issues of the conflict, treated with fine discrimination and in a mood of elevated patriotism, are embodied in this volume.‡

V

It is eminently desirable, at this time, that American ideals should be set forth in the clearest terms and most eloquent expression, in order that the minds of men may be clarified and that American priciples may stand forth sharply in the light of common day. Most stimulating and instructive, of such collections, is the volume which issues from the University of North Carolina.§ Large scope for interpretation is left to the reader of the suggestive se-

*Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†Balfour, Viviani and Joffre. Edited by Francis W. Halsey. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

‡War Addresses, 1915-1917. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

§American Ideals. Edited by Norman Foerster, Associate Professor of English, and W. W. Pierson, Jr., Assistant Professor of History. Boston, New York, Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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lections illustrating the topics: Liberty and Union, State and Nation, American Democracy, American Foreign Policy, and Foreign Opinion of the United States. Even amid these classic selections, eminently conspicuous are Edwin A. Alderman's great address at Raleigh, November 9, 1915, "Can Democracy Be Organised?"—exquisitely phrased, intricately wrought out of the true fibre of American democracy; and Frederick J. Turner's "Contributions of the West to American Democracy," in which he comically claims as typical Western figures three famous men born in the South: Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. Another volume of similar interest, essentially interpretative, embodies the Weil Lectures on American Citizenship delivered at the University of North Carolina in 1916, together with additional lectures subsequently delivered at Vanderbilt University.* This story of the growth and development of the spirit of liberty, just government, and freedom of individual action, on the North American Continent, is even more effectively received from the lips of Doctor Macdonald, a speaker of undoubted eloquence.

The most far-reaching American ideal given driving power by the war is the so-called extension of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine to the civilised world. This enlargement of American diplomatic principles finds satisfying background in the historic evolution of American diplomacy. If Mr. Page portrays in high colours the dramatic episodes in our diplomatic history, in a popular book forthrightly American in tone and spirit,† Doctor Moore tells in quiet tones and dry veracity the story of the development of the principles which have slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent, in our relations with other countries.‡ It is startling to realise that the present war has shattered the fundamental American principle of "non-intervention," which has hitherto involved strict abstention from any part in the political arrangements of Europe; made impossible continued adherence to the American principles of neutrality; and so broadened the scope of the Monroe Doctrine as to cause the Allied Powers waging war against Germany to be termed a League to Enforce Peace "in being."

Ours be the faith in the ultimate triumph of the liberalising principles of democracy and in the long prevailing of those higher American ideals which battle against the forces of scientific materialism and the deified state, founded upon the barbaric might of conscienceless militarism. "Let us have faith," with Lincoln, "that right makes might."

*The North American Idea. By James A. Macdonald. New York, Chicago, Toronto, London and Edinburgh: Fleming H. Revell Company.

†Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy. By Ralph W. Page. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

‡Principles of American Diplomacy. By John Bassett Moore. Harper's Citizen Series. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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SOME BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

It is too early as yet to predict with safety what effect the entrance of the United States into the great world war will have upon contemporary literature. But two factors have already begun to make their influence felt. The American public is reading less fiction than a year ago, and paradoxically enough more volumes of short stories. I had occasion not long ago to send out a questionnaire on this subject to American publishers and was pleasantly surprised by the evidence their replies afforded that the short story in book form was at last coming into its own.

In seeking a partial explanation of the facts, I suspect that three elements enter into the situation. In the first place the compelling interest to us all of actual volumes of war experience make the American novel seem a rather pallid recreation. This is not wholly a matter for regret. If our novels cannot sustain comparison as a faithful reflection of life with true narratives of the war, it is because they are not based on experience sufficiently real to claim artistic sincerity for them, and the winnowing process, which might not have taken place were it not for the war, will be of distinct benefit to our literature.

In the second place the standard of our short stories is improving measurably from year to year, and

*The Gambler, and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Foundling Prince, and Other Tales. Translated and Adopted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu. By Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Mashi and Other Stories. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Original Bengali by Various Writers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated from the Spanish with an Introduction and Notes by Mariano J. Lorente. With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

Nine Tales. By Hugh de Sélincourt. With an Introduction by Harold Child. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Under the Hermés, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

French Windows. By "John Ayscough." New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. Described by Roland Pertwee. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Next of Kin: Those Who Wait and Wonder. By Nellie L. McClung. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.

The Scar That Tripled. A True Story of the Great War. By William G. Shepherd. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Teepee Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

Great Love Stories of the Bible, and Their Lessons for To-Day. By Billy Sunday. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Little Stories from the Screen. By William Addison Lathrop. New York: Britton Publishing Company.

The Little Tailor of the Winding Way. By Gertrude Crownfield. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Children's Second Book of Patriotic Stories. By H. W. Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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we are becoming more self-conscious critics of this literary form.

Finally, the upward trend in the cost of magazines makes the old-time contrast between the ten-cent magazine of short stories and the dollar-and-a-half volume less vivid to the purchaser. As the American soldier at the front finds time for reading, it must be for books in which interruption furnishes no fatal break in the narrative. The volume of short stories would seem likely to develop a special audience overseas if the war continues.

The shelf of volumes which is before me shows how cosmopolitan the short story has become, and how many varying national traditions are represented in it. Russian, Hindu, Rumanian, Spanish, English, Canadian, and American writers have all found a common ground in the technique of the short story, and it is in the short story that I believe we approach most nearly to a cosmopolitan literary medium.

Mrs. Garnett's new volume of translations from Dostoevsky consists of three narratives which are properly novelettes rather than short stories. In *The Gambler* a young man sets down in his diary the spiritual history of a family in its relations to himself and to one another. Passionately real in its analysis and in the flame that consumes the soul of a gambler, grasping feverishly after the illusions of chance, and repudiating the certain happiness which is within his grasp, Dostoevsky has rendered with faithful exactitude a disease which has many aspects, and one which is a symbol for him of the Russian soul. Under the stern and relentless unfolding of this passion is revealed a genuine and tragic pity, futile because of the lack of will behind it, but none the less generous for what it has foresworn.

Poor People, which is perhaps more truly Dostoevsky at his best, reveals in the form of a series of letters between an old man and a young girl the indomitable tenderness of the Russian soul which poverty and even death cannot conquer. The mutual self-sacrifice of these two, so shyly beautiful, is almost too poignant in its revelation of spiritual determination. In one of Varvara Alexyevna's letters to Makar Dyevushkin, there is a short story which surely ranks among the few great stories of its kind in any literature. It tells of old Pokrovsky and the tragic idyl of his devotion to his son, ending with the immortal picture of an old man in his grief, like a Russian Lear, following the body of his son to its last resting place.

The last story in the volume has been accessible before in another translation, but Mrs. Garnett's rendering here, as always, is surely the finer one. *The Landlady* tells how a waif idealises a man in whom she believes that she finds an overwhelming tenderness. The very ideality of her dreaming develops her own soul so that she offers him her all, but in accepting it he destroys her and himself as well. No modern writer save Dostoevsky fulfils so completely the Greek conception of tragedy, though pity rather than fear is the chief resolution of his tragic katharsis.

When we open *The Foundling Prince*, by Petre Ispirescu, we find ourselves in a totally different world. Here the suffering of life does not enter, even as a shadow lightly passing across the page. The author transports us to a fairy world which is timeless and radiant

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with a white light that never was on sea or land. The volume is a collection of old Rumanian folk tales, many of them with the memory of Greece and the Grecian gods still upon them. There is a wild poetry in these tales which takes its colouring from earth and sea and wind and sky. From phantoms of knights and ladies, castles and dragons, whose tapestry is woven across the summer sky, the peasants have conjured up these fairy tales, which are one of the few survivals of the golden age in modern literature. The old life of the centaurs and the rhododendron-wooded mountains retains its evocative magic in these pages, and I seem to find traces in them of a secret doctrine handed down perhaps from father to son through generations of wise men who knew and taught, though guardedly, the ultimate mystery of change. At times one encounters a strangely moving image such as that where the princess discovers a group of revolving palaces, castles which turned upon themselves and followed the rays of the sun. And there is a delightful sense of form about these stories which suggests that their telling also was a traditional art. A word must be said for the delicately woven prose in which the translators have clothed these stories. Published as they now are in an expensive limited edition, they are not accessible to the large general public which would welcome them. It is surely to be hoped that eventually they may be accessible in a more popular and less expensive form.

Of *Mashi, and Other Tales*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, it is difficult to speak without undue enthusiasm. Their atmosphere suggests a kindred quality with the stories of Ispirescu, but they are the result of a more sophisticated art. With admirable economy of means, Tagore has succeeded in conveying the utmost subtlety of nostalgic remembrance, and the sensuous beauty of shrouded landscape in which he projects his figures sustains profound emotional revelation without undue tightening of the literary fabric. Tagore's worship of natural beauty as the reflection of spiritual loveliness suggests more than once the romantic animism of W. H. Hudson, though, contrary to the general impression of Tagore, it is less unearthly. There is a quality of line in these pictures that suggests the best Japanese landscape prints, though I am unable to judge whether what seems freshness of feeling to an occidental reader may not after all be no more than a convention, though a noble one. Certainly such a story as *The Skeleton* is unrivalled in Western literature for its passionate sympathy for a defeated object, save perhaps for a memorable, though little known, Scotch Gaelic poem called *The Lament at the Wedding*. Sir Rabindranath Tagore's literary method is a strange one to us, but it might well be the beginning of a new short-story tradition in which an American writer found inspiration as fresh as the new impulse that the discovery of Japanese prints brought to Whistler and others that followed him.

It was a pleasant ambition of Mr. Lorente to give us a new rendering of Cervantes's *Exemplary Novels*, and his translation of *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is a happy promise of what is in store for us. My only regret is that he has seen fit to prefix it with an introduction whose polemics are so alien in their acri-

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mony to the spirit of Cervantes. I have not had the opportunity of comparing Mr. Lorente's translation with the earlier versions to which he takes exception, but certainly the present translation is not only idiomatic, but has a charming quality of style that is all its own. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, whose short stories are too little known in this country, contributes a preface to the volume which is altogether delightful. We do not need his warning that the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes are not always altogether exemplary, but those who love Borrow and "Gil Blas" and the other great masters of the picaresque story will revel in *Rinconete and Cortadillo.*

Of the English volumes of short stories which are on my shelf, *Nine Tales,* by Hugh de Sélincourt, is easily the best. To those of us who found in *A Soldier of Life* last year a novel which revealed far more of the spiritual realities of this war than *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* or any other book by an English writer, these stories have been awaited with eagerness. In *The Sacrifice,* Mr. de Sélincourt has surpassed this novel for human revelation of war's spiritual effect on England, and *Sense of Sin* is as fine a story in a different manner. It is odd to realise that Mr. de Sélincourt is already the author of a dozen volumes, and it is to be hoped that an enterprising publisher will make more of them accessible to the American public. Harold Child, in his introduction to this volume, pays the author an affectionate tribute which somehow misses the essence of his art. These stories are an eloquent plea for spiritual freedom based on physical health and imaginative life. I suppose that no English writer of fiction has felt more deeply the essential message of Walt Whitman and it is the radiant joy that Whitman would have us all share that is at the heart of Mr. de Sélincourt's message. There is a fine spaciousness about him, which takes no account of the little passions of our day, and a cleansing wind of imagination sweeps through these pages as the wind that accompanied the centaurs of old times down the slopes of the Caucasus. An art so delicate as this is rare and very much needed in these passionate days.

Under the Hermés, by Richard Dehan, is written solely with the worthy object of entertaining the reader. Five or six years ago, I remember steaming down the Labrador in a decrepit little boat called rather magnificently the *Stella Maris* (and fisherman's rumour had it that Lady Morris was so honoured by the christening), and my only companion for a week in the stuffy cabin was an independent fur trader on his way to his winter post near Nain. His baggage consisted of two crates of jam and two volumes by Richard Dehan, and I remember how we banished sleep for several nights and days by reading them to each other, and then beginning all over again. If I knew where Richard White was now, I would send him a copy of *Under the Hermés* to see if the old magic was still there.

These studies in place reconstitute many a vanished period, and cover many strange parts of the globe. I know my fur trader would have argued furiously about the Esquimau stories in this volume, and they are improbable, but what matter after all if they retain their illusion for us while we enjoy them. *White Man's Magic* is memorable, and *The*

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Great Beast of Kafue, and I think there are several others at which the creator of D'Artagnan would have smiled appreciatively. Richard Dehan is so incorrigibly romantic that his stories sometimes fall into blank verse, but so did the author of *Lorna Doone* on several occasions. I can recommend *Under the Hermés* cordially to those who are not too critical to content themselves with good stories imaginatively told.

John Ayscough has gathered the series of sketches which he contributed to *The Month* during the earlier years of the war into a volume called *French Windows*. They begin rather quietly and hardly create a stir of expectancy at first, but slowly a warm glow steals over them and we begin to realise the quiet art with which the author presents his memories. A couple of years ago Alan Seeger told us of his passionate rendezvous with death. It was the first time that America had found an imaginative voice in this war. These tales of John Ayscough tell of the same rendezvous, but for the French boys with whom he talked and slept in the trenches, this was, as they finely phrased it, a rendezvous with God. Instead of the grim barricade of death, theirs was an attitude of expectancy and the hope that they might be found worthy to cross the barricade of life. The best of this book is in little pictures, so slight in outward aspect that another would have passed them by. For example, the venerable priest who writes under a sheltering *nom de guerre* met an old *poilu* who reminded him of Barlasch of the Guard.

"'Look,' said the Ancient, 'take this also.' And he gave him a small crucifix.

"'*Eh! Un petit Christ. Joli ça. Hein? Je la garderai.*' And he polished the cross upon his grimy sleeve.

"'I had another once,' he said, in his husky voice. 'When I was a little one. But I lost Him.'

"'*Votre petit Christ?*'

"Barlasch nodded.

"'Well, you've found Him again. He *was* little once; before they killed Him.'

"'*Tiens!*' cried Barlasch, and he held out one of his knotty, black hands and shook the Ancient's. '*A tantôt*,' he said, moving on.

"How tired he looked; almost stumbling, as he slouched along! He had come a long way, since he also was *un petit;* perhaps too far.

"'A little child shall lead us,' thought the Ancient, and he asked the Child to go to the old weary soldier's help."

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis, by Roland Pertwee, relates the adventures of an English nobleman whose passion for collecting rare china and other objects of *vertu* lead him into many strange situations from which his unfailing resourcefulness extricates him. Mr. Pertwee is only one more of the many who have taken a leaf from Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, but he tells his stories deftly and this is a pleasant book for the fireside, if the reader is not too exacting.

The Next of Kin, by Nellie L. McClung, comes to us with an appeal that disarms us by its lack of pretence. These simple sketches do not aim to accomplish more than to present sympathetically the point of view of the Canadian women who fight their battles of loneliness and anxiety at home, while their sons and husbands go forth to war. The sincerity and emotional restraint of

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Mrs. McClung carry deep conviction, and the book has a real message quite out of proportion to its literary merit. But in *Permission* I think the reader will find at least one noteworthy short story, and in several others flashes of insight such as the following: "The two worlds cannot be far apart when the travel from one to the other is so heavy!" At the risk of going outside the subject of my review, I cannot refrain from quoting a little poem by Mrs. McClung prefixed to one of these stories, in the hope that so it may find its way into one of the anthologies.

This was the third time a boy on a wheel
Had come to her gate
With the small yellow slip, with its few curt words,
To tell her the fate
Of the boys she had given to fight
For the right to be free!
I thought I must go as a neighbour and friend
And stand by her side;
At least I could tell her how sorry I was
That a brave man had died.

She sat in a chair when I entered the room,
With the thing in her hand,
And the look on her face had a light and a bloom
I could not understand.
Then she showed me the message and said,
With a sigh of respite,—
"My last boy is dead. I can sleep. I can sleep
Without dreaming to-night."

When I was a little boy I once saw a picture in *Punch* which showed another little boy who looked curiously like me standing in front of the fireplace with his hands in his first pair of pockets looking defiantly up at his mother and asking: "Mother, who threw the angel Gabriel out of heaven?" That was a great many years ago, and it has been one of the great sorrows of my life that I have never discovered the profound joke buried in that remark. But now I am on the eve of discovery. After reading *Frenzied Fiction*, by Stephen Leacock, I am sure that my answer lies somewhere in those humourous pages. I have not found the clue as yet, and perhaps I am destined to go down in ignorance to my grave. I am sure of Professor Leacock's kindliness, and I know that he would be desperately anxious to help me if he could, but there is a certain frustration about his humour which makes me wonder if he is quite content with it. After all, he does say what we feel about Toronto, and especially what I have felt ever since a spirit of adventure prompted me to take one of the few lonesome street cars that wander around Toronto a bit funereally on a Sunday, and turning a corner found myself face to face with a huge billboard bearing the awful words: "Beware, you are on the brink of hell!" I can respond more readily to such phantasies of Professor Leacock as *Father Knickerbocker*, and *Merry Christmas*. But there is a furtiveness about his laughter in the other chapters which makes me feel that he is not quite sure about it all, and that if Dr. Johnson came in he would try to be desperately serious.

In *The Scar That Tripled*, William G. Shepherd relates with vivid detail the true story of the lad whose meeting with Richard Harding Davis at Salonica suggested to the latter the story of *The Deserter*. To my mind it is a better story than *The Deserter*, and one which will have a quiet life of its own for some time.

Teepee Neighbors, by Grace Coolidge, is a collection of sketches dealing with the life of Arapahoe Indians on a Wyoming reservation. Told as they are with little preten-

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sion to literary art, the simplicity of their unfolding has a poignant reality of its own, and we come very close to the elemental things of life in these pages. They reveal a human sympathy for Indian women which I have not found before in the many books that have been published on Indian life. It was a happy thought that led to the collection of these fugitive sketches into a little volume.

Of Billy Sunday's *Great Love Stories of the Bible* what is there to say? Simply that if you like it, here it is, and may my blessing go with you. It is one of those books that need no exposition, because they have been so thoroughly exposed by the author already, but if you want to know what Adam and Eve, and Joseph and Potiphar, and David and Bethsheba, and other romantic lovers of the Bible would have done if they lived on Broadway, here is your chance to find out.

William Addison Lathrop's *Little Stories from the Screen* has quite as much to commend it, but no more. If you want to know how the more unfortunate crudities of the movies are achieved, you will find this a valuable handbook.

There is a pleasant touch of imagination in the little story by Gertrude Crownfield entitled *The Little Tailor of the Winding Way*, for which Willy Pógany has provided several illustrations. It is of the better type of juvenile which America produces so copiously to the bewilderment of more sophisticated nations.

Of *The Children's Second Book of Patriotic Stories*, I cannot report so favourably. It includes a very large mass of material glorifying America's historical past, but I find little imagination in it and no literary distinction.

In conclusion, I should like to say a word about the neglect which the short story has suffered in the past, and from which it still suffers, because there is no regular organ of criticism where new volumes of short stories are considered regularly as a separate and important literary form. Considering the fact that the short story is our most characteristic contribution so far to the world's literature, it would seem as if it would be well to devote some critical attention to it. But meanwhile perhaps half a million words are devoted each year to the discussion of contemporary American novels which have little or no literary importance, while the one form we may be proud of is neglected through indifference or worse. In 1917 one hundred and seventy-six volumes of short stories were published,—an increase of over a hundred per cent. in the number published two years previously. Would it not be well to establish some critical standard for these publications by devoting at least as much space to reviewing them as we devote to the discussion of published plays or poetry? Where there is no discussion, there is no critical consciousness, and where there is no critical consciousness in a nation, its literature decays.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Books as Luxuries

In England there is a great discussion over the suggestion to class the publishing of books as a luxury trade and so to put a stop to it until the end of the war. A milder version of the story is that it has been suggested to prohibit only the issuance of new fiction. Doubtless there is a great deal of fiction produced both in England and this country that can well be dispensed with, but the great surplus of worthless fiction seems to be necessary to produce the occasional masterpiece. No censor (nor even a Bureau of Public Information) can be sufficiently perfect to select the proper fiction to print in wartime, no more than the publishers can be relied upon to make adequate selection of fiction in war or any other period. Efficiency in the book-publishing business seems to be remarkably difficult of attainment, both in the selection of material and in the marketing of the finished product, so that mass production appears to be the only feasible method of achieving occasional quality.

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Authors and the National Life

Anent the movement in England to put book publishing in the luxury trade class, *The New Statesman*, of London, has the following to say:

> No nation can dispense with its authors and hold up its head in the world. It is in its literature that a nation becomes self-conscious and examines itself, learns manners and humanity and becomes initiated into truth through the imagination. The spirit of man enjoys greater liberty as a discoverer of truth in literature than either in politics or in theology. Literature does not wear the chains of partisanship. It reminds man that he is something more than a voter. It liberates him from the spites and illusions of the moment and invites him into the world of realities. We do not claim that it is the only thing that does so. Religion, philosophy, music, idealism of every kind, have something of the same transforming and transfiguring power. None of these, however, is at the present stage of human progress a sufficient substitute for literature as the cultivator of human sympathies and, in consequence, the creator of a freer and friendlier world. When Shelley asserted that the poets were the unacknowledged legislators of mankind, he said the wisest thing that has ever been said in regard to the necessity of literature. The government that does not recognise the creative importance of books is a government fitter for rule over savages than over civilised men. . . . We contend that there never was a time when it was more important that the intellectual energy of the nation should be maintained in full swing. The nation which will be best prepared to reconstruct itself out of the ruins of the war will be the nation which has been able to retain the greatest energy of mind and character.

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Books and War

In this country suspicion has been cast upon the business of publishing books during wartime. For many months the Government has kept a close record of the amount of paper used in book publication and at present effort is being made to discover what grades of paper may be curtailed without serious loss to the publishing business. Certainly at no time in the history of the nation is it more important to maintain its morale than at the period of war,

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and books are even more important in this service than the daily news. Journalism in these days, when incident crowds fast on incident, cannot have much inspiration, and it is therefore really through the stories of the men who have experienced the life of warfare, so many of which are now appearing in book form, that we can get an idea of heroism and self-sacrifice, the glory as well as the danger of the struggle. If we have to curtail the use of paper, surely the voluminous Sunday edition of the newspapers, containing about seventy-five per cent. waste matter, could well be dispensed with. Certainly they could be dispensed with in advance of books.

• • •

Literary "Pull"

In connection with "War Echoes," which we are starting in this issue, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, the editor of this department, wishes to make an announcement. Mr. O'Brien's address to which manuscripts should be sent is now Bass River, Massachusetts, and not South Yarmouth, as in the past. Mr. O'Brien has not moved, but it appears that his residence is two miles from the South Yarmouth post-office, and as there is no free delivery in those parts, he has found it an irksome matter to carry the quantity of manuscripts received for "War Echoes" over this intervening space of two miles. He has, therefore, arranged with the Government to open a new post-office at Bass River to accommodate his large quantity of mail matter, and if we may be permitted a suggestion, we advise all our readers who wish to communicate with Mr. O'Brien to use the Bass River address if they wish their letters to reach him within a reasonable time. It is really astonishing what some people can accomplish with this United States Government.

• • •

The Short Story

Mr. O'Brien has in this issue a brief paper reviewing the recent volumes of short stories. It is his firm opinion that the book of short stories is at last coming to its own, a conclusion he arrived at as a result of a questionnaire that he recently sent out to American publishers. He believes that the contemporary short story is really the best thing that American writers are doing, indeed the most individual thing in literature we are doing as a nation and about which we should be more self-conscious, more critical. In his review appearing in this number, he takes up all types of books of short stories, from those by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to *Great Love Stories of the Bible*, which is purported to be written by Billy Sunday, but concerning whose authorship it is interesting to note that a gentleman from New Rochelle, New York, instituted a lawsuit to recover royalties. One particular point regarding the volumes of short stories is their appeal to the soldiers at the front. In the active and interrupted life of the trenches and billets behind the lines, the reading of a long story or novel is very unsatisfactory, and it has been ascertained that the men much prefer short stories that they are reasonably sure of finishing before an interruption occurs. If you are sending books to the soldiers be sure to include some books of short stories.

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So many letters have been received with lists for a Guest-Room Shelf, that this month we have given them a special section to themselves in the back advertising section. We wish we could have printed them all, but of course that would be impossible unless about the entire magazine were devoted to the purpose. The passion for a Guest-Room Shelf seems as widespread as it is virulent.

• • •

War's New Authors

With this month's issue THE BOOKMAN enjoys its yearly privilege of introducing to the public those writers whose first books have been issued during the past season. Hitherto these "first" writers have been confined to authors of fiction. This year, however, we have to record the very interesting phenomenon of the decline of fiction and the great increase in war books. For that reason, this year, THE BOOKMAN is including writers of all types of books. After a careful selection of the most important works, we find there are forty-four new writers appearing before the public this season. Of these only six have novels to their credit, while twenty-seven have written books either caused directly or occasioned by the war, the remaining eleven being divided among miscellaneous classifications. A glance at the photographs that we are reproducing this month will show the great preponderance of war literature by the uniforms in evidence. We remember shortly after the outbreak of the war the feeling in publishing and magazine circles that the war interest could easily be overdone, that the public in this country was satisfied with war horrors in the daily news and that in its books and magazines it would turn for relaxation and demand fiction of the usual order. This theory is wholly belied by the growing interest in war books, and it is a well-known fact that certain of these "experience" accounts have sold well in excess of the best novels of the year. A brief story of each of the past season's "first" authors follows.

• • •

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is the author of a "first book,"—*The American Spirit*—just issued. In this book he takes the American public into his confidence and talks in real heart-to-heart fashion about the vital things that everyone is thinking about. Some of his topics are suggestive: "Why Do We Fight Germany;" "The Greater America;" and "Allies in Spirit," for instance. Mr. Lane talks in practical, sagacious fashion, but he manages to get over to us, in one way or another, the impression of "that mystical thing which we call the American spirit." Probably not since the war began have Americans had a better opportunity than this book affords of conferring on the really vital topics of the day with a man who views them from the vantage ground of the executive buildings in Washington.

• • •

Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett went to the war zone as special correspondent for the *Pictorial Review*. In *Women Wanted*, she gives the result of her study of the effect of the war on women. She visited the industrial and war works of England and France, and found all the economic and labor theories of woman's domestic limitations overturned. Mrs.

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Daggett was born in Syracuse, New York, and was educated at Syracuse University. In 1901, she married John Duval Daggett. As special writer and in an editorial capacity, she has been connected with the Philadelphia *North American*, the New York Sunday *World*, the *Delineator* and other periodicals.

• • •

Lieutenant Antoine Rédier, author of *Comrades in Courage*, was born at Mardon, Seine et Oise, almost in the suburbs of Paris. When the war broke out he was the editor of the *Revue Français*. In this periodical he had published very far-sighted articles on the war, which since 1913, he had judged inevitable and close at hand. At the time he had not published any book, although for some time he had been working upon one discussing Alexis de Tocqueville, author of *Democracy in America*. *Comrades in Courage* is his first completed book. After this, in the same trenches on the Somme, the lieutenant wrote a vivacious little book, *Pierrette*, bearing the following dedication, which from a seasoned warrior is rather amusing: "To young girls, in order to make them think." He was wounded in the Champagne offensive of 1917, and during a long convalescence finished another book, which won as great success as the former. Lieutenant Rédier was a corporal at the outbreak of the war, and by his own request was transferred from a territorial regiment to active service. He has risen to a lieutenancy on his merit. When he was called away to serve in another army corps he was given the croix de guerre and cited in the following terms: "Officer full of energy and very brave. Volunteer for every perilous mission; during twenty-one months has given example of highest military qualities."

• • •

Lieutenant Jack Turner, author of *Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches*, was born and educated in St. John's, Newfoundland. He is the son of George Turner, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and is one of five brothers, who are all in the service. On the outbreak of the war, Jack joined the Canadian Engineers at Vancouver and went to France with the Second Canadian Division. Serving first as Brigade Signal Sergeant with the Sixth Canadian Infantry Brigade (Known as the "Iron Sixth"), he was soon transferred to the Fourteenth Canadian Machine Gun Company. He was in practically all the actions in which the Sixth Brigade took part during his two years' service at the front, and was twice wounded. He received his commission as lieutenant in 1916. For service at the capture of Vimy Ridge, in April, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was awarded the Military Cross, the *London Gazette* stating the service for which the Cross was awarded in these terms: "He directed the guns of his own and another officer's section, exposing himself continuously under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire." In June, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was sent to a hospital in England and later home to Newfoundland to recover from the effects of trench fever and gas. He recently sailed for England, taking over a draft for the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, to which he is temporarily attached, and unless the Kaiser's U-boats interfere, will be back in Newfoundland

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within five or six weeks, on the lookout for new recruits for his regiment.

• • •

Simon Lake, author of *The Submarine in War and Peace; Its Development and Possibilities*, was born in Pleasantville, New Jersey, in 1866. In 1894, he built his first experimental submarine, which was constructed upon correct principles, and actually did much of the work now accomplished by his famous invention, the even keel type of submarine torpedo boat. This boat divides with the *Holland* the honour of being one of the two successful types of submarines now in general use. Mr. Lake is a naval architect and mechanical engineer, with numerous important marine inventions to his credit. His home is in Milford, Connecticut. He is a member of the English Institution of Naval Architects, and numerous American and foreign societies. His forthcoming book gives the intensely interesting history of his own invention of the submarine—its rejection by American authorities, the theft of the invention by Krupps, his struggles and final recognition and success. It also offers first-hand information concerning the submarine, its achievements and its possibilities as seen by a constructive mind.

• • •

Theodore de Booy, joint author with John T. Faris of *The Virgin Islands: Our New Possessions and the British Islands*, is a member of the Museum of the American Indian, New York City. His explorations of the West Indies, in search of archæological material to extend our knowledge of the American Indian, gave him a wide and exact information concerning these islands, put to use in his book in a most interesting and readable form.

• • •

Major Edward Z. Steever, U.S.A., founder of the High School Volunteers of the United States, a national organisation under the direction of the Government, and author of *The Cadet Manual*, has a very interesting history in connection with what is known as the Wyoming Plan. Sent as inspector of the National Guard to Wyoming, while still a young lieutenant, he found time hanging heavily on his hands, and conceived the idea of forming a cadet corps in the Cheyenne High School. This was the signal for a storm of opposition from educators, labour organisations, pro-Germans, pacifists, I. W. W.'s and the general public. That the young man won over every hostile element is due to his sincerity and sound common sense. The Wyoming Plan, now adopted by the United States as a citizen-training organisation—not militaristic—has spread rapidly throughout the Middle West, and is making its way across the rest of the Continent almost daily. Major Steever, after having charge of its organisation in the Central Department, was called away by the war, and is to-day Chief Recruiting Officer of the United States Signal Corps, with the rank of Major. His *Cadet Manual* is the official manual of the H. S. V. U. S.

• • •

The Virgin Islands of the United States is a title of a book by Luther K. Zabriskie. Mr. Zabriskie, the author, is a successful self-made man. He was born on a farm in Preston, Connecticut, worked his own way through school and later through

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Yale College, where he was graduated with honours in the year 1905, and after a year's study and travel in Europe entered public life, where he has remained ever since. In the fall of 1906 he was elected to the Connecticut State Legislature and two years later was appointed by Governor Woodruff a member of the Special State School Commission. Early in 1907, Mr. Zabriskie became associated with the *Norwich Bulletin*, and continued this connection up to 1911, when he received his first appointment to the American Consular Service. Since 1911 he has served in the American Consulates at Lima and Callao, Peru; Moscow, Russia; St. Thomas, Danish West Indies; and is now stationed at Mexico City, Mexico. Mr. Zabriskie has made several valuable literary contributions to leading American magazines and newspapers and has won a reputation as an entertaining and instructive public speaker.

• • •

Harlan E. Read, the author of the *Abolition of Inheritance*, is a graduate of Illinois University. Following his graduation, he went to Oxford University, where he studied for a number of years. He is now the head of one of the largest business schools in the country. The subject of his book is one which has interested him for a long time and which is coming to be generally recognised as one of the problems with which this country must ultimately deal.

• • •

Joseph Anthony is the author of *Rekindled Fires*. He is a graduate of Columbia of last year, has worked under Professor Erskine, and is now on the staff of the Newark *Evening News*. His twenty-first birthday and the publication of this, his first book, came on the same day. Although he is so young, his book shows a maturity of mind which is remarkable and indeed, as one talks with him, it seems almost impossible that he is only twenty-one. There is kindly and tolerant philosophy, a kindly smile, in his writing and his conversation.

This book is the story of how Stanislav Zabransky became Stanley Zabriskie; of his family, who came from Bohemia, and of the colourful life of the Bohemian-American community on the edge of the Jersey meadows, where the Zabranskys lived. Michael Zabransky, father of the family, is the social and political dictator of this community, and a czar in his own home. His other children disappoint him, and Stanislav becomes his hope, the apple of his eye. In the relation that grows up between them, the father's sturdy Bohemian idealism is rekindled in the son, and Stanley, product of the Old World and New, is born in the flame. There is humour, broad humanity and romance in the telling of this novel of youth, Americanisation, and Old-World ideals rekindled on new hearths.

• • •

Albert N. Depew, author of *Gunner Depew*, was born in Walston, Pennsylvania, in 1894. As a boy he lived in Yonkers, New York. When twelve years old he ran away, shipping as cabin boy on a whaler out of Boston. After two years he shipped on a British tramp steamer and visited most of the important ports of Europe. Finally he enlisted in the United States Navy and served his time out. On January 1, 1915, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. When Depew finally got back to the States, in July, 1917, he

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was practically penniless; had an open wound on his right leg; had lost the sight of one eye, and had received a bayonet thrust through the right arm. He had a story which one of the big New York papers would have jumped at. He was, however, and still is very unsophisticated, and having no friends in the East, decided to get across the country, in the best way he could, to Los Angeles, where he had a sailor pal. He beat his way to Chicago, arriving there without a cent. For four nights he slept on the grass in Grant Park (on the lake front). Finally he was picked up by a newspaper reporter and lectured for a couple of weeks before a big war map which was operated by the *Chicago Daily News* for the benefit of the Red Cross. Ultimately his reporter friend put him in touch with a manager who happened to be a friend of Mr. William MacHarg. The manager had an idea that Depew could write a book, and talked the matter over with MacHarg, who suggested that he see Mr. Reilly, of the Reilly and Britton Company. The result is *Gunner Depew*. This boy nearly starved although in possession of a story of great commercial value. His royalties on his book for March alone will total nearly $5,000. In addition, he is lecturing and receiving large sums from a newspaper syndicate.

• • •

In an incredibly short period Francis Hackett developed from an immigrant boy into one of the most conspicuous and highly respected critics of literature in America. The son of a distinguished Kilkenny physician, he came here as a youth with assets limited to good blood, good schooling, good taste, determination and optimism. He has extracted something vital from every experience in his varied career. There was no snobbishness to keep him from being Mr. John Brisben Walker's office boy or from working for Mr. Marshall Field, in whose emporium he began at the bottom, literally, for his chore was in the basement. An affinity for literature, perhaps, prompted him to spend a space with a book-cloth manufacturer. In Chicago Mr. Hackett reported for a newspaper and ultimately undertook the literary reviews for the *Chicago Evening Post*. Under his direction the book department became sufficiently popular to justify printing it as a separate supplement. This became an institution national in interest and directed the attention of authors and publishers to its editor.

Since the founding of *The New Republic* Mr. Hackett has been one of its editors. His new book, *Horizons*, is composed in large part of reviews that first appeared in that periodical. Another book now being completed by him deals with Ireland, to which he is attached by a passion that is tempered by historical sense and practical judgment.

• • •

Mrs. Jeanne Carpenter and Mr. William Parr Capes are the co-authors of the volume of *Municipal Housecleaning*. Mrs. Carpenter is a graduate of the Columbia College of Law and has been a law reporter, editor and special writer on women's interests and work. At present she is doing welfare work for the Red Cross in France. Mr. Capes is a graduate of Hamilton College and for ten years was editor of the *Evening Star*, of Schenectady. After that

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he took up municipal work as a life occupation. He has been director of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information and has toured the cities of that State many times, speaking on municipal problems. Many of his articles have appeared in the current magazines.

• • •

Vernon L. Kellogg, Professor of Entomology at Leland-Stanford University (California), who served as Food Commissioner Hoover's right-hand man in Belgium and whose book, *Fighting Starvation in Belgium*, has just been published, was born in Kansas. To be exact, in the town of Emporia, made famous by William Allen White. At the University of Kansas, Kellogg, White and the late General Funston were classmates. When the war broke out and Hoover wanted a first-class man to help him, he wanted a man who could speak German like a native, French like a boulevardier, who knew the psychology of the human animal, who was an organiser, an executive, a man of the world, and who could work twenty-six out of the twenty-four hours. The only man he could think of who squared up to these specifications was Vernon Lyman Kellogg.

Mr. Kellogg was placed in charge of the relief work in Northern France, and so well did he handle this job that the German Government requested him to investigate conditions in Poland, with a view to instituting a relief organisation in that country. But these plans fell through, and Mr. Kellogg returned to that part of Northern France occupied by the Kaiser's army until this country became involved in the world war, whereupon Mr. Kellogg returned to the United States to join Mr. Hoover's food-conserving organisation. It is quite a significant point that Kellogg went into Belgium, Poland and Northern France as a neutral—came out no neutral and with only one answer to the German argument in his mind—resistance by brutal force.

• • •

Inna Demens, the author of *He Who Breaks*, was born in Russia, of parents belonging to the class of nobles, with a Turkish great-grandmother a few generations ago thrown in for good measure of Eastern atmosphere. She was brought to this country when a child by her father, who was a political exile and a well-known author, and who came to the United States because its institutions seemed to promise him that freedom of life and thought that his own country had denied him. They travelled extensively in this country and in Europe, in Mexico and the Orient. For a while Miss Demens worked on a San Francisco newspaper, but of late years she has spent most of her time on an orange ranch in Southern California, where she does her writing, besides attending to the growing and marketing of her orange crop, and providing exercise and food for a Great Dane pup who has won all manner of blue ribbons. She does most of her writing on a lap-board wherever she happens to come to rest, and finds life on the whole a joyous business to be pursued intensely and as beautifully as might be—even if one indulges in a bit of oriental fatalism, "That which is for thee . . . shall gravitate to thee." She has nearly finished a second novel, and has her plans laid for a third.

• • •

A battalion of the Princess Pats went into action six hundred and

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thirty-five strong; it came out numbering one hundred and forty-five. After the battle of the Ypres salient there were only forty-nine survivors of this heroic Canadian regiment—and the author of *The Escape of a Princess Pat* was one of them. This book is based on the diary and recollections of Sergeant Edward Edwards. Sergeant Edwards was reported missing and finally officially declared dead. To this latter governmental action he offered strenuous objections, and insisted that, at whatever expenditure of red tape, he should be brought to life again. After fifteen months in a German prison camp and two unsuccessful attempts to escape, he at last succeeded in making his way to Holland. Before the present war, he served in Africa and India with the Gordon Highlanders.

• • •

Laurence La Tourette Driggs, whose first book is *The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace*, is one of the authorities on aeronautics in this country. He is the author of many recent articles on aviation and a member of the firm of the Driggs Ordnance Company engaged in the manufacture of war materials. This first book is fiction founded on fact, every incident in its pages being in the actual flying records of the Allied Service. Mr. Driggs is now in France.

• • •

The first soldier from this side of the water to be repatriated under the new scheme arranged at The Hague last spring, and to reach home, is Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas, a Toronto boy. At the battle of Sanctuary Wood, on June 2, 1916, he was severely wounded and taken prisoner, and was placed in a hospital in Cologne, where he remained till November. He was moved to Constance to be examined for exchange to Switzerland, and after nine months was repatriated on September 8, 1917.

Lieutenant Douglas was married in New York in February of this year. He is now lecturing in Canada on his experiences at the front and in prison—experiences which he has vividly described in *Captured*, a detailed account of the life which will be led by American soldier-prisoners in the land of the Huns.

• • •

Annette Kellermann tells her own story in the opening chapters of *How to Swim.*

I was born in Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, in the year of our Lord 18—, but look at the picture and figure it out for yourself.

My family had no intention of making a mermaid of me, amateur or professional. But my swimming came about as a means of curing a very distressing condition of my legs, for which I had to wear painful and humiliating steel braces when I walked. Only a cripple can understand the intense joy that I experienced when, little by little, I found that my legs were growing stronger and taking on the normal powers with which the legs of other youngsters were endowed.

At the age of fifteen, I went to the Farmers Baths and took up the sport with renewed interest. It was then that I caught the mermaid fever and entered my first swimming competition.

It was not long before I won the championship for New South Wales. Soon I began to give public exhibitions and lessons, and made many Australian records. All in all, I was doing very well indeed as a professional swimmer in my native country; but Australia, though big in area, was not big enough in population to satisfy my ambitions. So father and I decided to go to England.

Success in England did not come easily. I secured a few private engagements, but my real success began when the sporting editor of *The Daily Mirror* told me that if

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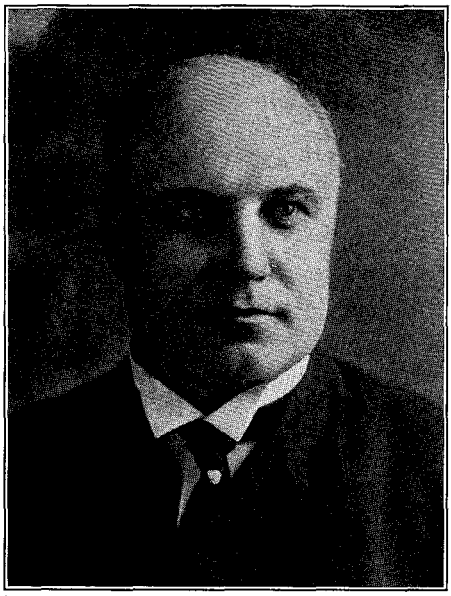

FRANKLIN K. LANE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN SPIRIT"

I would attempt to swim the English Channel he would "run me." I did not get all the way across; but my record—for a woman—still holds.

The following spring I came to America; and as there was no long-distance swimming to be done I determined to capitalise the various water-stunts which I had learned in Australia. It was not all plain sailing by any means. From vaudeville I went into moving pictures. But to sit in the audience and watch yourself on the screen is a poor substitute to anyone who has been on the other side of the footlights. So the stage fascination got me again, and I signed up for the big mermaid spectacle at the New York Hippodrome.

The old days of my crippled childhood seem unbelievably distant as I write this. My early physical misfortune has turned out to be the greatest blessing that could have come to me. Without it I should have missed the grim struggle upward and the reward that waited at the end of it all.

• • •

Doctor Stuermer, author of *Two War Years in Constantinople*, was the German war correspondent who reported the Dardanelles campaign for perhaps the most influential paper in Germany, the Cologne *Gazette*. Early in the war he served as an officer in the German army. It was the certain evidence of the German Government's responsibility for the Armenian massacres which led Doctor Stuermer eventually to turn against Germany and to write the truth about what he knew and had seen while in Constantinople. The author makes the formal statement on oath that he has written *Two War Years in Constantinople* to relieve his conscience by stating the truth about the things he witnessed and experienced in 1915-16. He states that he has not been influenced by anyone antagonistic to Germany and has no axe to grind. "May these lines," he says, "offered with the most sincere conviction to the judgment of the public, bring me freedom at last from the weight of the silent accusation coming from a shamed, murdered, and crippled humanity—the accusation that I am

LIEUTENANT RÉDIER, AUTHOR OF "COMRADES IN COURAGE"

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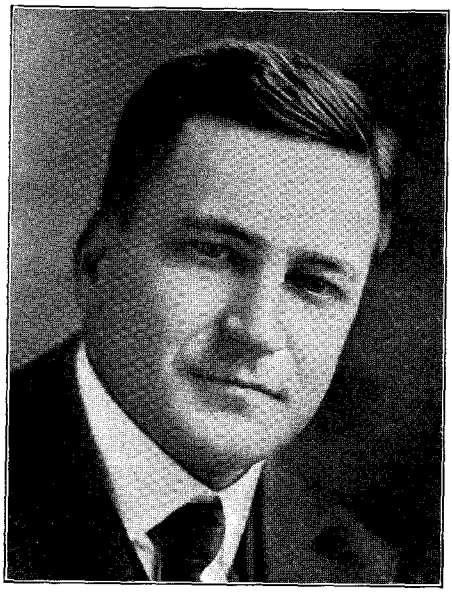

HARLAN E. READ, AUTHOR OF "THE ABOLITION OF INHERITANCE"

JOSEPH ANTHONY, AUTHOR OF "REKINDLED FIRES"

ALBERT N. DEPEW, AUTHOR OF "GUNNER DEPEW"

LIEUTENANT JACK TURNER, AUTHOR OF "BUDDY'S BLIGHTY"

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one of those thousands of Germans who wanted this war." By this act he cut himself off forever from his native land. The book was first published in the German language, in Switzerland, where the author had withdrawn for safety. It was at once translated into French, and its importance was immediately recognised in England, before the present American edition was brought out.

• • •

Arthur Mack, or "Shellproof Mack," as he is better known, was born in New York and was christened Arthur James McKay. He retained that name until he went into the theatrical profession in 1906, when he took the name of Arthur Mack, the label he wore when he enlisted in the British army in 1915. This name was in turn changed to "Old Shellproof," when way off in No Man's Land he was buried in the mud by one shell and blown out by the next.

WILLIAM PARR CAPES, CO-AUTHOR OF "MUNICIPAL HOUSECLEANING"

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO SWIM"

"At the time the *Lusitania* was sunk I was playing in stock in New Bedford," says Shellproof Mack. "I was talking with the manager when I heard the news and said to him, 'Well, here's my chance to be a soldier. We can't get out of declaring war on Germany.' He laughed at me and said I was crazy and that we never would get into the war. After a few days I began to think he was right. I read the papers eagerly —read of the German cruelties and the atrocities in Belgium and of the endless call for men in England. Eventually I saw there was no chance of the United States getting in. So I made a quick decision for myself, quit the stage then and there and declared war on Germany. I was going over and I was going quick. So I jumped the train for Boston and the next day was hunting transportation for England. I shipped on a horse boat, the *Cambrian*, June 24, 1915, arriving in London on July

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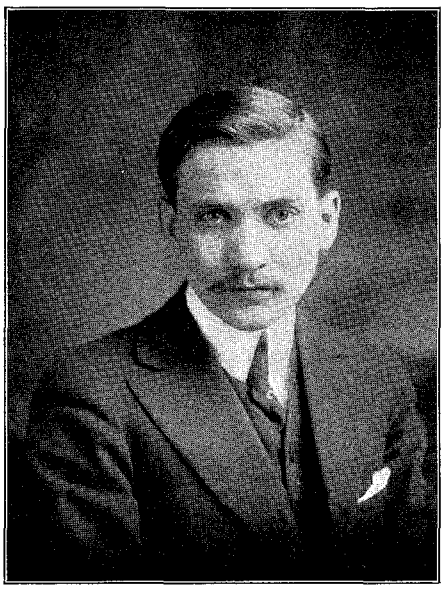


SOLOMON DE LA SELVA, AUTHOR OF "TROPICAL TOWN, AND OTHER POEMS"

7th. Three days later I was at Mill Hill Barracks, a member of the Twenty-second Middlesex Regiment, an outfit of bantams."

Mack was twenty-eight months in the British army—seventeen months in the trenches—and was given an honourable discharge with pension on October 26, 1917, and is now back in the old U. S. A.

• • •

Dana Gatlin, author of *The Full Measure of Devotion*, was born in a little Kansas town which, she says, was much like the Cherryvale of the book—so it must have been full of delightful people. She graduated from the University of Kansas, where she had specialised in classics, incidentally working on the college paper and editing the *Senior Annual*. Afterward she tried teaching, later coming to New York and taking her M.A. at Columbia.

While there at college, from the chance remark of a professor, she conceived the desire to break into the writing game. She got some letters of introduction from William Allen White and forthwith assailed New York editorial offices. Miss Gatlin says she was politely (we are glad to know that, at any rate) passed on from one editor to another until she finally met Chester S. Lord, then managing editor of the *New York Sun*, and she gives us the following illuminating account of the interview.

"Well, young woman," Mr. Lord said, regarding her over his spectacles, "so you think you'd like to work on a newspaper, do you?"

"No-o—I hadn't thought of a newspaper, exactly."

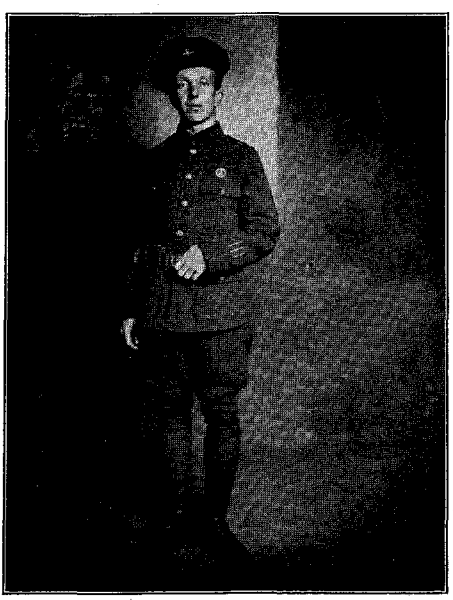
"What are you here for, then?" in surprise.

No answer.

"Think the *Sun* is a pretty good paper?" persisted Mr. Lord.

No answer.

(A little irritated): "Well, you



ARTHUR MACK, AUTHOR OF "SHELLPROOF MACK"

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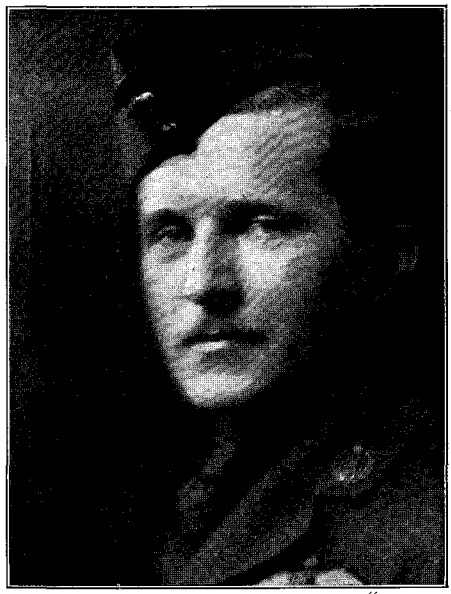
GLENNA L. BIGELOW, AUTHOR OF "LIÉGE ON THE LINE OF MARCH"



MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "WINGED WARFARE"

can answer a question, can't you? What *do* you think of the *Sun?*"

Rather tremulously, seeing that something must be said, and too frightened to be diplomatic or to get out anything but the straight truth, "I don't know, Mr. Lord. I never read a *Sun.*"

It is a comfort for other young people desirous of becoming writers to know that Miss Gatlin succeeded in landing a job on the *Sun.* At first she did "human interest" stories for the Sunday feature section, interviews, and the like; then had a steady place on the literary page, and finally became its literary editor. This position she held until last November, when she retired to become a "regular author."

Miss Gatlin's magazine experience first began with a series of articles on the methods of Detective William J. Burns, which appeared several years ago in *McClure's.* Her name began appearing in the fiction magazines about four years ago, and her stories have since been printed in *McClure's, Collier's, Century, Cosmopolitan, Red Book, Hearst's* and other

LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN, AUTHOR OF "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

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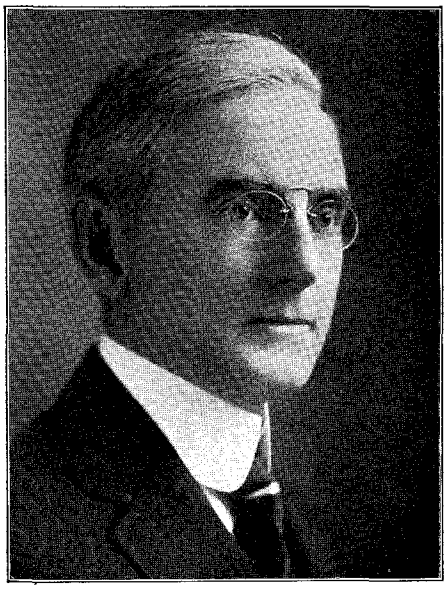


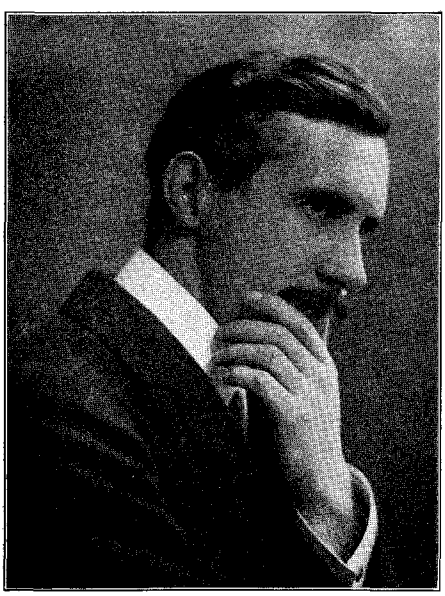
NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON, AUTHOR OF "JUST BEHIND THE FRONT IN FRANCE"

periodicals. Miss Gatlin says she prefers to write stories of a psychological bent, but editors insist upon "young love" interest. Young love, she adds, drives her crazy.

Many of her stories have a Metropolitan setting, but she thinks the most successful are those which hark back to an environment similar to that of her own early days. It is this small-town setting which she will use in her first long novel, which will be finished within the next few months.

• • •

Major W. A. Bishop, author of *Winged Warfare*, who crossed to England with a Canadian cavalry regiment, was impelled to join the air service by a desire to get above the rain and mud into the sunshine. Within two months of his landing in France he had become an "ace," entitled to special marking for having sent down five hostile machines. First they gave him the Military Cross; as he continued to down Germans they added the Distinguished Service Order; still his record grew



DANIEL CORKERY, AUTHOR OF "THE THRESHOLD OF QUIET"

CORPORAL R. DERBY HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "A YANKEE IN THE TRENCHES"

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CAPTAIN MALCOLM C. GROW, AUTHOR OF "SURGEON GROW, AN AMERICAN IN THE RUSSIAN FIGHTING"

ELSA REHMANN, AUTHOR OF "THE SMALL PLACE, ITS LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE"

—and he was awarded the Victoria Cross. As this is the highest of military honours, the only thing left was to add a gold bar to the Distinguished Service Order. He now holds the record for successful air fighting. In one hundred and ten airplane battles he had brought down forty-seven German planes by official count, and at least five more which went down but were not checked up.

Major Bishop returned to Canada on leave last October, and visited New York with his bride, but he has now returned to the front. Of his prowess in the air he has always refused to talk. In contrast to the vividness and beauty of his account of the war in the air is his modesty concerning his own personal glory. The following laconic statement was all the reporters could get out of him: "I'm going back. That's all there is to say, only that I am glad to be once more headed for the front."

ANNA WALTHER, AUTHOR OF "A PILGRIMAGE WITH A MILLINER'S NEEDLE"

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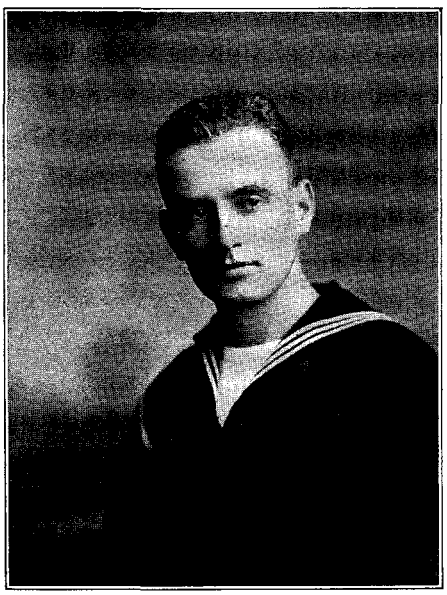
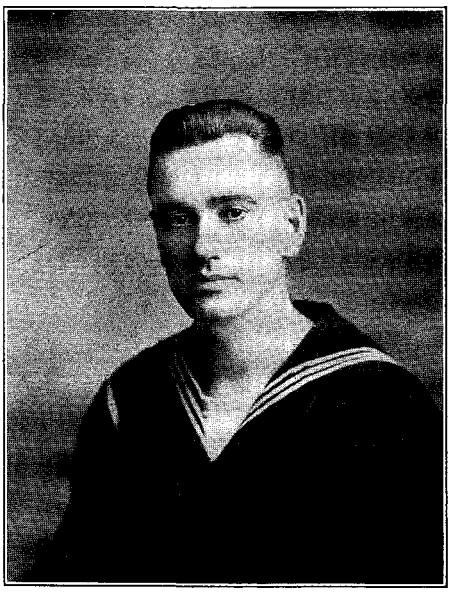


TERENCE CASEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-CUB"



PATRICK CASEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-CUB"

Mr. Solomon de la Selva, the author of *Tropical Town, and Other Poems*, was born in Nicaragua and educated there and in France, and at Cornell in the United States. He writes in Spanish as well as English and is a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the leading Latin-American magazines. His name has often appeared in American periodicals. He is one of the editors of the new poetry magazine called *Pan-American Poetry*.

• • •

Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, whose book *Outwitting the Hun* has just been published, is an Irish American who joined the Royal Flying Corps in Canada soon after the war broke out and went over with the Canadians. In *Outwitting the Hun* Lieutenant O'Brien tells how he succeeded in making a thrilling escape when a prisoner of war, and his adventures flying in the air and in Germany make most interesting reading.

Miss Alissa Francis, the author of *Use Your Government*, is a young woman who has had a varied and interesting life. The daughter of an

MAJOR WILLIAM E. DUNN, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELING UNDER ORDERS"

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English business man, she was born and educated in London, but in her girlhood was sent to Paris and afterward to Berlin to study languages, music, and other branches. But early in her twenties business reverses and her father's death made it necessary for her to support herself. Her knowledge of several languages made it possible for her to become private secretary of an official in an international shipping firm in London, and she afterward worked in a similar capacity in a large international engineering establishment in Berlin. Later she became private secretary and business manager of Isadora Duncan in the latter's school of dancing in Paris and went to Russia in charge of the young dancers when they gave exhibitions in that country. Soon after the outbreak of the war she came to the United States with Miss Duncan's pupils in her charge. On her arrival here she began to do newspaper work, which led her to the writing of *Use Your Government*.

• • •

From Horace Brodzky, a warm friend of Captain Alan Bott, M.C., Member of the Royal Flying Corps and author of the just published *Cavalry of the Clouds*—already in its third printing—come some timely personal lights on this aviator of twenty-four years, who has achieved one of the most remarkable narratives so far published on the airman's life.

"I knew young Bott in London in the early days of the war, before he enlisted," writes Mr. Brodzky. "He was then special correspondent to the London Daily *Chronicle* and spent considerable time at Basle, Switzerland. From this point he had the unique experience of getting into Germany. He told how easy it was to get in and how difficult to get out. However, he managed it and got a series of 'stories' back to his paper in London. Bott probably did some of the finest newspaper work in England at that time. He is quite a young man and full of adventure and, being so, he joined the Motor Cycle Dispatch Corps and turned up in London soon after, torn and scratched. It seemed that he had a charmed life. Even in this Corps there was not sufficient fun in it for him, so he joined the Air Corps. As I have said, he is quite a young man, small in size, full of enthusiasm for his work as an airman and a capable writer. His book should make good reading."

• • •

Miss Elsa Rehmann, the author of *The Small Place, Its Landscape Architecture*, is a young woman from Newark, New Jersey, a Barnard graduate, who is now assistant to Miss Marian C. Coffin, the landscape architect, so well known for her wonderful use of colour in flower gardens. In fact, one of Miss Coffin's gardens, a suburban place in Flushing, Long Island, makes up one of the chapters of the book and shows that none need have a particularly large place for the exquisite assembling of plants. We are so accustomed in this country to imagining that landscape architecture can only be practised on large estates that we forget how much more democratic its practice is in Europe. For instance, there are the backyard gardens on Laan Copes in The Hague, and even the door-yard gardens that face the alley behind it. All had a feeling for architectural composition as well as

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for the structural assembling of plants. It is this structural point of view, this point of view of the landscape architect that makes Miss Rehmann's book unique, and the fact that she has not used foreign material, for all her extensive travelling in Europe, but has taken little journeys right here at home to small places planned and planted by American landscape architects around Boston, Philadelphia and New York. There is one place at Providence, and there is even one from Miss Rehmann's home street with a lovely woodsy slope that makes it seem in some far-away woods instead of in a busy industrial city.

• • •

The outstanding thing that Bruce Barton, editor of *Every Week*, has done in his novel, *The Making of George Groton*, is to dramatise success in business and love—the false, flashy kind, and the real lasting thing which only comes with the development of character. George Groton, the country lad, earning his first dollar in New York, putting over his first business deal, elated over his first "raise," climbing with many missteps the ladder of success, which was not success until he had learned his lesson, found his real self, and his real partner—it is the story of the everyday average man, the story of most men and certainly worth while men. The characters can be met daily on the streets or in the offices.

The author needs no introduction to the public. In his editorial capacity he has already made a name for himself for his fine, human editorials, particularly those treating on business. In this book, his followers can recognise the same strain of his buoyant philosophy which he puts into the mouths of his characters.

• • •

J. M. de Beaufort (noble of the Grandduchy of Luxembourg, now a naturalised American) was in America when the war broke out. He at once went to Belgium, and in September, 1914, joined the Belgian forces, being unofficially made a captain of engineers, in order that he might get close to the battle lines. He went through the bombardment of and retreat from Antwerp, and was in all of the fighting in the early months of the war. Having had a thorough newspaper training, both Continental and American, and possessing an exceptional knowledge of Germany and the German people, gleaned during his schooldays in Germany, Captain de Beaufort foresaw the immense value of information to be secured behind the German lines, and voluntarily took up a dangerous confidential mission offered him by the London *Daily Telegraph*, during which time he spent four months in Germany.

With a magic passport, nothing less than a letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg, written by the nephew of the general, and addressed "To the Royal Field-Marshal, Knight of the Highest Order, Herr von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg," he gained access to German headquarters and later to the Eastern Front and the war scenes in Poland and East Prussia. He visited the German naval bases at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, and explains, with the aid of recent maps, much in regard to Germany's "impregnable" system of coast defences —all in his book *Behind the German Veil.*

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Liége on the Line of March, or An American Girl's Experience When the Germans Came Through Belgium, is a unique story. No other American probably was in the exact position of Miss Glenna L. Bigelow, who was at the Château d' Angleur, Liége, Belgium, with the family of a friend, "Monsieur X," at the outbreak of the war, and experienced with them and the people of their country those tragic events which, up to the present, have hardly even been sketched for the world.

What the public already knows of armies, guns, trenches, etc., has little to do with the suffering that the people of an invaded country endures, when the white-hot flame of the enemy invasion sweeps over the land scorching every flower and leaving in its wake only desolation and pain and despair. This narrative describes in detail just what might come to any one of its readers if the Germans were victorious in Europe.

Miss Bigelow's journal was faithfully kept for the benefit of her family and depicts the comfortable, luxurious life of the days preceding August, 1914, the shock of the declaration of war, the terrific battle of Sartilmont, three kilometres from the château, which entailed indirectly the death of Monsieur X. in the early morning of the following day while the guns were still booming. It also includes the bombardment of Liége, which lasted twelve days, the care of soldiers burned in the forts, the capture of the city by the Prussians, their brutal shooting of civilians, the burning of parts of the town and the taking of citizens as hostages. The passing of the German army and all its accompanying paraphernalia that went to the front in the first days, as well as the following, long, tiresome weeks, which maddened in their monotony and their inaction, is described as it was photographed on the brain of the writer, looking down from her window, day after day, onto the highroad.

• • •

Noble Foster Hoggson, author of *Just Behind the Front in France*, had exceptional opportunities for study and observation of conditions in the war-stricken regions. Mr. Hoggson, who is president of Hoggson Brothers, the New York builders, was a member of the American Industrial Commission which visited France about a year ago to study how the United States might best help to heal some of the deep, exhausting wounds of the war. The members of the commission were warmly received and all doors were opened to them. *Just Behind the Front* records Mr. Hoggson's personal experiences, sensations and impressions of the trip. It is said to be not a story of the war, but rather of the brooding spirit of the war, a description of the conditions and atmosphere of the country and the effect of the war upon the people.

• • •

Among noteworthy "first books" which have appeared during the last year, Miss Anna Walther's *A Pilgrimage with a Milliner's Needle* is particularly interesting. It is Miss Walther's own story of how, by means of her skill as a milliner, she earned her way about the globe. From Copenhagen, Denmark, her home city, she travelled to Germany, to France, to Russia, to South Africa, and finally to the United States. She had a touching love affair, and many remarkable experiences, and her book gives the sort of

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intimate picture of life in many lands which never can be attained in a book of travel. It is not "travel," in the technical sense, but an inspiring personal story of a woman gifted with ingeniousness, with the longing for romance, and with the high gift of imagination.

• • •

Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting, is a war book of a different sort, as well as the first book of Captain Malcolm C. Grow. This young American physician was practising in Philadelphia, when in August, 1915, through a friend returned from Russia, he learned of the desperate need for expert surgical volunteers on the Russian front. He answered the call at once, sailing on the next steamer. After a month's service at the Hussar's Hospital at Tsarskoe Selo, he obtained a commission in the Medical Division of the First Siberian Army Corps. It is hard to realise the total lack of modern implements and surgical apparatus which hampered these Russian doctors at their work. Yet without any of the aids which helped to bring French war surgery up to its high degree of efficiency, they did valiant pioneer work. "The Russians had only three doctors to a regiment," says Surgeon Grow, "and these often had two thousand injured to attend to after an engagement." Surgeon Grow took part in three terrible campaigns, not only as a doctor but also as fighting man. He was in Brusiloff's big drive, which took place while the French were struggling at Verdun. He did not leave Russia for good until after the Kerensky régime had fallen and Russia's fighting strength was dead.

It is because of the simple picture he gives of the Russian army and of the insidious influences that worked its downfall that Surgeon Grow's book becomes interesting at this time. He does not argue for Russia, he merely shows us the Russian as he knew him. And the picture is illuminating. We see the Moujik going "over the top" with only a club or a "home-made bomb," since no musket had been provided him. We see Russian gunners ready but powerless to answer the fire of the Hun—for while there were plenty of shells, they were shells which had been made by accident or design, a millimetre too large to fit a Russian cannon. These same shells, captured by the Germans, proved just the right size for the Prussian artillery. We understand better why the Russians became so intensely war-weary when we have gazed for awhile on the dramatic picture this book presents of the army of the Hussars, battling through snow-drifts against the forces of the Hun,—in the midst of privation, without guns or ammunition, assailed from before and behind by the insidious forces of German propaganda, deluded, misled and tricked into slaughter traps.

The book recounts thrilling personal experiences. Surgeon Grow barely escaped gassing in an attack which killed two thousand men in his sector within a few minutes. He suffered severe injuries when a shell burst near him. On one occasion during the fighting he was about to enter the dugout of a Prussian officer when the latter fired, the bullet grazing his body. In the darkness of the dugout he took aim at the flash of the other's revolver and fired, hitting a vital spot. The author is now touring the United States, telling to American audiences the story

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of his remarkable Russian experiences. He may soon see service with the American army, for he has the rank of captain in the Officer's Reserve.

• • •

Dere Mable: Love Letters of a Rookie is the title of a first book which should set everybody laughing who is capable of enjoying the funny side of camp life—and camp life has its funny side, as this book proves. The letters purport to be from a very self-satisfied, if somewhat unlettered member of the National army to his sweetheart Mabel. They were written first for publication in the *Wadsworth Gas Attack*—the Camp Wadsworth newspaper—but a member of Stokes Company saw them and decided they were altogether too clever and too mirthful to be lost to the general public. The letters have been illustrated by Private Bill Breck, also of Camp Wadsworth. The author is not half so bad a speller as a first glance at his book would suggest. He is Lieutenant Edward Streeter, of the Fifty-second Artillery, Camp Wadsworth. Lieutenant Streeter was an editor of *The Harvard Lampoon* while an undergraduate.

• • •

The Threshold of Quiet is the name of a first novel by Daniel Corkery, who, however, is already known to the reading public for his volume of short stories published last year under the title *A Munster Twilight*. Of the latter Edward J. O'Brien, compiler of the *Best Short Stories of 1915, 1916*, etc., says: "I regard it as the best volume of short stories published in America during 1917."

Mr. Corkery has broken new ground in his first novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*. The author himself describes the book as "a handful of wayfaring souls—gathered into a story. It is a simple tale of a group of dwellers in Cork, influencing each other blindly, but irrevocably, until each reaches his "threshold of quiet." There is quiet charm in its picture of life in provincial Ireland, coupled with a fund of observation and a real psychological gift. Nor is it without a tinge of Irish fatality and humour. But undoubtedly its most remarkable evidence of genius is the wonderful sense it gives of the inexplicableness and mystery of life and human relations.

Daniel Corkery is a teacher in a primary school in Cork City, of which he is a native. He may be taken as a type of the new style literary man in Ireland, grounded in Irish and in Gaelic lore generally. He has written much criticism for the Irish and English papers, and contributed to the famous *Irish Review* under the editorship of Padraic Colum and Joseph Plunkett. Outside of literature his chief interest is in painting, and he has exhibited his work at the Royal Hibernian Academy.

• • •

Corporal R. Derby Holmes, whose *A Yankee in the Trenches* is one of the successful war books of the year —now in its sixth big printing—is a Boston boy who saw strenuous service with the Twenty-second London Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. He crossed the ocean on a horse transport to enlist with the British forces, and fought with the Tommies on the Somme, taking part in the first great charge of the Tanks. The Tommies soon discovered that his middle name was Derby and promptly christened him "Darby the Yank," and "Darby" he remained

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as long as he was with them. Invalided home as a result of wounds, he is now actively engaged in lecturing throughout the country.

• • •

The latest recruit to England's battalion of Fighting Poets is a clear-eyed lad who a short while back was at Oxford. His name is Robert Nichols, and the war has transformed him into a poet. A London critic says of his *Ardours and Endurances*, now published in this country:

> Nothing can prevent poetry like this from taking its place among the permanent possessions of the race, which will remain to tell the great-grandchildren of our soldiers to what pure heights of spirit Englishmen rose out of the Great War's horror.

Robert Nichols was a friend of Rupert Brooke. His comrades are Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves. This triad of soldier poets have all won for themselves an extraordinarily high reputation in England as the prophets of that poetry of action which is the dominant force in English letters at the present time.

• • •

Patrick and Terence Casey, the brother authors of *The Wolf-Cub*, now wear the uniform of the United States Navy. These San Francisco boys, twenty-five and twenty-three years old respectively, have been collaborating on stories for ten years, their first being written while the older was a copy boy on the San Francisco *Examiner* and the younger in the eighth grade of the grammar school. This story was a highly dramatic tale of a young midshipman and it was published in the *Top Notch* magazine as the first serial to run in that publication over the supposed authorship of *Ensign Lee Tempest*. Since then, together and separately, they have written numerous short stories and novelettes. Recently they have been devoting their time to stories of Spain, creating an atmosphere that wins the highest praise from the critics. *The Wolf-Cub* is a tale of modern brigands in the Spanish rural districts.

• • •

Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, late of the Tenth Canadians, has just put the story of his air adventures into a book, called *A Flying Fighter*, which is to be published immediately by Harper and Brothers. Lieutenant Roberts has seen all sides of life at the front, as a despatch rider, lorry driver, bomber, observer, and air pilot. He has been wounded many times, under circumstances almost as varied as his occupations, and once he was gassed; another time eighteen pieces of shell lodged in his head. After one of the most daring flights he was deaf, dumb, and blind for several weeks, and finally was brought back to his senses by the banging of a door in the London hospital to which he had been sent during a spell of unconsciousness that lasted fifteen days.

• • •

Arthur Hunt Chute, late First Canadian Division and author of *The Real Front*, was born in Chicago of Nova Scotia parents. He enlisted as a private on August 11, 1914, and served later as a captain in the Seventeenth Nova Scotia Highlanders and as a lieutenant in the Canadian field artillery. He has seen some of the greatest battles of the war, and speaks with experience of Ypres and the Somme. He was wounded on the Somme in November, 1916, and was discharged as medically unfit in February, 1917.

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Major William E. Dunn, N.A., author of *Travelling Under Orders*, was a student at the Iowa State Agricultural College and a graduate of West Point in the class of 1908. He specialised in artillery practice, and has written a small book on a branch of this subject and also several professional papers. After serving at various posts in this country he went through a long term of service last year on the Mexican frontier, and in July he went to the Western Front. He was soon ordered from the camp to the firing-line, and spent some time in the trenches, studying the actual conditions of modern warfare under fire. The quality of his work as an artillery officer led the War Department to recall him in order that he might become an instructor here, and he is now ordered to the Ninetieth Division at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

• • •

Olive Gilbreath is a graduate of Wellesley and a student of the University of Michigan and of the University of Chicago. She has made a special study of English and Russian literatures and has travelled extensively in the East and in Russia. *Miss Amerikanka* is her first novel.

LINES FOR AN ECCENTRIC'S BOOK PLATE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

To USE my books all friends are bid:
  My shelves are open for 'em;
And in each one, as Grolier did,
  I write *Et Amicorum.*

All lovely things in truth belong
  To him who best employs them;
The house, the picture and the song,
  Are his who most enjoys them.

Perhaps this book holds precious lore,
  And you may best discern it.
If you appreciate it more
  Than I—why don't return it!

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DEBUSSY

Born, August 22, 1862, St. Germain en Laye. Died, March 26, 1918, Paris.

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

OBITUARY notices of the death of Claude Debussy have practically agreed upon a recognition of his unique significance. The death of no other composer of our day would have effected so positive a reaction. We experience an involuntary shock of bereavement, even though it is probable that Debussy had given the world all that he had to give it. Apparently he had spent the full measure of his genius. At the moment, I can think of no considerable work of his composed later than 1909, the year of those extraordinary pieces entitled *Images*, the third of which, the *Rondes de Printemps*, may very properly be considered the culminating efflorescence of his strange, very precious and quite indescribable art.

Debussy was the one composer of incontestable significance that France has produced. Previous to his advent, France, great in her literature and in her painting, had contributed to the world no music of an indispensable and eventful character. Even though we were to enlist in her service the music of the Belgian, César Franck, under the plausible contention that his music is essentially French through education, traditional predilection and innate sympathy, we should, nevertheless, hardly disturb the claims of Debussy for pre-eminent consideration. Gounod and Bizet are, of course, out of the question. The delicate raptures of the one, the *verve* and *esprit*, quite inimitably French, of the other are not to be disparaged: one means merely that *Faust*, *Romeo* and *Carmen* are not epoch-making works either in profundity of emotional appeal or originality of technical processes. France has avoided in her music the deeper gamut of human emotion. It is possible to love her passionately as a nation, and to revere her art, and at the same time to accept her limitations in the range of her artistic expression. France seems to have avoided, instinctively and consistently, a musical articulating of ultimate hurts, universal anxieties, crucial instances. The passionate pessimism of Tchaikovsky, the heights and depths and all-inclusiveness of Wagner have never quite awakened her beautiful sensibilities to a mature appreciation of their inflammatory eloquence. Perhaps it is as well. In the light of contemporary revelation, we see a depth in her delicacy that we had not divined, and a blessed significance in the resiliency of her light laughters and her graceful insouciance. However this may be, we must note the deficiency of her music on the side of emotional vehemence. It is essentially decorative, picturesque, romantic with the spirit of evanescent coquetry, chic with the dainty airiness of spring apparel, provocative and ingratiating as perfumes, and quite indescribably pathetic with the curious, inverted pathos of all trivial bright things, vain graces, frail gaieties.

Expressing with indubitable felicity this phase of their national character, Gounod, Massenet, Saint

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Saëns, Lalo, Dukas, and others present us with a distinctly national physiognomy—and fail to achieve great music. Debussy—the least characteristically French of any composer that France has produced—transcended a merely local idiom, and accomplished the difficult and inestimable task of presenting music with a new language.

He is the most original composer since Chopin, the most sensuously compelling since Wagner. His music supplies us with the one superlative inclusiveness of Wagner, have never us since *Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal*. He shares with Wagner one gift peculiarly and incomparably their own—the knack of expressing, within the confines of a half dozen bars, some sudden flood and bloom, some flicker and shimmer of vibrating, climacteric radiance whether of sun burst or moon magic or spring blossoming. Unforgettable instances of the exercise of this kind of sensuous and very enrapturing legerdemain may be noted in the shrill tremble of silver sound accompanying the moonshine in the cavern scene in *Pelleas*, the triumphant glorification of light and air that opens the third scene of the third act, and those flutterings of swift and gesticulatory rejoicing that riot delicately through the *Rondes de Printemps*. Small as his output is, it is precious beyond contemporary comparison. His piano pieces—although we may not properly compare them with Brahms, because of their lack of philosophical and spiritual substance—are the most evolutionary compositions that have been supplied us since Chopin's preludes, etudes, scherzos and ballades. They have enlarged our conception of the possibilities of the pianoforte as have no other compositions since the death of the great Polish composer. In quality of aerial perspective, atmospheric vibration, luminous and prismatic interplay and overlapping of tone with tone, a composition such as the *Reflets dans l'eau*, the *Soirée dans Grenade* or the *Cathédrale engloutie* (to choose at random) is as much an advance, technically speaking, over the Chopin broken chord study as the broken chord study is an advance over Beethoven's "Moonlight" *Sonata*. We cannot overemphasise the value of the contributions that Debussy has made to the progress of the sheerly aural side of music.

There is danger that a superficial comment may create the impression that Debussy accumulated the components of his quite indescribably beautiful art from influences and materials of an obscure and remote origin. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Debussy is what he is for the simple and sufficient reason that he was a genius, and that, being a genius, he brought into the world a rare and original creative faculty. When will our careless, foolish advocates of nationalism in art awake to the fact that what we prize in an artist is individuality, and that an artist is great in proportion to the degree with which he brings into the world a kind and quality of beauty that had not been there before! This is precisely what Debussy did. It has been claimed that he borrowed extensively from the Russian, Moussorgsky. Well, perhaps he did; but whatever he appropriated, he transmuted into a unique loveliness. When we hear a great composer, we do not say, This is France, Russia, Germany: we say, This is Chopin, Wagner, Schu-

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bert, Beethoven. Listening to Debussy, we listen to Debussy—not to Moussorgsky or early ecclesiastical Modes or whole-tone or pentatonic scales. The technical substance of Debussy's charm is not to be detected in some adroit use of alien idiom, of exterior material; it resides almost exclusively in the genius of the composer, and in the miraculous ability of this genius to apprehend a new loveliness in some individual and unprecedented manipulation of sound. If the reader will turn to a popular example of Debussy's art (such as, for example, the *Jardins sous la pluie*, or the *Reflets dans l'eau*), he or she will realise, with a moment's investigation, that the charm of these compositions resides in the skill with which harmonies of the simplest nature are thrown into an enchanting and quite inspired juxtaposition with one another. The four opening chords of the *Reflets dans l'eau* (an empty fifth on D flat, the common chord of G flat, the chord of the sixth and fourth in F minor, a minor seventh on E flat) suffice to create a mood as precious and as incomparable as a perfume. Notice again the quite magical and evocative effect of the juxtaposition, near the close, of the descending notes A flat, F and E flat over the chord in the bass consisting of an A natural and a C sharp. Again, in the famous *Jardins sous la pluie*, most of the witchery will be found to reside merely in a novel utilisation of quite simple material—such as, for example, a clever use of so simple a chord as an augmented fifth. Trivial instances these, if you will, but instances, nevertheless, that, multiplied a thousand-fold, go to the making up of the one composer of our age that has supplied us with an unmistakable progression together with a superlative beauty.

This fact is deserving of emphasis. The thing that differentiates Debussy's music from the music of the contemporary revolutionary (which is to say, for example, the later Strauss, Schönberg, Stravinsky and Ornstein), is the fact that, although it has contributed to the advancement of the harmonic side of music to a degree far beyond anything that has been done since Wagner's *Tristan*, it has remained essentially and significantly beautiful. Anyone possessing the slightest degree of talent can fabricate new and startling combinations of tone. A mere experimental ingenuity will suffice. The important thing is, Are these effects beautiful? Does one chord follow another because it is compelled to do so by the urging of some occult inner dictation, and does each chord possess an intrinsic and inalienable degree of individual loveliness? Alter the arrangement of the sequence in which one chord of Ornstein's follows another, and though you were to detect the difference, the degree of your emotional reaction would not thereby be altered one way or the other. Alter the arrangement of the sequence with which one chord of Debussy's follows another, and you have destroyed the essence of the composition. When a Schönberg or an Ornstein pile half tone upon half tone in prodigious concatenation, they produce a cacophony as sterile as the mere beating of a drum. A chord of Debussy's, to the contrary, is calculated with impeccable accuracy to convey the *nth* degree of the peculiar sensation inherent in its particular combination of notes, and it affiliates with the greatest art in

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so much as this sensation, however vehement, however acute, is always of some kinship with an esoteric beauty.

I have said he was the most original and the most sheerly lovely composer of his age. Whether this is to imply that he was also the greatest composer of his age depends on the relative merits of originality as opposed to constructive power and to a great intellectual dominance. To compare him—as it is inevitable we should do—with his great German contemporary, Richard Strauss, is to realise very vividly his supremacies and his limitations. Debussy's music is exclusively remote from the stress and duress of human hurtings. At times, we are drawn involuntarily to associate it in our minds with fabulous tales of oriental necromancy. Its hieroglyphical hintings of queer, stunted, epicene sound seem the inevitable concomitants of far-away, fantastic imageries, whether of perpetuated dawns mysteriously musical with the chime of temple bells, or the exquisite deceptions and tantalisations of a voluptuous mythology. It rises slowly before us (as in the *Apres midi d'un faune* or the *Pagodes*) like some slow smoke ascending in curious spiral weavings; in *La Mer* it affiliates with the sinister riotings of the subconscious released in sleep; in the *Rondes de Printemps* it suggests a tumult of inhuman treble voices met in some medley of elusive recreation amid fairy woodlands cold yet from winter, and spread with a slim, slight green. In complete antithesis to this, Strauss offers us the stupendous impact of an intellect so pungent, so cogent, so dynamic that to react to its sheer power—its arrogant, brutal power—is to experience a sensation almost exquisitely exciting although beautiful never. The future alone can decide whether Strauss, working often with banal and meretricious material, has achieved by the sheer force of mental mastery a greater greatness than Debussy has achieved through the impeccable exercise of the most precious individual idiom of the last fifty years. We fear at times that this precious and quite unmistakable idiom disguises an innate poverty of substance. Enthralling for a half hour's time, it fails to command our keenest enthusiasm when spread out over the four hours of *Pelleas and Melisande*. We note the significant fact that it is a comparatively easy thing to imitate, whereas the God-given eloquence of a Beethoven, a Brahms or a Wagner can no more be imitated than we can change our personal appearance. We hear an almost artificial fragility in much of this music—we might almost say that it often fails to rise beyond the confines of an extraordinarily excellent *salon* music. The reason for this resides in the fact that it lacks human passion, and that the world it portrays is a world of emasculated ecstasies, evanescent shapes, raptures that wither at the touch as though they were fairy flowers that must not know the warmth of human hands. Given a sturdier preoccupation with the visible world, and a more communicative, muscular melodic scheme, Debussy would have shown a clear title to be ranked with the greatest composers of all time. Judged by these crucial standards, he fails to hold our deeper considerations. He is precious rather than positive, evocative rather than actual. We must beware, however, the popular error

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of assuming that Debussy is merely a transient experimentalist, daintily preoccupied with negligible sublimations. The iridescent aureole that envelops the too attenuated quality of his sound will remain a permanent glory in musical art, and a recondite sanctuary rich with the recreations inherent in all lovely things superlatively wrought.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY—A GROUP OF SPRING BOOKS

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

In taking up a volume by Cale Young Rice, one is impressed at the outset by his many preoccupations. He is a synthetic poet whose work takes shape from a wide range of sympathies. In his travels he has several times girdled the globe, and the life of many peoples, in their unique racial character and philosophy, has gone to the making of his own intellectual life. All of this deeply colours his work, several of his earlier volumes, such as *Many Gods* and *Nirvana Days*, having grown directly from these far-farings.

Mr. Rice has not wandered, however, merely for the joy of wandering, though he can feel and communicate that joy so keenly. He has a keener spiritual curiosity, a deeper wonder and enquiry as to those ideals by which the peoples of the earth are impelled. Very aptly has he called one of his books *At the World's Heart*, for it is the unity of life, the one strife in many forms, the one dream through many symbols,—that absorbs his thought. It happens, therefore, that in all his farings he keeps his own centre. He is not an objective poet, though he ranges so widely. All of this divergent life takes on a spiritual synthesis in his mind and becomes subjective; when it emerges in his work one does not get the fact but the reaction.

Much of Mr. Rice's earlier work was in the drama, in which he showed admirable powers. With a solitary exception here and there, such as Miss Peabody's *Piper*, his dramas have been the most important contribution to this field, of recent years, in America. One does not refer to dramatic poetry only, but to the acting poetic drama. Mr. Rice approaches the drama from an entirely different standpoint, for example, from either Richard Hovey or William Vaughn Moody. Moody wrote Masques, or used the masque framework to project his philosophy. The interest of *The Fire Bringer*, or *The Masque of Judgment*, is too remote for acting drama; each is a vehicle for rare poetry, but neither was written for production. Hovey's dramas, on the contrary, are filled with action, particularly *The Marriage of Guenevere* and *The Birth of Galahad*, and Hovey merely used the Arthurian story because of its modern social problem, but from the outset inter-

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est is alienated when a poet attempts to put a vital message into a vehicle employed by so many great poets before him. So it has befallen that the dramas in Hovey's cycle are little read, while the masques such as Taliesin, which mount into sheer poetry, hold the vitality of the sequence.

Mr. Rice approaches a dramatic theme primarily from the standpoint of a dramatist, as James Huneker says of him, "he has the dramatic pulse." His plays are all acting plays and many of them have had successful presentation. He is not writing closet drama but stage drama, and while his themes are drawn from some incident of romantic or historic literature, they are always chosen for their inherent qualities of drama. For example, his brief, but unforgettable play, *A Night in Avignon*, recently produced by the Portmanteau Company, focusses to a point of intense effectiveness a scene in the life of Petrarch and Laura. In all of the plays the dialogue is one with the action, and Mr. Rice does not deviate into bypaths for the sake of rounding a poetic period; yet the plays have much fine poetry of an organic, not extraneous, sort.

For several years past Mr. Rice has written chiefly lyric poetry, varied recently by narrative, for which his dramatic gifts have given him excellent training. His work covers so wide a range of themes that it is difficult to generalise in relation to it. His productivity has discouraged some in these headlong days from trying to keep pace with him and there is no doubt that his finest work would stand out more sharply if divested of much that is of a more casual nature; but poetry is a miraculous thing and the best of poets write much verse hoping for the one moment when they shall transcend themselves and speak with the Voice that is not theirs. All that remains in the long run is the record of these moments. In the intervals, some poets write more, some less; but time discovers unerringly just how often the gods have made their visitations.

Every volume of Mr. Rice's bears its own particular witness to these visitations, each has its quota of poems shaped by some impelling mood to some expression of beauty, poems to outlast their fellows and carry the permanent offering of the poet. It is not in one particular mood that Mr. Rice's most authentic work is found. In his approach to nature, he may celebrate on one page her sublimities, as in *Kinchinjunga*, or *The Chant of the Colorado*, and on the next her most evanescent beauty, in some joyous and delicate poem with lines as light and rhythmic as a swaying harebell. I have often felt that Mr. Rice is at his best in these seeming improvisations, which hold the freshness of immediate impression. In each of the volumes, there has been a group of *Songs to A. H. R.*, spiritual and beautiful love songs, often informal in character, as if written for the recipient alone, but all of them bringing a breath of the upper air of love and reaffirming one's faith in its permanence.

Most characteristic, however, of his latest volumes, such as *Trails Sunward* and *Wraiths and Realities*, is the deeper note which they manifest, not only in the brief plays or dramatic scenes about the war, such as *The Foreseers*, *The Outcasts*, *The Restorers*, *The Avengers*, but in

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their entire philosophy. Surely the world offers to-day material for deep brooding, and the poet who can pass it by or who is not touched by it to a wider apprehension of all life, lacks the qualities of the seer. In these brief dramas Mr. Rice shows that he has thought clearly about the war, and, more important, what will follow it. *The Avengers*, in his new book, *Wraiths and Realities*, is a most vivid bit of drama, in which the ghosts of a starved Belgian child, a ravaged French woman, and a German soldier, so newly dead that they are yet bewildered, meet at night on a Belgian highway. These ghosts go hand in hand and appear as avenging spirits before the Emperor. In portraying the German soldier, hand in hand with his country's victims, Mr. Rice touches the drama with that compassion which belongs to all blinded deeds of men, deeds of which men are made the often unwilling instruments.

Since one cannot quote from dramas and give an adequate idea of them, nor from the recent narrative poems, here is that charming lyric *New Dreams for Old*, from *Trails Sunward*, Mr. Rice's book of last year, a lyric in which everyone finds his own experience reflected:

Is there no voice in the world to come crying,
"New dreams for old!
New for old!"?
Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary and cold.
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.
(Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?)
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:
Only for new dreams!
New for old!

For I am here, half way of my journey,
Here with the old!
All so old!
And the best heart with death is at tourney,
If naught new it is told.
Will there no voice, then, come—or a vision—
Come with the beauty
That ever blows
Out of the lands that are called Elysian?
I must have new dreams!
New for old!

Mr. Rice's new book, *Wraiths and Realities*, contains many fine poems and one bit of sheer magic, *The Chanson of the Bells of Osenèy*, one of the loveliest of recent poems. Note its music:

The bells of Osenèy
(Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn)
Chant sweetly every day,
And sadly, for our sin.
The bells of Osenèy
(John, Gabriel, Marie)
Chant lowly,
Chant slowly,
Chant wistfully and holy
Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East
(His tongue is silvery high),
And Austyn like a priest
Sends west a weighty cry.
But Doucement set between
(Like an appeasive nun)
Chants cheerly,
Chants clearly,
As if Christ heard her nearly,
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up
(He is the evangelist)
Till Gabriel's angel cup
Pours sound to sun or mist.
And last of all Marie
(The virgin-voice of God)
Peals purely,
Demurely,
And with a tone so surely
Divine, that all must hear.

The bells of Osenèy
(Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère)
Pour ever day by day
Their peals on the rapt air;
And with their mellow mates
(John, Gabriel, Marie)
Tell slowly,
Tell lowly,
Of Christ the High and Holy,
Who makes the whole world fair.

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CITY PASTORALS

Pan in Broadway! Is this not what William Griffith is trying to make us believe in *City Pastorals?* We recall that John Myers O'Hara had once a similar illusion and almost convinced us that he had seen *A Faun in Wall Street.* Who shall challenge the inner sight of poets or deny that presences unseen to rushing traffickers in trade flit before them up and down the cañons of these gloomy streets? Wordsworth declared that two lines in his work were sure of immortality, the lines

> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,—

and wisely did he declare it, for these two lines hold the secret of much of the poetry of the world. If poets could not re-vision with the inward eye the beauty they had seen, if they could not go farther and by the magic of that inward eye create a solitude, even in throngs and turmoil —what a song-famine would come upon the earth!

City Pastorals is a book of green fields, running water and blowing flowers, a book of haunting country moods that come to Brown and Gray and Green, prisoners of Broadway. It is a new type of eclogue, put for the sake of charm and novelty into a lyrical dialogue, although Brown and Gray and Green are little more than voices projecting the poet's thought. Brown is the fatalist, who indulges in Omar-Khayyám moods and incidentally makes poetry out of them. Green constantly breaks in upon these negative broodings with tidings of beauty yet to be found in the great out-of-doors, while Gray soberly balances the two extremes. The dialogue is carried through the four seasons, the speeches of the protagonists being sometimes complete lyrics and sometimes a line or a couplet which goes to the making of a stanza. The effect of the dialogue is that of a continuous lyric, and in merging one mood into another, as it does, it lacks the sharp and definite crystallisation which would come with individual poems. In reading it, I am reminded of that exquisite story from the Eastern literature where a child is bidden to carry a basket to the stream and bring it home full of water. After long effort the child returns and tells how the water kept flowing away. "Yes," rejoins the elder, "but see how white and beautiful the basket is!" We know that we shall not hold all the beautiful thoughts but we shall have the white soul, and something of this effect is induced by Mr. Griffith's pastorals. They keep flowing away by reason of their liquid music, yet they leave an impression of beauty and charm, a general sense of lovely things, and so help to induce the white soul.

Only part of the book is made up of the dialogue, but it is the more important part, and when one remembers certain themes in Mr. Griffith's first book, *The Loves and Losses of Pierrot,* which took to themselves a most charming lyric embodiment, he is inclined to regret that the eclogue was not put into separate poems. The reader will recall *Pierrette in Memory,*

> Pierrette has gone, but it was not
> Exactly that she died,
> So much as vanished and forgot
> To say where she would hide.
>
> To keep a sudden rendezvous,
> It came into her mind
> That she was late. What could she do
> But leave distress behind?

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Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon,
She hardly made a stir,
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

From the new book it will perhaps be more satisfactory to quote one of Mr. Griffith's complete lyrics than to dismember the eclogue. *The Making of Spring* befits the season and is characteristic of Mr. Griffith's delicate touch:

Upon a day in April
There came a sudden hush—
The silence of the forest,
Expectant of a thrush.

Hardly an aspen quivered,
Until a breeze and rill
Were startled by the rumour
Of daisies on the hill.

Sudden—a gust of passion
Developed in the air,
As though the Little People
Were thronging everywhere.

And lo! the spell that deepened
On larch and pine and fir,
Was broken. In the maple
The sap began to stir.

Softly the doors of silence
Were opened; and set free
Were voices full of wilding,
Prophetic mystery.

* * * * *

The thrush came with a question,
Adventurous to find
Some remnants of the wonder
That God had left behind.

THE MASQUE OF POETS

It is not inconceivable that some future critic will call this the age of anthologies, for surely in no other age did this particular form of literature, or presentation of literature, flourish as it does in our own. Scarcely a month—nay, a week—passes without bringing some collection, important or unimportant, as the case may be, but all testifying to the manner in which the public welcomes this easy road to a knowledge of the work of many people.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's *Masque of Poets*, which ran anonymously in THE BOOKMAN during the past year, appears in an attractive dress as one of the spring volumes. The Masque is not primarily an anthology, in the sense that anthologies are usually chosen from previously published work. In that case one must hold an editor responsible for the quality of the selections, but when an editor solicits work to be published anonymously, courtesy constrains him to accept what the poet may choose to send. Mr. O'Brien is not, therefore, to blame in instances where the selections fall short of the best work of the poets represented, but rather to be congratulated when they reach that mark.

The idea of the Masque was an excellent one, but it stopped just short of what would have given it a *raison d'être*. There is no point in anonymity unless it be accompanied by some strife in determining the authorship. Had there been a prize at the end of the year for the reader who had guessed the authorship of the greatest number of poems, attention would have been focussed upon the Masque and the poets would no doubt have taken a keener interest in sending their best work. As it is, however, the Masque makes an attractive and creditable showing and contains several poems which not only represent adequately their authors but give permanent value to the collection.

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Foremost among these is *The Name*, by Anna Hempstead Branch, a poem wholly characteristic of one whose personality shines like a flame through everything she writes. It is the white flame, the irradiation, lighting the whole poem. Long ago one said, "My words are spirit and they are truth," and I have always felt that the words of Miss Branch take their light from the same source. Their transparency, their clarity, their deep inner joy, witness to their origin. The length of *The Name* precludes our quoting it, but the poem figures the inner and the outer life as symbolised in the baptismal name by which one is known to his fellows and by which he performs his earthly tasks, and the mystic name which has been his from all time and by which he lives the unseen life.

Wholly unlike Miss Branch's mystic, transcendental poem, is the other that seems to me to stand out most sharply from its fellows. This is *The First Food*, by George Sterling, a poem so humanly real that one must have lost all feeling who could read it unmoved. Unlike Miss Branch, Mr. Sterling is not at his most characteristic in this poem, he is at his most uncharacteristic. During the anonymous publication of the Masque this poem haunted me, because I could not fit to it an author. It never occurred to me that George Sterling, the poet of the wheeling stars and suns, the poet of those august sonnets, "Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod," and all the others,—could have written lines so poignant and intimate as these:

Mother, in some sad evening long ago,
  From thy young breast my groping lips were taken,
  Their hunger stilled, so soon again to waken,
But nevermore that holy food to know.

Ah! nevermore! for all the child might crave!
  Ah! nevermore! through years unkind and dreary!
  Often of other fare my lips are weary,
Unwearied once of what thy bosom gave.

(Poor wordless mouth that could not speak thy name!
  At what unhappy revels has it eaten
  The viands that no memory can sweeten,—
The banquet found eternally the same!)

Then fell a shadow first on thee and me,
  And tendrils broke that held us two how dearly!
  Once infinitely thine, then hourly, yearly,
Less thine, as less the worthy thine to be!

(O mouth that yet would kiss the mouth of Sin!
  Were lies so sweet, now bitter to remember?
  Slow sinks the flame unfaithful to an ember;
New beauty fades and passion's wine is thin.)

How poor an end of that solicitude
  And all the love I had not from another!
  Peace to thine unforgetting heart, O Mother,
Who gavest the dear and unremembered food!

This poem stays in the mind like that of Masefield to his mother, the poem with the stark ending, "O grave, keep shut, lest I be shamed!"

Grace Hazard Conkling's *The Return of Jeanne d'Arc* is written with her usual beauty and surety; Fannie Stearns Davis's *Afternoon* is a delightfully naïve incursion into the new verse; and Amy Lowell's ballad, *The Ring and the Castle*, is done so cleverly as to deceive the elect. It is evident that Miss Lowell meant to depart as far as possible from her usual manner and to put her readers upon their mettle in identifying her. In doing so, she discloses another

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phase of her versatile talent. The ring of the lines is like galloping hoof-beats and the ballad spirit is there, old-fashioned as it seems in this day of realism. Vincent O'Sullivan's *He Sings Because His Wife Has Gone Out of the House,* and Conrad Aiken's *Nocturne of Remembered Spring,* should be added to the gleanings from the volume.

SOME AMERICAN NOVELS OF QUALITY*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE author of *On the Stairs* has been mentioned once or twice of late as an author who has long survived himself. Well, in the classic phrase of the late John L., it is better to be a has-been than a never-was. It is really unfair to reproach an artist for having done a big thing only once. Only! There are so many artists who never do it at all. Still, some of us who in the middle nineties thrilled to the new and indigenous realism that seemed to be dawning for us in the work of that group of young writers from out of the Middle West headed by Frank Norris, Hamlin Garland, and H. B. Fuller, may have had an obscure sense of disappointment and even of grievance at being left, as it were, to go on without them. Norris died. Garland repeated himself, and Fuller somehow contrived a "fadeaway." He could be looked up, but he no longer looked us up, and it is to be feared that he has largely slipped from the public mind. The truth is, any given "localism," sincere and illumined as it may be, is exciting only when it is fresh. These men did the pioneering, we all know the country now. The city of the "cliff-dwellers," the land of the "main-travelled roads," the broad hunting-ground of "the octopus," have found scores of interpreters. We depend on them for further enlightenment; but they do not thrill us as those first chroniclers did. As for Mr. Fuller, I have an impression of him (without any sort of personal knowledge) as a workman who has somewhat fiercely refrained from either repeating himself or belying himself by taking the easy road (as it might have been, for him) to popularity. *Who's Who in America* gives him as a professional author, yet lists only four books of fiction since *With the Procession*

*On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Boardman Family. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Firefly of France. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company.
Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. New York: Harper and Brothers.
Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
The Road That Led Home. By Will E. Ingersoll. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Wings of Youth. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Flower of the Chapdelaines. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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(1905), the last of which, *Waldo Trench and Others*, appeared ten years ago. Quaintly enough, the publishers describe him on the title-page only as author of *Lines Long and Short*, a work of which I have never heard and cannot speak. What I am driving at in all this is that the author of *With the Procession* is by no means "dead yet"—as the present story proves. Here is the now familiar localism of the small Middle Western City,—the abode, for all its youth, of settled social strata, of an aristocracy dwelling under its ancestral mansards, of climbing new vulgarians, of Victorian fripperies of taste and theory slowly giving way to the pursuit of "efficiency" and her bouncing offspring, "success." We have much the same materials in the latest story of Mary S. Watts, *The Boardman Family*. The hero in both instances is a young man from the social bottom who pushes steadily up to the top by way of the commercial ladder, dislodging or putting out of countenance all who base their claims to consideration upon the achievements or the manners of another generation. In both instances we are to sympathise with this hero, this champion of an unabashed Americanism, and to despise as well as pity the ineffectual male puppets who set the "artistic" or simply gentlemanly life above vulgar matters like industry and solvency. Moreover, both of these stories employ the chatty, confidential manner. But their tone, as well as their larger method, is quite different. *The Boardman Family* seems to me a much better book than *The Rudder*,—a story so dispiritingly deficient in helmsmanship. It gets us somewhere; and is gratefully free from that acridity of humour to which this writer had seemed to be succumbing of late. For the rest, what charms me with her, as always, is her interpretation of place and character rather than her "plot." Of the minor action, the everyday conduct of her people, I always feel sure. Of her story, her action in the larger sense, I am always less sure. It is when the Sandra Boardman of this tale leaves her "nice" people, to astonish Broadway, presently, with her dancing, that her reality begins to dwindle. We are glad to perceive, in the end, that she is no more too much of a genius than too much of a lady to become the mate of faithful Johnny McComas. As for brother Everett Boardman, that fine flower of provincial snobbery, let us hope that he does not represent the American "gentleman" quite so fully as he seems to do!

I am not sure that "intimate" is quite the word for Mr. Fuller's manner. He is, rather, like a guide personally conducting us among his materials, while deliberately maintaining an offish, casual attitude toward them and us. He has no wish to be ingratiating, far less to be officiously helpful in steering us about. The curt "Author's Note" puts the reader in his place at the outset—warns him that he is not offered the ordinary thing, and must be prepared to take it or leave it. "This volume may seem less a Novel than a Sketch of a Novel or a Study for a Novel. It might easily be amplified; but, like other recent work of mine, it was written in the conviction that story-telling, whatever form it takes, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed." Most readers and all critics will agree that current fiction inclines to long-windedness. But what

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is irritating is that this long-winded novel seems often to be "written in the conviction" that long-windedness is the thing. The truth is, no story is the better for being written in, or out of, a conscious conviction or theory of any kind. One cannot be crisp and pregnant, or even easy and casual, by intention. We do not quite believe in this writer's air of "Hello, here seem to be some materials for a sort of story—let us see what would be done with them." Perhaps what we resent, after all, is this and his ill-concealed distrust of ourselves. That "subacid humour" which the publishers note in the book is too fond of nicking the gentle reader! It says, "I know the kind of story you would like to have me vamp up out of these materials,—sentimental stuff, movie stuff—well, you won't get it. If you watch closely, you may see me knock them into real shape, the shape of life itself—such as it is." The process is a little like that of a sculptor working in a show-window, essaying the method of a chalk-talk artist. Not the job for a sensitive worker: Mr. Fuller is stiff-shouldered at it. "Do you know what I am going to do?" he enquires with grim-faced coquetry (and this is really quoted): "I'm going to put myself into the story as one of the characters. Then the many I's will no longer refer to the author named on the title-page, but will represent the direct participation of a person whose name, status, and general nature will be made manifest, incidentally and gradually, as we proceed." So he asks us what we think of his calling himself Oliver W. Ormsby, and so on; and we feel like retorting that it does not in the least matter what he elephantinely calls himself, so long as he gets on with his story. And he does get on with it presently, abandoning his gambols; and a very good story it is, packed, whatever its method, with the substance of modern life as focussed in the little world of the chronicler's intimate knowledge. Alas! here also the man of education and manners is shown to be a fribble and an ass, and the bounder wins all the prizes. Surely it is almost time for some brave poet to suggest that, in a general way of speaking, a gentleman's a man for all that!

Flood Tide looks upon another microcosm, and from another point of view. Its action covers much the same period as that of the two novels we have glanced at—the whole period of that American generation which is now, roughly speaking, in its forties. But its little world is that of the East; of a New England coast town in the eighties, of Boston in the nineties, and of a cross-section of New York in the twentieth century. It begins (being like the others a "life-story") with the childhood of its central figure, and carries him on to the point where he in some measure finds himself and his right path. A narrative of the leisurely, not quite the long-winded type, rather luxuriating in details and, on the whole, justified of them. The story has its kinship with Mr. Poole's *The Harbor:* first, as a study of modern life from the point of view of a sensitive rather than robust hero, and second, as a study of place and atmosphere. For myself, indeed, the order would be reversed; for the best part of both books to me is the opening part—old Brooklyn, old "Whitehaven," with their enchanted boyhood. Behind both scenes lies the glamour of the sea-paths, to which the old shops with their

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strange wares, the wharves, and the odorous ships all beckon the boyish fancy. In this aspect, at least, *Flood Tide* is really interpretative, and not merely documentary or fanciful. I do not know where else in fiction one may find so fully embodied the spirit of those old New England ports already past their prime thirty years agone.

These stories have to do with the rising American generation of, as it were, the older line. *The House of Conrad*, another story of serious quality, deals with the citizenship, already superior in numbers, that is in process of making, while one waits, out of Old-World materials. Yet, rather strangely, here, as in *Flood Tide*, the flow of the inner action seems to be away from the socialistic doctrine of equal functions and possessions, and toward that assurance of free opportunities which is the goal of an enlightened individualism. The elder Conrad comes over from Germany full of enthusiasm for a German-made system of socialistic propaganda. He wishes to thank America for her hospitality by setting her right. The younger Conrad grows up to see the folly of this, and casts his lot among the guardians and reformers of industrial conditions. In the end, they are both alike to be submerged and defeated by the collective selfishness and personal venality that so easily find shelter under the banners of freedom and brotherhood. The son is snuffed out; the father learns to be content with a milder vision, of a house that shall bring forth honest Americans, a race of loyal workers and citizens according to their modest lights.

Though these four seem to me a remarkable group of novels for us to have produced in one season (England makes, at the moment, no such showing of serious work) I realise that they are not of a sort to attract a very large number of readers. They ask too much in the way of cool intelligence, ask to be read too exclusively with the long face or the ironic smile. People in general want something warmer, even if it has to be shallower—and this, I think, approaches the mystery of the "best seller." If you haven't any genuine idealism or optimism in stock, let us have some sentimentalism—but in Heaven's name don't turn us out in the cold! We may know in our heart of hearts that life ought not to be made out of a dish of mush flavoured with rosewater, just as we know that the war cannot precisely be disposed of by cries of "Cheero!" and "Carry On!" But there are moods in which we cannot stomach the bitter diet of fact, and ask comfort, any sort of comfort, of our fiction. Perhaps what we crave primarily is assurance that human nature, the human heart, is still sound, still "in the right place." And here romance, the cheap and false as well as the pure and fine, performs its function. For the movie-soul, the movies!—a warm refuge for the moment, at all events. For souls of better nurture, a better place and nobler fare.

The Firefly of France is a good example of the war-romance of lighter type. It is dedicated to "the heroic Guynemer," and a French aviator is of importance to the plot. The romantic hero, however, is that always popular figure, the rich and "well-groomed" young American more or less abruptly translated from his pleasant (and blameless) life of sport and leisure to the field

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of adventurous action in strange places. America is not yet in the war, but Devereux Baynes, who chances to have been born in France, feels constrained to take a hand as an ambulance driver in the French service. We never see him aboard that vehicle, nor do we know if he ever goes aboard; but we are to follow him through many adventures short of that hypothetical hour, and to leave him in satisfactory circumstances as possessor of a French Cross of War, and of the beautiful (red-haired) maiden of his heart. The plot of a story of this sort should not, I have been told, be given away by a critic. Enough to say that the action which begins in an obscure hotel of New York on the eve of Baynes's departure for France by way of the Mediterranean, and ends in the heaven of all good lovers, is chronicled with great zest, and with a good deal more regard for the probabilities (with the exception, alas! of the single episode in which Baynes rescues himself and his beloved from four armed Germans with the aid of a casual table) most romancers appear to think necessary for their purpose. I, for one, feel grateful when the story-teller in this kind does not exercise to the full his just prerogative as a scorner of dull fact. After all, there is no harm in concealing the wires from the most credulous audience, if it can be done without undue effort. In *Miss Amerikanka* the reader may find a war-romance of less primitive appeal—a little book of uncommon quality and fresh savour. It is the story of an American girl who, dreaming in the Orient at the outbreak of the war, is summoned by impulse to make the long journey to Petrograd by the Siberian Railway. She travels under the protection of two Russian officials, a general and young attaché hastening westward at the call of war. Between the two men there is an obscure antagonism. The General is of the Prussianised type, half a German by blood, and is destined in the end to be shot as a secret traitor to his country. Novinsky, the attaché, belongs to the finest order of the Russian nobility; a cosmopolitan in culture and manners, but full of the poetic mysticism of his race, and a devotee to her cause. To the strength and charm of his personality the little American, who has always felt strongly the glamour of Russia, inevitably succumbs. The story of their love, long unexpressed, is delicately told and skilfully embodied in the major theme of the book, which is nothing less than the melancholy and mysterious romance that is Russia herself. The narrative concludes at the moment when, after his return from a perilous mission to the front, the lover speaks his word, and the American gives herself rapturously to him and his land: "The passion of the East, sweeping me up in its embrace, lifting me on full flood-tides, wrapping me in mystic fire—his arms closing about me—his body trembling, exquisitely near . . . a torrent rushed through me like the wind in the forest, but at the heart was peace—infinite repose. Strange sweet tides bore me far, far out—out—out—to unknown seas! Something poignant in Russia—yes, I had touched it." Alas! this was still in the early days of the war: what would have been the sequel for that devoted pair?

To return to our own land and homelier affairs, I may mention two romances of the West to which hon-

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esty of "local colour" and more than a touch of humour give promise for readers who are not content with mere romantic formula. B.M. Bower, author of *Cabin Fever,* is turning out Western stories with perilous rapidity, but the gusto of a natural story-teller carries him along pretty safely thus far. His style is very good for his purpose—simple, direct, good-humoured, and almost wholly free from the surface smartness and slangy patter that have become almost codified as the "popular" style of late. And he always has a story to tell, involving men and women, and not merely the lay figures of the conventional yarn-spinner. This tale begins with a vulgar quarrel between a young Californian couple, takes us through many adventures by road and trail, and ends with the reunion of the sadder and wiser pair. The adventures are interesting, the people are engaging, and the whole fabric is woven according to the pattern of homely and wholesome philosophy, based on belief in the inherent quality of persons and things, in which this author rejoices. He has a way of going straight at his object. The title of the present story is explained in the opening sentences, and might, it will be noticed, serve equally well as motto for a novel of very different setting and personnel, *The Wings of Youth:* "There is a certain malady of the mind induced by too much of one thing. Just as the body fed too long upon meat becomes a prey to that horrid disease called scurvy, so the mind fed too long upon monotony succumbs to the insidious mental ailment which the West calls 'cabin fever.' True, it parades under different names, according to circumstances and taste. You may be afflicted in a palace and call it *ennui,* and may drive you to commit peccadillos and indiscretions of various sorts. You may be attacked in a middle-class apartment house, and call it various names, and it may drive you to café life and affinities and alimony. You may have it wherever you are shunted into a backwater of life, and lose the sense of being borne along in the full current of progress." Before speaking of *The Wings of Youth,* I must say a word about our second Western tale, *The Road That Led Home*—let us have the full title: "The Road That Led Home: A Romance of Plowland. With some passages from the Lives of Henry Nicol, Philosopher of Islay; Ernie Bedford, Pedagogue; Jim Dover, of the Everlasting Thirst; and Sioux Ben Sun Cloud, the Scotch-talking Indian; as well as others, not excluding Charlie Tinker of the Continuous Speech and Ida Bethune of the Pale-green Smile; Jim is dead." This is a prairie story told with a fresh accent or flavour, like the crude, sharp scent of new-turned sod. There are, one would say, a lot of familiar types here, rustic philosopher, village drunkard, fighting district schoolmaster, and so on; but one gets to feel most of them as the real material upon which literature commonly models her dummies. The weakest thing about the book is its romantic action, which, to tell the truth, is rather commonplace and perfunctory—I mean the "heart-interest" involving the two least interesting persons in the book, the young schoolmaster and his sweetheart. It is in the sketches of place and of character that one feels the presence of an extraordinarily sharp and independent eye and touch. One smells the prairie, one tastes the bad

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whiskey of the Commercial House bar; one sees with astonishing vividness the physical presence of each of these persons, painted with the sharp outline and full colour of a Vandyck or a Teniers. Here, for a single example, is Taylor the hotel-keeper: "A hospitable beaming spread in circling rings, like stone-ripples on a slough, from his great black moustache to the four marginal points of his visage—the mid-forehead tassel of tough, weedy hair, the blue-shaven chin-point, and the right and left red knobs of ear." Or here is a more elaborate but equally swift and sure sketch in black and white of Jim Dover:" . . . "A little wiry man, whose immense dryness had drawn into stringy prominence every cord in his throat. His eyes burned their way through a brown skin that was tucked and puckered and gathered and primped into wrinkles, wherever a wrinkle could be packed away. There were brackets on either side of his mouth, arches three deep above each eyebrow, a many-stemmed bouquet of lines diverging from each eye-corner. A double trail of furrows rutted across his forehead, with a parallel section under each eye, and a link of connection in the shape of a kind of trefoil between his eyebrows. A deep line so circumscribed and indented his chin that the chin looked like a separate piece of his face, an afterthought, that might be plucked off and clapped on again at will. He looked about three hundred years old, a sort of junior Rameses. Jim was forty-two." It is a book with the tang of the soil—our own American soil of the open West. In Nicol, the philosophical hired man, the reader will encounter a rustic philosopher as humourous as and less cynical than the late lamented but perhaps already half forgotten, David Harum.

It might naturally be that this book was commended to the Harpers by their literary adviser, Elizabeth Jordan. Her own new story is in a very different manner, a freshly conceived variation of that vastly popular theme, the young adventurer in New York. We are used to the poor young Westerner tackling the big city: here are two rich and aristocratic young persons from Ohio. They are badly afflicted with the "cabin fever" of the aimless and leisured life. The boy is contracting the vices of the idle rich. He means well enough, but nothing really interests him. His is the case of the Everett Boardman of Mrs. Watts's story, only he has more latent strength for both good and evil. His sister sees him going to the dogs; she herself is bored; and she suddenly visions a way out for them both. They will go to New York and play a game, separately and under assumed names—the great game of making a living. They take no money to speak of, the experiment is to last a year, the young man is pledged to virtue, and both are to make their way without recourse to friends or influence. The girl, after one or two moments of peril, falls into good hands; but it is to be noted that she does not make fame or fortune. Indeed, "on her own," as a business woman, she does not even succeed in keeping her job of directing envelopes in a big office at eight dollars a week. All of such prosperity as befalls her is the fruit of pure luck in her meeting, at the outset, with a fine young man of her own class who promptly falls in love with her and acts as her good angel at several crucial moments of her brief

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career of self-support. This part of the story hardly transcends the modest boundaries of conventional romance. It is in the brother's half of the experience that we come in contact with something far more interesting. Absurd as it may sound to say that he becomes a successful Broadway playwright in the course of his year, to tell it as Miss Jordan tells it is not to sound absurd at all. The youth serves his hard apprenticeship under extraordinarily favourable conditions—the romance lies in the promptness and consistency with which the favourable conditions present themselves. In all this business concerning the writing and production of plays, the author is delving into her own experience. She throws no artificial glamour over the process. To the Jew manager who has become the one inevitable "part" in this kind of story, she succeeds in giving a sort of charm with which tradition has not credited him: indeed, he is the man of the book.

One other romance the month brings us with kind hands. We who are old codgers or of codgerly proximity, who recall as new books *The Grandissimes* and *Dr. Sevier* must hail as a delightful gift the grateful familiar delicacy and humour of *The Flower of the Chapdelaines*. With sure touch and inimitable grace, Mr. Cable has done a very difficult thing. For though this is a romance in the old setting, the old aristocratic Creole quarter in New Orleans, it is also a romance of this time, almost of this hour. Faded now are the glories of the *vieux carré*, scattered its ancient names, hemmed in its shabby mansions by tides of alien approach, Italians, Yankees, and worse. Yet a little corner remains, a little coterie in Royal Street, who, in humbler terms, maintain the old traditions and the old charm. Here still live, not as mere relics, that childlike ingenuousness, that fine feeling for beauty and dignity and the obligations of good blood and breeding, that exquisite sensitiveness to high quality in people and things, which enchanted us in *The Grandissimes* of blessed memory. And here, above all, in Aline Chapdelaine—with her tender beauty, her pride, her destiny of a single and great love—is the right descendant of those bewitching ladies of the older tales. Within the main story, with its slight yet sufficient action, is a fabric of briefer tales, linked together by a certain community of theme; and, by their origin, linking together fair Aline Chapdelaine and her southern but not Louisianian lover.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

A History of Architecture. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. New York: Harper and Brothers. Profusely illustrated. $3.50.

A history of architecture as a living art down to the present day.

Biography

Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. By Lewis A. Leonard. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

An effort to give Carroll a greater importance in our conception of the beginning of American independence.

The Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian. By Samuel W. Pennypacker. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $3.00.

Of interest to Pennsylvanians is this intimate story of State politics as told by its late Governor.

The Voice of Lincoln. By R. M. Wanamaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A study of Lincoln's character from his letters and speeches.

Tolstoy. By George Rapall Noyes. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50.

The writer's life and an interpretation of his time.

Roving and Fighting. By Major E. S. O'Reilly. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

The biography of a soldier of fortune.

National Miniatures. By "Tatler." New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Portrait sketches of some public men and women of our day, by one of the Old Guard of American journalism.

Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz. Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes.

An autobiography of historical interest.

Business

Profit Sharing. Its Principles and Practice. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A collaboration: a comprehensive investigation based on the experience of five authorities.

Advertising and Selling Practice. By John B. Opdycke. New York: A. W. Shaw Company.

Excellent discussion with illustrations and bibliography,—for the student or general reader.

Domestic Science

Household Management. By Florence Nesbitt. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. **75 cents.**

A little book of rather advanced thought more suitable for professional workers.

The Blue Grass Cook Book. By Minerva C. Fox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Suggestions for Southern corn breads and other foods to "help win the war."

Drama

How's Your Second Act? By Arthur Hopkins. New York: Philip Goodman. 90 cents.

The manager of the Plymouth Theatre tells of his standards of criticism.

Artists' Families. By Eugene Brieux. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 75 cents.

The drama league series of plays. A protest against false Bohemianism.

Representative Plays by American Dramatists. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. $3.00.

A collection representing the feelings, tastes, and the thought of Colonial and Revolutionary days—with introduction giving historical and social details.

The Harlequinade. By D. C. Calthrop and Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25.

A five-episode play of the imaginative quality that distinguished *Prunella.*

The Stroke of Marbot and Two Other Plays of Napoleonic Times. By Graham S. Rawson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Plays based on historical facts—three incidents in the life of Marbot.

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Essays

The English Sonnet. By T. W. H. Crosland. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

A defence of this poetic form tracing its development from Chaucer, with a discussion and criticism of the forms and subject matter.

A Book Without a Title. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Philip Goodman Company. 90 cents.

Short paragraphs of satire and wit.

The Method of Henry James. By Joseph Warren Beach. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

A study of the author's technique and evolution of his art.

The Mind of Arthur James Balfour. Selected and arranged by Wilfred M. Short. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

A collection of Mr. Balfour's speeches and non-political writings.

A Study in English Metrics. By Adelaide Crapsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

A technical book for the student in verse.

Irish Memories. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.20.

Discursive reminiscences, full of humour and characteristic of Irish country wit.

Literary Chapters. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

A discussion characteristic of the relative merits of the leading modern novelists by the author of *The Intelligence of Woman.*

Fiction

Where Bonds Are Loosed. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A novel of action and adventure with a final love ending. Set for the most part in Kanna Island off the west coast of Australia.

The Flower of the Chapdelaines. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

New Orleans, the last lingering place of the old Creole atmosphere, is the setting for this story of love and the adventures of a manuscript.

The Happy Garret. Personal Recollections of Hebe Hill. Edited by V. Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A story of the making of a woman bohemian.

The Source. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

The story of a lumber-camp man whom patriotism and a woman's love made a man of.

The Wings of Youth. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

A story of youth and love, about people who wanted the unexpected and found it.

Long Ever Ago. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

Humourous stories of the Irish in America.

Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

The romance of an American girl in Russia.

The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A story of the transformation of a typical American family by the call to the service, conveying the spirit of the new America created by the war.

The Outrage. By Annie Vivanti Chartres. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.35.

A story of the German invasion of Belgium.

Tales from a Famished Land. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Tales based on the experiences of members of the Commission for relief in Belgium.

Five Tales. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Magazine stories now in book form, including, *The First and the Last* and *The Juryman.*

After. By Frederick P. Ladd. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50.

Built about the influence of France on this country.

Martin Rivas. By Mrs. Charles Whitham. Translated from the Spanish of Alberto Blest-Gana. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.60.

One of the most popular of South American novels—a satire on the manners of the newly rich and the vices of the lower class who ape the rich. It is said to be a true picture of Chilean life.

The Moving Finger. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.40.

A tale of mystery involving a murder, a love story, and the secret service.

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An Autumn Sowing. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A love story of a hard man of affairs and his secretary, enlivened with humourous touches.

The Firefly of France. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company. $1.40.

A romance of the present war in the manner of the classical historical romances.

Old People and the Things That Pass. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A brilliant character story by the famous Dutch novelist.

Nine Humorous Tales. By Anton Chekhov. Boston: The Stratford Company. 25 cents.

Short stories by the famous Russian writer who has been compared to O. Henry.

The Restless Sex. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

A love story laid in New York's Bohemia, the artist colony of Greenwich Village.

The Ne'er Do-Much. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

An ingenious tale of a dinner party with celebrities only.

Captain Gault. By William Hope Hodgson. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.35.

Smuggling stories of wit and adventure, very entertaining.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen (Modern Students Library). Edited by Will D. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

Beginning a new series of great works in small cloth-bound volumes, with clear but rather small type.

Film Folk. By Rob Wagner. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

Stories of the human side of the great movie industry.

The Air-Man and the Tramp. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A parable dedicated to the Air-Line to Liberty.

Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A story (reflecting the spirit of the sea) of a dreamer and student forced by circumstances into a business career, and of his success and the price he paid for it.

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

A Chicago story of a man's climb up the ladder.

Love and Hatred. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40.

A London story of a modern mystery and romance.

Skinner's Big Idea. By Henry Irving Dodge. New York: Harper and Brothers. 50 cents.

The old hero with a new idea—the problem of advancing middle age in business.

Gertie Swartz. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

A new Pennsylvania Dutch story, dealing with the modern manufacturing situation.

Making Her His Wife. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.30.

A Southern small-town story of the problem of a new marriage, solved finally by the alchemy of love.

The Road That Led Home. By Will E. Ingersoll. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece in colour. $1.35.

The romance of a young school teacher and a girl, in a Western wheat field.

The Red Cross Barge. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

A Red Cross story of a young German surgeon and a French nurse.

The Tideway. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

A new and characteristic romance. Said to be one of the best of this author, who is the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, K.H.S.

The Threshold. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

A story of the mill workers of a factory town.

Nobody's Child. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

The romance of an unsophisticated girl alone in the world.

Fear God in Your Own Village. By Richard Morse. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.30.

The story of an attempt to put the fear of God into an American rural community.

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The Best People. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

A travel romance of a young American woman in Japanese diplomatic society.

Chronicles of St. Tid. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of stories of Devon and the West Country.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Anderson Nexo. Vol. II. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

The translation of the second volume of the two that picture the life and career of a great modern labour genius: he finds love and becomes a labour leader.

Taras Bulba and Other Stories. Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. By Nicolai V. Gogol. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russian stories in this standard edition.

The Pawns Count. By É. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

A story of German intrigue in the United States unveiled.

The Rider in Khaki. By Nat Gould. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $1.25.

An adventure story of the war, by the popular English novelist.

Gradiva. A Pompeiian Fancy. By W. Jenson. Translated by Helen M. Downey. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $1.25.

The story of the dream girl visualised by a student from an antique bas-relief placque.

Blown in by the Draft. By Frazier Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Camp yarns of the army of freedom.

Finance

Credit of the Nations. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

Devoted especially to the influence of the war; a lengthy and careful analysis.

General Literature

Shakespeare and Chapman. By J. M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

To support the thesis of Chapman's share in a number of poems and plays.

The Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

Gaelic plays, stories, and poems of Padraic Pearse, translated by the author and by Joseph Campbell.

The Negro in Literature and Art. By Benjamin Brawley. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.35.

An effort to ascertain the negro's real contribution to literature and civilisation.

When a Man Commutes. By Alan Dale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Amusing observations occasioned by the experiences of a suburbanite.

History

General George Washington. By Mason I. Weems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

A new edition of a famous old book upon which many of the Washington traditions are said to rest.

The Passing of the Great Race. By Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A revised edition explaining the racial basis of European history.

Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy. By Ralph Page. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

Saliences in our foreign diplomatic relations throughout our history.

Reconstruction in Louisiana. By Ella Lonn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

The result of careful research into the period succeeding the Civil War.

Juvenile

The Wonder of War in the Air. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.35.

A boys' book of adventure, giving some technical details and experiences in fighting.

Insect Adventures. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: World Book Company.

Selections from Fabre's masterpieces, retold and adapted for young people.

Military and Naval

The Cadet Manual. By Major E. Z. Steever III, and Major J. L. Frink. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

The official handbook for High-School Volunteers of the United States.

The Warfare of Today. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Azon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The nature and practice of present day warfare by one of the French instructors of our training camps.

Leadership and Military Training. By Lieutenant Lincoln C. Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

An attempt to analyse the psychology of soldiering.

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Field Artillery Officer's's Notes. Compiled by Captain Caldwell of Plattsburg Training Camp, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert M. Danford. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A notebook covering technical and practical points.

Health for the Soldier and Sailor. By Professor Irving Fisher and Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 60 cents.

Hygiene for our boys in khaki and in blue in conserving their condition.

Music

Home Help in Music Study. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Informal talks aiming to develop an understanding of music, adapted for younger pupils.

Miscellaneous

The France of Today. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

A new popular edition of the impressions of France as recorded by a lecturer at the French universities.

Home Vegetable Gardening From A to Z. By Adolph Kruhm. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

Suggestions of how to make a patriotic success—made clear by hundreds of "action" pictures and thirty-two pages of colour illustrations.

Three Acres and Liberty. By Bolton Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company. New Illustrated Edition. $1.75.

For the extensive farmer and the home garden cultivator: how the new intensive culture may be applied to big land holdings.

My People of the Plains. By Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

Amusing incidents of a missionary's experience with the pioneers of the West.

Philosophy

The Problem of the Soul. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

To support the influence of environment as against the effective force of heredity.

The Theory and Practice of Mysticism. By Charles Morris Addison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Intimate, simple talks by an Episcopal minister. From the orthodox point of view.

Poetry

The Masque of Poets. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

A collection of characteristic work of the best of contemporary American poets. It incorporates in book form a series that appeared during the past year in THE BOOKMAN.

Georgian Poetry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A selection of distinctive poems of British lyric writers during the years 1916 and 1917.

Twenty-six Poems. By Cecil Roberts. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Poetry of mysticism and of the delicate phases of nature.

English Poets of the Eighteenth Century. Selected and edited, with an introduction by Ernest Bernbaum. (The Modern Student's Library.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A selection that is more comprehensive and representative than qualitative.

Patriotic Poems of Walt Whitman. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

A selection for the patriot.

Singing Carr. By William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 75 cents.

Poems inspired by a long ramble through the Kentucky Cumberlands.

Eidola. By Frederick Manning. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

Poems many of which have appeared in *The Spectator, Poetry, The Forum, The Quest, The Windsor Magazine.*

The Fiery Cross. By John Oxenham. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

On the renaissance of religion occasioned by the war.

Poems: 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

A selection of the author's best work.

Songs of the Shrapnel Shell. By Captain Cyril Morton Horne. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

Poems written during action by a soldier killed at the front in January, 1916.

The Grey Feet of the Wind. By Cathal O'Byrne. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Poems expressing the Gaelic spirit.

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Toward the Gulf. By Edward Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A continuation of the attempts of *Spoon River* and *The Great Valley* to mirror the age and the country in which we live.

Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

A new collection characteristic of the author.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

Poems and phantasies of the war.

A Celtic Psaltery. By Alfred Perceval Graves. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

Translations of Irish and Welsh poems of the eighth and ninth centuries.

My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

Celtic verse characteristic of the Irish literary renaissance.

Politics

America After the War. By an American Jurist. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

From the *New York Times,* dealing particularly with the prospects for the different countries whose future boundaries must be determined.

The Woman Voter's Manual. By S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. With an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

Explaining the machinery of balloting. The history of the chief political parties, etc.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland, D.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

A brief portrayal of the character, civilisation, aims, and ideals of the Japanese nation: Is she a menace or a comrade to be welcomed in the fraternity of nations?

American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Sidney L. Gulick. $1.75.

A review of the subject of Asiatic immigration, with an outline of a constructive policy for the future, and current statistics.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers. 75 cents.

A suffrage leader's advice "for the woman who wants to vote to the best advantage."

Psychology

Psychology of Marriage. By Walter M. Gallichan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

Information for young people, tracing the development of the sexual impulse.

Theology

Studies in Christianity. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

An effort to determine the values of religion.

Prayers for Today. With a series of Meditations from Modern Writers. Compiled and edited by Samuel McComb. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

A selection of spiritual and devotional writings from many sources including Maeterlinck, Tagore, Woodrow Wilson, Cardinal Newman, and Bishop Brent.

The Holy Communion. By Charles Lewis Slattery, New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 50 cents.

The rector of Grace Church in New York is the sponsor for this little devotional help.

Can We Believe in Immortality? By James H. Snowden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

From the scientific, psychological, historical, ethical, religious and experimental points of view.

The Last Days of Jesus Christ. By Lyman Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 60 cents.

Lenten meditations for comfort in days of doubt.

A History of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

A readable presentation for the student and general reader alike.

Jewish Theology. By Dr. K. Kohler. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A scholar of international reputation gives a popular exposition of the belief of Judaism, for text-book or for general reading.

Science

Artificial Dye-Stuffs. By Albert R. J. Ramsey and H. Claude Weston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.60.

A text-book of fundamental knowledge of this branch of industrial chemistry.

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My Poultry Day by Day. By Alfred Gibson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

A practical guide for the amateur, with attention to the economics of the industry.

School and Home Gardening. By Kary C. Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A text-book for young people, with plans and suggestions for teachers.

Sociology

Drink. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

A revised edition of *Drink and Be Sober*. An estimate of the gains and losses of indulgence in liquor.

The National System of Economics. By J. Taylor Peddie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Proposing a unified system based upon national aspirations.

Criminology. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A comprehensive survey of the field of criminology from the point of view of social control.

Our Revolution. By Leon Trotzky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Essays on working-class and international revolution.

Past and Present. The Modern Student's Library. By Thomas Carlyle. With introduction and notes by Edwin Mims. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A new edition of a book of interest for its bearing on contemporary industrial and social problems.

Travel

In the Alaskan Wilderness. By George Byron Gordon. Philadelphia: The John Winston Company. $3.50.

A trip in the interest of the University Museum in Philadelphia, although the account is mostly devoted to description and the incidents of roughing it.

Two Children in Old Paris. By Gertrude Slaughter. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An account of a winter spent by two little American girls in the historic atmosphere of Paris before the war.

Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer. By Frank Hedges Butler. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.00.

The story of the author's adventures, together with the character and history of the country, and its inhabitants.

War

Approaches to the Great Settlement. By Emily Greene Balch. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Such hope as the pacifist and intellectualist can obtain from the present situation has inspired this book. There is a valuable collection of the various peace settlements that have been proposed for the reorganisation of the world after the war.

The Winning of the War. A sequel to Pan-Germanism by Roland G. Usher. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

An analysis of the objectives of the Germans and of the Allies, the nature of victory and progress made thus far.

Nothing of Importance. By Bernard Adams. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

A personal story of a young officer who served eight months in a Welsh regiment, describing the incidents of the daily routine at the front.

Over There with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A Anzac scout relates his experiences in and between the trenches.

Outwitting the Hun. By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, of the Royal Flying Corps. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

The thrilling experience of an escaped prisoner, a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Over There and Back. By Lieutenant J. S. Smith, U.S.A. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A true pen-picture of the front by an American boy.

Out There. By Charles W. Whitehair. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Experiences of an American with the Allies.

Captured. By Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Sixteen months as a prisoner of war.

A Temporary Gentleman in France. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Frank informal home letters from an English officer at the front.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

An account of a photographer's adventures in the midst of the revolution.

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Drifting (with Browne). By Byers Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A humourous tale of reminiscences told by a convalescent soldier.

Fighting Starvation in Belgium. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

The authentic story of the Commission for Relief in Belgium—the greatest humanitarian enterprise in history.

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

The exaltation, the religion of the front line men.

To Bagdad with the British. By Arthur Tillotson Clark. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

A member of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force gives an account of the campaign.

Glorious Exploits of the Air. By Edgar Middleton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.35.

A member of the British Royal Flying Corps relates experiences of himself and his fellows at the front.

Letters to the Mother of a Soldier. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

Comfort and suggestions, to mothers, of how to render practical assistance to sons at the front.

Problems of the Peace. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Practical suggestions for the future organisation of peace, with a discussion of territorial adjustments, the problem of German autocracy and militarism, and the proposals of retaliation.

The Father of a Soldier. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

A message of comfort and cheer for fathers and mothers of "soldier boys."

The Making of a Modern Army, and Its Operations in the Field. By René Radiguet. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet. Illustrated. $1.50.

A general's instructions to younger Americans, based on the experience of three years on the French front.

Deductions from the World War. By Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Observations of a member of the German Imperial Staff.

Two Years in Constantinople. By Doctor Harry Stuermer. Translated from the German by E. Allen and the Author. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

The sworn statement of a converted German correspondent: an indictment of German military methods.

The Iron Ration. By George Abel Schreiner. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00.

An uncensored account of three years in warring "Central Europe" by one who has lived in the trenches, stood in the breadline, and dined in a palace.

Great Britain at War. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25.

The English novelist's picturesque description of the battle-fields of France and the spirit back of them.

Germany at Bay. By Major Haldane Macfall. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

An explanation of German high strategy and a forecast of the peace map.

Belgium in War Time. By Commandant de Gerlache de Gomery. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A translation from the Norwegian and Swedish of *The Country That Will Not Die.*

Covered with Mud and Glory. By Georges Lafond. With a preface by Maurice Barrès, and George Clemenceau's famous *Tribute to the Soldiers of France.* Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.50.

A series of short narratives, "laying no claim to literary pretensions," by a company of machine gunners.

Serbia Crucified. By Lieutenant Milutin Krunich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Experiences of a Serbian officer who has been through some of the grimmest and most thrilling episodes of the war.

In the Heart of German Intrigue. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

A first-hand record from kings, ministers, and generals.

Thoughts for the Kit-Bag. By Elizabeth Grinnell. New York: Association Press.

Paragraphs for the diversion and inspiration of the public in general and the soldier in particular.

Gunner Depew. By Himself. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company. $1.50.

"The fighting, laughing, American sailor-boy's" story of the war.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of March and the first of April:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Sonia The Land of Deepening Shadow	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun
New York City.....	The Tree of Heaven	Vicky Van
	Private Peat	A Yankee in the Trenches
Baltimore, Md.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	Cleek, the Master Detective First Call
Baltimore, Md.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow Carry On
Birmingham, Ala.	When a Man's a Man	Missing
Boston, Mass.....	Under Fire Oh, Money! Money! First Call	First Call The Tree of Heaven The Land of Deepening Shadow
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	The Pawns Count First Call
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail The White Morning	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Chicago, Ill.....	Oh, Money! Money! Holding the Line	The U. P. Trail Over the Top
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Holding the Line
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Tree of Heaven Holding the Line	The U. P. Trail Cavalry of Clouds
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Salt of the Earth	The Road of Ambition
Denver, Col.....	The Land of Deepening Shadow The U. P. Trail Over the Top	Over the Top Christine Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa.....	The U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
Detroit, Mich.....	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	The U. P. Trail The Land of Deepening Shadow
Houston, Tex.....	Ladies Must Live First Call	Long Live the King A Yankee in the Trenches
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The U. P. Trail Private Peat	Christine Over the Top
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Second Fiddle Over the Top	Frenzied Fiction Private Peat
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Green Mirror Works	The U. P. Trail A Yankee in the Trenches
Louisville, Ky.....	The Tree of Heaven All In It	The U. P. Trail The Land of Deepening Shadow
Memphis, Tenn.....	Salt of the Earth Private Peat	The Hearts Kingdom Over the Top

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Bag of Saffron	The White Morning	Hunt Ball Mystery	Aliens
Glory of the Trenches	Fragments from France	Old Front Line	Under Four Flags in France
Our Square and the People In It	The Forfeit	Blue Eyed Manchu	The White Morning
The Flying Fighter	Outwitting the Hun	Glory of the Trenches	My Home on the Field of Mercy
Mystery of the Drums	Vicky Van	Love and Hatred	The U. P. Trail
Under Fire	A Crusader of France	Conscript 2989	In the Heart of German Intrigue
The White Morning	Missing	The Hope Chest	A Hundredth Chance
Over the Top	A Student in Arms	Yankee in the Trenches	My Home on the Field of Mercy
Pollyanna	The Soul of a Bishop	The Major	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Over the Top	Carry On	Yankee in the Trenches	All In It
Vicky Van	Three of Hearts	False Faces	Gossip Ship
A Student in Arms	The Flying Fighter	On the Right of the British Line	Fighting for Peace
The Bag of Saffron	The U. P. Trail	Boy Woodburn	Best Short Stories of 1917
Outwitting the Hun	En l'air	In the Heart of German Intrigue	The Long Trick
Mary Regan	Kitty Canary	Vicky Van	Dwelling Place of Light
The Land of Deepening Shadow	My Four Years in Germany	In the Heart of German Intrigue	Over the Top
The Tree of Heaven	Dwelling Place of Light	His Daughter	The Bag of Saffron
First Call	Private Peat	Yankee in the Trenches	The Big Fight
The Tree of Heaven	Webster's Man's Man	Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
My Four Years in Germany	Under Fire		
Limehouse Nights	Vicky Van	Twinkletoes	Missing
First Call	Gunner Depew	With the Colors	Under Fire
Sonia	The Tree of Heaven	The Courage of Marge O'Doone	Missing
A Student in Arms	Private Peat	Gunner Depew	The Big Fight
The Tree of Heaven	The Major	The Secret Witness	White Ladies of Worcester
Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany	All In It	A Student in Arms
Oh, Money! Money!	Apple Tree Girl	Kitty Canary	Calvary Alley
Christine	All In It	Under Fire	Cavalry of the Clouds
Salt of the Earth	The Pawns Count	Limehouse Nights	Fanny Herself
My Home on the Field of Mercy	Three Things	Gunner Depew	The Big Fight
His Own Home Town	The Lifted Veil	The Second Fiddle	The Broken Gate
Over the Top	Private Peat	Under Fire	Three Things
The Bag of Saffron	The Tree of Heaven	False Faces	The White Morning
First Call	Under Fire	A Student in Arms	The Land of Deepening Shadow
The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven	His Daughter	The Major
Yankee in the Trenches	A Student in Arms	Holding the Line	The United States and Pan Germania
Under Fire	Christine	The Hope Chest	His Daughter
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	First Call	Bolsheviki and World Peace	All In It
The White Morning	Calvary Alley	The Kentucky Warbler	The Pawns Count
Under Fire	A Student in Arms	My Home on the Field of Mercy	How to Live at the Front
Missing	Luck of the Irish	Green Fancy	
Yankee in the Trenches	First Call	My Four Years in Germany	Carry On

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(Continued)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Carolyn of the Corners	The Tree of Heaven
	Private Peat	Conscript 2989
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	Over the Top	Private Peat
New Haven, Conn.....	The Pawns Count	Oh, Money! Money!
	First Call	Outwitting the Hun
New Orleans, La.....	Missing	The Tree of Heaven
	Under Fire	Private Peat
Norfolk, Va.....	Bron Brethem	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	First Call
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	My Home on the Field of Mercy
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Oh, Money! Money!	The Pawns Count
	Private Peat	Glory of the Trenches
Portland, Maine.....	The Pawns Count	Oh, Money! Money!
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Providence, R. I.....	The Earthquake	The Tree of Heaven
	Private Peat	First Call
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	The Big Fight
San Antonio, Texas....	The U. P. Trail	Limehouse Nights
	Under Frie	My Four Years in Germany
San Francisco, Cal.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	Under Fire	Over the Top
Seattle, Wash.....	Christine	The Tree of Heaven
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Spokane, Wash.....	The U. P. Trail	The Major
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Springfield, Mass.....	The Girl from Kellers	Comrades
	First Call	A Yankee in the Trenches
St. Louis, Mo.....	The U. P. Trail	The Major
	Gunner Depew	The Big Fight
St. Louis, Mo.....	The U. P. Trail	Oh, Money! Money!
	Private Peat	Over the Top
San Francisco, Cal.....	Twinkletoes	Carolyn of the Corners
	Private Peat	Over the Top
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Tacoma, Wash.....	The U. P. Trail	Christine
	Over the Top	Gunner Depew
Toronto, Ont.....	The U. P. Trail	The Spy in Black
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Utica, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	Private Peat	Outwitting the Hun

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Biography of a Million Dollars	The Major	Webster's Man's Man	The Earthquake
Holding the Line	Yankee in the Trenches	Under Fire	A Flying Fighter
The Major	Cabin Fever	The Pawns Count	Miss Pim's Camouflage
Outwitting the Hun	Gunner Depew	Glory of the Trenches	Carry On
Vicky Van	The Tree of Heaven	Three of Hearts	Green Mirror
En l'air	A Journal of Our Legation in Belgium	Glory of the Trenches	Treasury of War Poetry
The U. P. Trail	Bab	The Definite Object	Dwelling Place of Light
Over the Top	Carry On	The White Morning	All In It
Kitty Canary	Long Ever Ago	Oh, Money! Money!	The Girl from Kellers
A Flying Fighter	Outwitting the Hun	Under Four Flags in France	Over the Top
Missing	The Tree of Heaven	The False Faces	The Hope Chest
Under Fire	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Women and War Work	Carry On
The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail	Vicky Van	Carolyn of the Corners
Outwitting the Hun	The Big Fight	War and Bagdad Railway	Cavalry of the Clouds
The Bag of Saffron	The Tree of Heaven	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Over the Top	Yankee in the Trenches	Glory of the Trenches	Cavalry of the Clouds
The Girl from Kellers	Oh, Money! Money!	The U. P. Trail	The Hope Chest
Women and War Work	A Flying Fighter	Glory of the Trenches	Over the Top
The False Faces	Oh, Money! Money!	Carolyn of the Corners	Vicky Van
Carry On	Outwitting the Hun	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Comrades	The Road of Ambition	His Own Home Town	Long Live the King
A Crusader of France	Yankee in the Trenches	To Arms	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
The Green Mirror	Limehouse Nights	Cabin Fever	Sonia
Carry On	All In It	Private Peat	Gunner Depew
The Major	The White Morning	The U. P. Trail	Salt of the Earth
Under Fire	All In It		
The Tree of Heaven	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Salt of the Earth	Christine
Under Fire	Holding the Line	Cavalry of the Clouds	Yankee in the Trenches
Oh, Money! Money!	The U. P. Trail	Cabin Fever	The Tree of Heaven
A Crusader of France	Outwitting the Hun	A Flying Fighter	En l'air
The False Faces	The Tree of Heaven	Mary Regan	Oh, Money! Money!
Private Peat	Women and War Work	Glory of the Trenches	Over the Top
Christine	Vicky Van	Chronicles of St. Tid	The Bag of Saffron
First Call	My Four Years in Germany	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Gunner Depew
The U. P. Trail	Dwelling Place of Light	The Girl from Kellers	The Green Mirror
First Call	Gunner Depew	The Red House in the Hollow	Little Lord Fauntleroy
The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning	Missing	Anne's House of Dreams
All In It	Carry On	A Student in Arms	My Four Years in Germany
Light in the Clearing	The Major	The Broken Gate	The Winds of the World
Fragments from France	How to Live at the Front	Notebook of an Intelligence Officer	
The Bag of Saffron	Sonia	The False Faces	The Major
First Call	Yankee in the Trenches	All In It	
His Last Bow	Carolyn of the Corners	Comrades	The Courage of Marge O'Doone
Over the Top	Yankee in the Trenches	The Land of Deepening Shadow	All In It

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BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 356-360) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " " "		8
" " "	3d	" " " "		7
" " "	4th	" " " "		6
" " "	5th	" " " "		5
" " "	6th	" " " "		4

FICTION

The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Macmillan.) $1.60	248
The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.) $1.50	225
The Major. Connor. (Doran.) $1.40	101
Oh, Money! Money! Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50	79
Bag of Saffron. Van Hutton. (Appleton.) $1.50	43
Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.35	40

WAR BOOKS

Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	261
Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50	241
First Call. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50	134
Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.) $1.50	101
A Yankee in the Trenches. Holmes. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	95
Outwitting the Hun. O'Brien. (Harper.) $1.50	69

A Complete List of Books Mentioned in the Foregoing Reports

Aliens.
All In It.
Anne's House of Dreams.
Apple Tree Girl.
Bab.
Bag of Saffron.
Best Short Stories of 1917.
The Big Fight.
Biography of a Million Dollars.
Blue Eyed Manchu.
The Bolsheviki and World Peace.
Boy Woodburn.
Broken Gate.
Brown Brethren
Cabin Fever.
Carry On.
Calvary Alley.
Carolyn of the Corners.
Cavalry of the Clouds.
Christine
Chronicles of St. Tid.
Cleek, the Master Detective.
Comrades.
Conscript 2989.
The Courage of Marge O'Doone.
A Crusader of France.
The Dwelling Place of Light.
The Earthquake.
En l'air.
Extricating Obadiah.
The False Faces.
Fanny Herself.
Fighting for Peace.
First Call.
A Flying Fighter.
The Forfeit.
Fragments from France.
Frenzied Fiction.
Girl from Kellers.
Glory of the Trenches.
Gossip Ship.
Green Fancy.
The Green Mirror..
Gunner Depew.
The Heart's Kingdom.
His Daughter.
His Last Bow.
His Own Home Town.
Holding the Line.
The Hope Chest.
How to Live at the Front.
A Hundredth Chance.
Hunt Ball Mystery.
In the Heart of German Intrigue.
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.
Kitty Canary.
Kentucky Warbler.
Ladies Must Live.
The Land of Deepening Shadow.
Lifted Veil.
The Light in the Clearing.
Limehouse Nights.
Long Ever Ago.
Long Live the King.
The Long Trick.
Love and Hatred.
Luck of the Irish.
The Major.
Mary Regan.
Missing.
Miss Pim's Camouflage.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through.
My Four Years in Germany.
My Home in the Field of Mercy.
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow.
Notebook of an Intelligence Officer.
Oh, Money! Money!
Old Front Line.
On the Right of the British Line.
Our Square and the People In It.
Outwitting the Hun.
The Pawns Count.
Private Peat.
Over the Top.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
Salt of the Earth.
Second Fiddle.
Secret Witness.
Sonia.
The Spy in Black.
The Soul of a Bishop.
A Student in Arms.
Three of Hearts.
Three Things.
To Arms.
The Tree of Heaven.
Treasury of War Poetry.
Twinkletoes.
Under Fire.
Under Four Flags in France.
The United States and Pan Germania.
The U. P. Trail.
Vicky Van.
War and Bagdad Railway.
Webster's Man's Man.
When a Man's a Man.
White Ladies of Worcester.
White Morning.
The Winds of the World.
With the Colors.
Women and War Work.
A Yankee in the Trenches.

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